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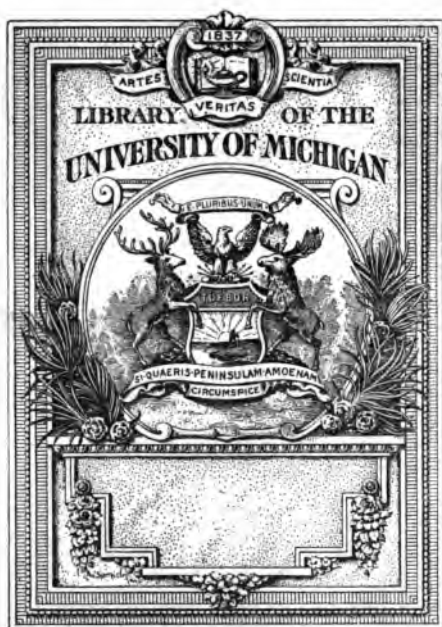
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THE ART OF EXPRESSION



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THE ART OF EXPRESSION



BY

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INTRODUCTION

MANY of the most notable achievements of mankind have been the result of the power of oratory. Its field has been the pulpit, the political platform, halls of legislation, courts of justice, and wherever the minds of men were to be influenced to action. With the growth of the newspaper and the magazine oratory has seemed to decline; yet never was there a time when it had greater opportunity.

Many excellent books on this subject have been written. It is not the author's purpose to add to this number, but rather to furnish a book for the help of pupils and teachers, which aims to simplify and condense the subject of Expression in order to make it adaptable to the limited amount of time which must necessarily be given to this subject in the schools. It is a too common experience that pupils entering the high schools read aloud poorly. The reason for this is not so much that reading has been poorly taught, but in most cases, owing to the crowded curriculum of the lower grades, little or no attention has been given to reading with a view to good expression. Hence it is necessary to give the subject more attention than heretofore.

Instruction in this subject should be gradual, progressive, and systematic. It should be an important part of the course, beginning with the first year and

continuing until graduation. To overcome bad habits of reading, stress must be laid on the principles of oratory until they are thoroughly understood, and much practice in the application of principles of oratory must be insisted upon.

The test of good reading is the ability to interpret justly and adequately the author's meaning. The notion that one is "speaking a piece" or reciting "words" that he has learned, must be eradicated. He is not a machine, made merely to imitate. He must read and speak with thought and feeling. There is no merit in any work of art that is not the result of thought and feeling. The artist paints, the musician plays, and the poet writes, to give expression to his soul. We can read an entire story by looking at certain pictures, we are deeply affected by the touch of the musician on the keys of the piano, and many times have we been moved to tears and smiles by the reading of a poem. If these various works of art had not been the true expression of the artist, they never would have inspired response in us. So must the speaker give expression to his thoughts and feelings, by painting pictures, composing music, and telling stories with words spoken aloud; or, to sum up the thought, as a recent writer has said: "Expression is a matter of mind and the voice is the index of the soul. The person who understands what he reads and through whom emotion spontaneously plays has a fine, expressive, and vibrant voice. It is tone that tells, not words."

The pupil must feel that he is personally addressing his audience, the only difference being that he is using another's thoughts and words instead of his own.

The subject of Expression is divided into five different steps or principles, which, if carefully developed in order, will lead the pupil toward successful mastery of the elements of oratory. Suggestions for the teaching of each step are given, but it must be left to the teacher's judgment to carry them out, according to the requirements and demands of each pupil. It will be seen in the chapter on Physical Exercises that it is not the author's idea to give a complete set of exercises, since in most schools there is a special teacher of that subject. To the student of elocution physical training is of vital importance. The body must be developed to enable it to coöperate with the mind in securing appropriate expression. The chapter on Articulation, especially, is the result of much thought and experience. That this book may be helpful to many who are engaged in studying and teaching reading and speaking is the sincere hope of

THE AUTHOR.

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PART I



THE ART OF EXPRESSION

THE ART OF EXPRESSION

CHAPTER I

PHYSICAL EXERCISES

The body is the servant of the mind.

PHYSICAL exercises are necessary in connection with the study of Elocution: first, in order to acquire correct posture of the body; second, to develop the chest and lungs by breathing exercises, thus helping toward the production of good tones; and, third, to develop grace and ease in the body, and to give to it expression. To acquire these results practice the following exercises, which should be taken at the beginning of each lesson, and at least once a day. For correct posture the crown of the head must be up, the chest up and forward, and the weight on the balls of the feet.



FIG. 1.

1. Arms in front of body, elbows bent, palms up. (Fig. 1.)

2. Counting four, move arms out at side. Arms on level with shoulders. (Fig. 2.)



FIG. 2.

3. Counting four, arms up at side of head (Fig. 3), stretching muscles along the sides of the body.

4. Next, counting four, bring arms down in front of body, the wrist leading, pushing down with hands and up with chest, arms at an angle of forty-five degrees. (Fig. 4.)

5. Finally, drop hands at side, and rest in correct posture. (Fig. 5.)

It is absolutely necessary to acquire this position before taking the following exercises.



FIG. 3.

BREATHING EXERCISES

It is not natural for us to breathe incorrectly, but customs, habits, and manner of dress have had a great influence on our respiration. Deep inhalations of pure, fresh air, not only develop the chest, but have a direct effect upon the nerve centers, thus tending to give perfect poise to the body. The following exercises, if practiced diligently, will develop the chest and correct faulty breathing.

FIRST EXERCISE. Place fingers on chest, elbows on level with shoulders. (Fig. 6.)

Counting eight, contract the chest, letting it sink as much as possible. (Fig. 7.)



FIG. 4.



FIG. 5.

Then gradually expand, with same number of counts, trying each time to increase the expansion. (Fig. 8.)

Repeat the exercise.

SECOND EXERCISE. Hands on sides at waist. (Fig. 9.) Contract the muscles of the ribs and spine, counting eight. (Fig. 10.) It will be noticed that the contraction will be very slight at first, but gradually it will become greater. The action is all muscular and not

breath. In like manner expand with same number of counts. (Fig. 11.)

The muscles around the waist and over the vital organs need development. This will strengthen the voice.



FIG. 6.



FIG. 7.

THIRD EXERCISE. Take a long breath, inhaling through the nostrils, filling all the cavities of the lungs, while the teacher counts eight.

Then exhale, saying "one," aloud. Repeat the exercise four times, counting with each exhalation. Aim to increase the chest expansion. Before taking these Breathing Exercises, the windows should be thrown open, as it is important that the air should be fresh and pure.

The following exercise is an excellent one to develop the chest. It is called the rotary exercise of the arm.

Raise the right arm in front of body, wrist leading, to side of head, and back and down, describing a circle



FIG. 8.



FIG. 9.

with the arm, counting eight. (Fig. 12, *A, B, C.*) Keep shoulders straight. Don't bend elbow. Repeat. Take same exercise with left arm. Repeat.

Now take exercise with both arms.

This exercise when taken properly, will develop the chest and give control and grace to the body, as it necessitates the arm moving independently of any other part. It also promotes freedom and ease in gesture.

The success of the orator depends a great deal upon his posture, presence on the stage, and the grace and ease with which he speaks and stands. The chest is the center around which the rest of the body moves,



FIG. 10.



FIG. 11.

and all the reserve force should be found there. Exercises in the schoolroom are as necessary as food and drink; just at the age when the bodies are being developed, they should be trained in the right direction, else we find sunken chests, curved spines, and heads thrown forward. When such defects are allowed to go uncorrected, neither health nor grace are properly valued.

All modern educators recognize the fact that the

development of the body should keep pace with the development of the mind, as the body must be properly trained and nourished to enable the brain to perform its functions.



FIG. 12 A.



FIG. 12 B.

CHAPTER II

ARTICULATION

"Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue." — SHAKESPEARE.

THE speaker's success depends largely upon his articulation. He will become a great power in the world if his articulation is developed in the same ratio as his expression. Poor articulation is found, not alone in the schoolroom, but among men and women of education in the world. One's associations and environment are often conducive to bad speech.

The first thing to learn is to open the mouth. The tongue, teeth, and lips must be used for the formation of the words, especially the lips, which are the most important agents in speaking.

The muscles around the mouth need development, and must be strengthened in order to give perfect freedom to the lips. This weakness of muscle is very noticeable,



FIG. 12C.

if one will say *O*, prolonging the tone. The lips will begin to tremble, and it will be almost impossible to keep them properly formed.

The following exercise will correct the trouble : —

I. Say the vowels, *a — e — i — o — u*.

In repeating these vowels the mouth should be opened or the lips stretched, as is required to sound the letter properly, until the muscles used for each formation are clearly felt in the face. Each sound should be exaggerated.

II. Then practice the following in like manner : —

O before each vowel, taking care that the lips are perfectly round for the sound of *O*. Thus, *oa, oe, oi, oo, ou*.

III. Another excellent exercise for producing the same result is, *qx — q ah*.

These exercises should be practiced many times a day, as they will positively free the muscles round the mouth.

IV. Following this, the different sounds of the vowels must be learned, with the diacritical marks of each.¹

ā, as in *dāy*.

ä, as in *thät*.

ä, as in *fär; cär; hälf; läugh; cälf; äunt*.

â, as in *âfter; cânt; photograph; bâsket; lâst; clâss*.

a, as in *call*.

q, as in *alone*.

â, as in *fâir*.

Attention should be given to the Italian *ä*, and the intermediate *â*.

¹ The diacritical marks of Webster's International Dictionary are used in this book.

\bar{e} , as in *mē*.

\check{e} , as in *sēt*.

\bar{e} , as in *hēr*; *mērcy*; *fērn*; *vērse*.

\acute{e} , as in *thère*.

e , as in *prēy*.

Practice the sound of e in *hēr*, until the proper pronunciation of all words containing that \bar{e} is acquired.

\bar{i} , as in *light*.

\check{i} , as in *pīn*.

\bar{i} , as in *first*; *gīrl*; *thīrd*.

i , as in *machīne*.

Practice the sound of \bar{i} in *first*, and give attention to all words in which that sound is found.

\bar{o} , as in *nōte*.

\check{o} , as in *ōn*; *Gōd*; *ōffice*; *sōng*; *lōng*.

o , as in *mōve*.

δ , as in *nōr*.

\acute{o} , as in *sōn*.

Attention is drawn to the sound of δ in *ōn*. This sound is very often mispronounced in many words.

\bar{u} , as in *mūte*; *dūty*; *latitūde*; *constitūtion*; *Tuesday*; *avenūe*.

\check{u} , as in *tūb*.

u , as in *pūll*.

\acute{u} , as in *ūrge*.

There is a tendency to pronounce \bar{u} as though it were \bar{o} . A daily drill on these words in which we find the sound of \bar{u} is advised.

ōō, as in *mōōn*; *rōōm*; *sōōn*; *nōōn*; *spōōn*; *brōōm*;
rōōf; *hōōf*.

ōō, as in *bōōk*.

Attention should be given to the sound of *ōō* in the words above, as they are often pronounced with the sound of *ūū*.

The following combination of sounds often causes difficulty: *oi*. Practice each separately, *o* and *i*, having the lips perfectly formed for each, then gradually and slowly combine them until we get *oi*. Drill on the following list of words:—

oil	choice
toil	join
boil	voice

Great care should be given to the final endings of words, as there is a great tendency to slur them, or to leave them off altogether. Practice the following list of words:—

singing	nothing	window	mellow
going	wedding	sorrow	furrow
coming	jumping	borrow	burrow
something	doing	yellow	to-morrow
anything	ringing	fellow	follow

Practice the following stanza from “The Cataract of Lodore”:—

“Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
 Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
 Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
 Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
 And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
 And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing.”

There is often a tendency to run words together, such as, "Don't you?" Practice the following list singly and then in sentences: —

Can't you — go?
 Don't you — think so?
 Shan't you — stay?
 Shouldn't you — leave?
 Won't you — take it?

CONSONANTS

The consonants are divided into five different classes: the Labials, so called because the lips are used in pronouncing the sounds; the Dentals, so called because they require the use of the tongue against the teeth; the Palatals, in which the sound is uttered by the aid of the palate; the Nasals, so named because in uttering the sound it passes through the nostrils; the Linguals, which are made with the help of the tongue.

Practicing the following sentences will be found to be a great aid to the speaker in becoming familiar with the proper sounds of the consonants.

LABIALS. *b — f — m — p — v — w*

b — Bab; bed; bite; bold.

1. Black bees buzz busily.
2. The boy baited the hook badly.
3. Big black bears eat big black bugs.
4. Blessings be upon the babe.

f — Fate; fell; first; form.

1. Far famous fairies, frequent these falls.
2. Fie upon him! His fame fast fadeth away.
3. Freedom's fiery bugles sound from far.
4. Faithfully fight for freedom; fight for fairness.

m—Mab; men; mine; most.

1. My mother met Mary.
2. Man must make or mar.
3. Martha mendeth and mindeth the minutes.
4. Madam Marquette maketh most merry moments.

p—Part; pet; plant; poor.

1. Patiently and painfully she pores over her work.
2. She was playfully pelting purple plumes.
3. Peter picked a peck of pickled peppers.
4. Pensively and particularly, Paul was playing the piano.

v—Vain; vent; vile; voice.

1. There are various, venomous reptiles.
2. The vaulting vandals vanished before our eyes.
3. Vanity vanishes with the truly valiant.
4. Vain glory varies vastly.

w—Wan; went; wide; won't.

1. Was William wearing western wraps?
2. Wailing widely, with withering words.
3. Winifred West won't warrant wandering waiters.
4. When whirling whirlpools wail their warning.

DENTALS. *d—t—th—s—z—sh—j—ch*

d—Dare; deal; die; don't.

1. David dareth deadly defeats.
2. Did Daisy deal deftly with details?
3. Don't deny your dependence upon the Deity.
4. Diligently and devotedly did Daniel do his duty.

t—Take; tell; tie; told.

1. Tabatha took Thomas to task for tattling.
2. He was toiling tediously toward the town.
3. To-morrow's terror threatens two thousand toilers.
4. The tiger tore the tattooed tenant to tatters.

th — That; they; thick; those.

1. They thrust thick thistles through the thief.
2. Thrilling thunder thriftless throngs through the thicket.
3. Theophilus thrust his thumb through the throng.
4. The thread breaketh and mendeth itself the thousandth time.

s — Sale; sell; sit; soil.

1. Susan sewed the sheet.
2. Sadly and sorrowfully she sank on the sod.
3. Sarah said Sadie sold the sand.
4. The sun shines silently on the shed.

z — Zany; zenith; zinc; zone.

1. Zachariah has reached his zenith.
2. The zebra comes from the torrid zone.
3. Zenobia told Zenas to be zealous.
4. The zinc is zigzag across the hose.

sh — Shall; she; shock; shy.

1. Shall she share her shells?
2. The sheriff should shelter the ship.
3. Shivering and shrieking, she shrinks from the shop.
4. The shadow of the shamrock shall be on the sheath.

j — Jar; jest; jig; jot.

1. Jean jests with Jenny jocundly.
2. Jubilantly and joyously they journey through the jungles.
3. James, the juggler, jammed his jaw against the javelin.
4. Journalism, if judiciously carried on, is joyous.

ch — Chat; chess; choice; church.

1. The chattering child chases the chimpanzee.
2. Charles and his chum chuckled cheerfully.
3. Charge, Chester, charge!
4. The churlish chevalier chose the chariot.

PALATALS. *g—k—y**g*—Gale; get; rag; rogue.

1. The girls gather greens from the garden.
2. Gertrude giggled gayly while getting the tags.
3. Gloriously looked the grenadier, in his suit of gray.
4. Gramalkin growls and grumbles at the grouse.

k—Kate; kept; kin; kind.

1. Kate kindly kept the key.
2. The cat looked keenly at the kitten.
3. Kith or kin, they shall be killed.
4. The Kaiser is kind to his kindred.

y—Yawn; yearn; yield; yon.

1. The yeomen were yelling to the yachtsman.
2. Yearning yearly for her youth.
3. The yankees were yawning in the yard.
4. The yellow dog was yelping at the yawl.

NASALS. *n—ng**n*—Name; net; nine; mane.

1. Name nine natives of New York.
2. The new nations are notably obnoxious.
3. None of the nightingale's notes are nasal.
4. Norman told Nathan not to notify the neighbors.

ng—Cling; ding; ring; sing.

1. The clang of the toiling workers rang out loud and clear.
2. The caldron was boiling, seething, and hissing.
3. The singing and ringing made sweet music.
4. The sting of the bee caused much moaning and groaning.

LINGUALS. *l—r**l*—Lull; bell; fell; still.

1. The lull of the muffled bell was distinctly heard.
2. The low tones swell and excel.
3. It is well that deeds will tell.
4. Oh, swell! And extol full well, ye bell.

r — Rate; roar; ruin; hair.

1. The roar of the red sea ruins the ear.
2. The ravenous rattlesnake rapidly recoils before the rabbit.
3. The raven locks of her hair were radiantly beautiful.
4. Reproachfully she resented his remark.

The following words are often mispronounced. It is advisable to practice a certain number each day, in order to correct habitual mistakes in pronunciation.

Acoustics (a-kōōs'tiks)	chauffer (shau'fēr')
After	chimNEY
Again (gen)	choice
Alien (āl'yen)	circumloc'Utory
Almond (ä'mund)	clandes'tinely
Älms	coiffure (koif'fūr)
aloud	comique (kom-ēk')
Amateur (A'mā-tūr')	compulsori-ly
appendicitis	conduit (kon'dit)
ä'raḅ	connoisseur (còn'ä'sür')
archi-e-piscopal	constitütion
arctic (ärk'tik)	contour (kõn'tōōr')
a-rithmetic	coquetry (cõ'kẹt'ry)
attitÜde	cÜpid
avenüe	curvatÜre
bÄsket	dä'is
bÄth	di-a-mond
beaÜtiful	discrĖtion
Bijou (Be'zhoo)	doing
bIography	draught (draft)
bomb (bum)	dÜ-al
borrow	dÜty
buoy (bwoy)	EARth
cafe (ká'fä')	eclat (ē-klä')
cÄlf	edÜcation
cÄlm	ef-fici-ently
cÄnt	Eleven
cAyenne (kā-en')	embrOIcery

EnGlish	in-dŪ'bitably
Ennui (ɔn'wɛ')	in-ex'plic-able
Ēnough'	inim'itably
en'vElōpe	institŪtion
ety-mo-logic-ally	Italian
ev-ery (ev'er-e)	judiclary
eyry (ā're)	jŪst
fAiry	kĭndergar'ten
fatŪity	lab'o-ra-to'ry
feat-üre	lĒIsure
FebrUary	li-on
Fĕrn	liquor (lĭk'ēr)
fiasco (fe-ās'ko)	literature (lĭt'ər-ət-yŭr)
finanee (fe-on'sā')	longev'ity
fĭnancĭer'	lorgnette (lor-net')
fixture	Mademoiselle (Madm'wā'zĕl)
fĭŪency	maes'trō
fĭŪte	mal-ē-fac'tor
gAelic	manŪscript
garrŪlous	Marquis (Mār'kwis)
Gendarmes (Zhan-darm')	matŪre
genii (jĕ'nĕ-ī)	mediocre (mĕ-de-ō'ker)
genuine (jĕn'yū-ĭn)	meerschau (mār'showm)
gEOgraphy	mĕr'ci ful
Gounod (gō'nō')	miser-a-ble
grĀtis	monsieur (mōs'yŭr')
gratŪitous	moun-tāin
guitar (ge-tār')	mustache (mōōs-tāsh')
habit'Ūate	natŪre (Nāt'yŭr)
half-penny (hā'-pen-e)	nephew (nev'ū)
hi-e-ro-glyphic	new (nū)
hist-OR-Y	nō-men-clā-ture
his-tri-on-ic	nōn'chalance'
hydran'ge-a	non-en'tity
hypotenuse (hĭ-pot'ē-nūs)	nŌŌn
incendiARY	nŪcleus
incomprehensibility	nurtŪre
incredŪlity	obeisance (o-bĕ'sance)

ôbit'ûary	repertoire (ră'păr'twăr')
ob-strep'eros	reservoir (rez'ēr-vwor')
ô-răng'-ou-tăng	rē-sūme'
ôr'tho-e-plst	ret'inūe
or-tho-graphic-ally	rŌŌf
papier-mache (păp'yă'-mă'shă')	rŌŌm
Parisian (Pă-rîzh'yân)	salûte
pa'rô'chial	sang-froid (sâng-frwâ)
parvenu (păr'ven-ôô)	sci-at'ica
patois (pat-wa')	scriptŪral
pă'tri-ărch	seignor (sēn'yer)
pēcūl'iarly	Sheik (Shēk)
pecūn'iary	somber
pěd'ă-gôgue	sphinx (sfingks)
Peg'asūs	sta-tis-ti-cian
pēnū'rious	statū-ary
perpētū'ity	tablatūre
phthlisis (thi'sis)	tăp'estry
poet-ry	tedious (tē'dē-us)
poignant (poi'nant)	ten'ta-tive
quadrille (kwă-drîl')	tenŪre
quay (kē)	tete-a-tete (tăt-a-tăt)
quī-ē'tus	thē'ater
quinine (kwîn-în')	tō-mă'tō
quixotic (kwiks-ot'ik)	tortoise (tor'tis)
quoif (koif)	trousseau (trōō'sō')
quoit (kwoit)	Tuesday
Ră'jah	Usurer (ū'zhūr-er)
raptŪre	Văse
recherche (rē'shār-shă')	vërse
reconnaissance (rē-kôn'ă'zăns)	veter-i-nary
recūperative	viceroy (vis'roy)
regime (rē-zhēm')	vicis'sitŪde
remŪnerative	vi-o-lin
renaissance (rē'nă'sănz')	virtue (vîrt'yū)
rendezvous (răng'dă'voo')	

CHAPTER III

VOICE

VOICE is an extraordinary sound in the larynx, produced by the expulsion of the breath over the vocal chords. There are four chambers of resonance in the voice,—the nares, the roof of the mouth, the trachea, and the chest. In the production of tone, which is vocalized breath, the naris is the principal resonant chamber, or the center, where all tones should begin. The mental and physical condition of the speaker always shows itself in the voice; for instance, various emotions, such as joy, anger, sorrow, thought, surprise, are unconsciously expressed in the voice. The voice also responds to physical weakness. Consequently, the voice is the reporter of the mind. We often hear snappy, disagreeable, irritable voices, which are invariably the result of a mental condition, occasioned by some nervous disease. Correct the mental and physical condition, and the voice will resume its natural free state. Frequent practice in deep, diaphragmatic breathing will also give strength and power to the voice. To acquire a full, rich, elastic voice, practice the following exercises. Think of the tone before producing it, and place it in the front of the head, or nares.¹

¹ The pupil should not be left to his own discretion in practicing these voice exercises, as they require careful attention from the teacher to see that the instructions are followed in the placing of the tone.

EXERCISE I. Hum, using the sound of *mn*, through the middle octave of the piano, with lips closed. It will be observed that, in order to hum, the tone must necessarily be formed in the head. Repeat this exercise several times.

EXERCISE II. Repeat the same exercise with the lips open. Care should be taken that the tone does not drop down in the throat.

EXERCISE III. Practice *yo* in the same manner.

EXERCISE IV. Practice the sound of *ng* in like manner.

EXERCISE V. Practice *ring* in the same manner.

EXERCISE VI. Repeat each exercise, going as low in the scale as possible, taking great care to avoid all throaty tones.

EXERCISE VII. With the tongue in the roof of the mouth, sing the final sound of the letter *l* the full length of the scale. Prolong each sound, taking care to make it full and round.

EXERCISE VIII. After these exercises are practiced many times, repeat the following sentence in the same manner, "Yold men sing well."

The above exercises demand a great deal of repetition, to take them at least once a day. By constant practice the tones will soon become full, round, and properly placed, also there will be no such thing as tired voices, and the speaker can talk at any length without having what is known as speaker's sore throat.

The question has often been asked by pupils, "What tone of voice should I use here?" "What kind of voice should this be said in?" etc. They would scarcely have to be told what tone of voice to use if they saw a mouse running across the floor, or if they wished to tell something very mysterious and secret to a neighbor. So, as has been said before, place the right thought before the mind, and the voice will properly respond.

CHAPTER IV

GESTURE

"Suit the action to the word — The word to the action."

— SHAKESPEARE.

GESTURE is the mind acting through the muscles. It is not a subject by itself, to be taught independently of expression. It is simply a form of expression. From the beginning of time, the hands were used to express thoughts. We find the savages and Indians using this sign language to convey their meaning. The gesture is a response to the mind. One gestures with the eyes, the mouth, the shoulders, and, in fact, the entire body, without being conscious of his actions; so, also, should he gesture with his hands. A child never has to be told to clasp his hands together when something pleases him, nor to shut his little fist tightly when he is in a temper; no more should the older person. This is bound to grow with the "development of expression." The teacher should not draw attention to the hands by telling the pupil how to use them, but should leave them to the owner, and soon he will be using them as naturally and gracefully as a child.

The Physical Culture and Delsarte exercises are a great aid to the pupil, as they give grace and freedom to the body. They will eliminate all awkwardness. A suggestion might be given here to the teacher who is obliged hurriedly to prepare a pupil who has had no

early training for a public entertainment. It is not the intention of the writer to lay down a certain set of rules to be followed, as the pupil will become very mechanical and settled in his gestures, but there is often a necessity for quick work in this line, and therefore a few hints will be given for the same. For instance, put before the pupil's mind the idea of rejecting or pushing something away. His hands will go out at the side and away from him, palms out. Let him say, "I refuse to take it," and the right thought will bring the gesture. Again, if the thought is an entreaty, "I appeal to your mercy," we will find the arms and hands extended toward the person to whom the appeal is made. If supplication is made to the Deity, "Father in Heaven, I ask Thy help," we find the arms extended, but on a higher plane. If the thought is a simple statement, the gesture will be on a level with the hands; as an illustration, "I set the facts before you." The hands will be apt to move outward for the above statement. In making a declaration to the public at large, such as, "I give to you all a hearty welcome," the arms are apt to be extended out in front and wide open. In ordering any one from you, the thought will cause the arm to be extended, and the hand to point in the direction you wish him to go; for instance, "I command you to leave my presence."

The hand itself is very expressive, and we find it, in many cases, giving vent to the feelings even before the speaker has uttered a word. The different positions of the hand have various meanings, and these are found by watching a person under these different emotions, who unconsciously uses his hands. For instance, the hands open suggest "Life" or "Spirit." This is strongly

illustrated in the position of the hands in clapping, as the result of some pleasure. The side of the hand suggests "Affection." Watch a person caressing an animal, how he strokes it and pats it with the hand in a curved position, sideways. The fingers are suggestive of "Intellect." They are the mental part of the hand. Note a lecturer, who appears to be bringing out certain points or ideas: his gestures are all with the tips of the fingers—a typical position being with the first finger and thumb together. When specifying certain points which hold the mind intently, as, firstly, secondly, etc., the ends of the fingers are used. "Will" is shown by closing the hand together tightly, the thumb crossing the fingers on the outside. Observe a person when in the act of striking, or when in anger, expressing determination; the hand will instantly close. These gestures are merely types, and are bound to be more or less modified, according to the character and feelings of the speaker, until they become his own. The same thoughts, feelings, and emotions will cause these positions; but they are so closely allied to the person himself that it is impossible to separate one from the other, and, in time, a certain gesture will suggest a certain person.

INTRODUCTION TO THE STEPS IN EXPRESSION

The method of procedure, in the following chapters, is in accordance with the natural growth of the mind. For example, in the first step, "Animation or Life," the entire subject is set before the speaker and he becomes interested in it all, and enthusiastic over it, before he knows anything about its details. The whole subject interests

him. In the next step, "Volume of Voice," he begins to notice some particular point, and its greatness and size is impressed upon his mind. The different parts arouse his attention. Then is introduced "Emphasis," and a desire to bring out some thoughts as more important than others, according to his own ideas. Gradually he will be "Forming Pictures" in his mind of the scenes depicted, and live in those pictures. Finally, he will endeavor to show the value of those pictures according to the idea of the author, and he will thus obey the principle of the "Relation of Values."

The same process of development is found in all art, music, painting, and sculpture. We can trace the same evolution from the early Egyptians to the later Greeks, passing through the various stages, as is shown here in the "Art of Expression," and illustrated in the following chapters, The Whole, the Parts, the Parts in Relation to the Whole, and the Parts in Relation to Each Other.

RECITATIONS

Animation :

- I. Lochinvar Sir Walter Scott
- II. The Daffodils William Wordsworth
- III. The Cheerful Locksmith Charles Dickens
- IV. The Bugle Song . . . Alfred Tennyson
- V. Money Musk B. F. Taylor

Volume of Voice :

- I. The Ocean Lord Byron
- II. Spartacus to the Gladiators at Capua . . Elijah Kellogg
- III. Grattan's Reply to Mr. Corry H. Grattan
- IV. Polish War Song . . James Percival
- V. Ivry Lord Macaulay
- VI. Sheridan's Ride . . . Thomas Buchanan Read

Emphasis :

- I. Good-by, Proud World, Ralph Waldo Emerson
- II. Lincoln's Address at
Gettysburg Lincoln
- III. Ode to a Skylark . . . Percy Bysshe Shelley
- IV. The Bells Edgar Allan Poe
- V. The Old Clock Henry W. Longfellow
- VI. Wolsey to Cromwell . . William Shakespeare

Pictures :

- I. Seven Ages of Man . . William Shakespeare
- II. The Battle of Flodden
Field Sir Walter Scott
- III. Lorraine Lorraine
Lorree Charles Kingsley
- IV. The Schoolmaster . . Charles Dickens
- V. The Battle of Waterloo, Victor Hugo

Relation of Values :

- I. Hamlet's Soliloquy . . William Shakespeare
- II. Thanatopsis William Cullen Bryant
- III. Catiline's Defiance . . George Croly
- IV. Song of Hiawatha . . Henry W. Longfellow
- V. The Beatitudes . . . St. Matthew, chap. v.
- VI. A Christmas Carol . . Charles Dickens

CHAPTER V

ANIMATION

“Man is only half himself, the other half Expression.” — PLATO.

THE first principle in the development of Expression is Animation. Animation means life, spirit, enthusiasm, and interest in the subject. The sensibilities must be aroused to the realization of the author's purpose in writing.

The aim of the speaker should be to interest his audience, to make them think and feel as he does, and in order to do this, he must be keenly interested and alive himself. Animation is one of the greatest powers in Oratory.

Obedying the principles in this step, for an illustration, we will take the first stanza from “Lochinvar.” Each pupil should have the lines of at least one stanza perfectly committed, and must be familiar with the entire poem. This same rule must be followed in every recitation that is studied.

“Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the West,
Through all the wide border his steed was the best;
And, save his good broadsword, he weapon had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.”

Answering the following questions will be a test in determining the clearness of perception of the speaker.

1. Who has returned from the west? Who is Lochinvar, and what has he been doing?

Compare the news of the return of Lochinvar to that of the return of a dear friend who has been away, and think of your pleasure in having him return.

Now rush forward and announce to the class:—

“Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the West!”

2. What was the reputation of his steed? The pride felt in telling it.

In the same manner repeat the second line of poem.

3. Show his bravery in carrying but one sword through that wild country, where most men were armed to the teeth, and where the value of a life was nothing.

4. Show him to be a true and noble man, and a soldier with a great deal of pride.

5. The last sweeping statement should be brought out with a great deal of spirit and enthusiasm, especially “young Lochinvar.”

These suggestions can be applied to the remaining stanzas, as well as all other recitations under this step.

LOCHINVAR

I

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the West,
Through all the wide border his steed was the best;
And, save his good broadsword, he weapon had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

II

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone ;
He swam the Eske River where ford there was none.
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented — the gallant came late ;
For a laggard in love and a dastard in war
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

III

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
'Mong bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all :
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

IV

"I long wooed your daughter, — my suit you denied ;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide ;
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

V

The bride kissed the goblet ; the knight took it up ;
He quaffed off the wine and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar ;
"Now tread we a measure?" said young Lochinvar.

VI

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;

While her mother did fret and her father did fume,
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,
 And the bridemaids whispered, " 'Twere better by far
 To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

VII

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
 When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
 So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
 "She is won! we are gone! over bank, bush, and scar;
 They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

VIII

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan;
 Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
 There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee;
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
 So daring in love and so dauntless in war,
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

— SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE DAFFODILS

I wandered lonely as a cloud
 That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
 When all at once I saw a crowd,
 A host, of golden daffodils;
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
 And twinkle on the Milky Way,
 They stretched in never-ending line
 Along the margin of the bay;
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced ; but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee ;
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company ;
I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought ;

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude ;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

— WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE CHEERFUL LOCKSMITH

From the workshop of the Golden Key there issued forth a tinkling sound, so merry and good-humored, that it suggested the idea of some one working blithely, and made quite pleasant music. Tink, tink, tink — clear as a silver bell, and audible at every pause of the street's harsher noises, as though it said, "I don't care ; nothing puts me out ; I am resolved to be happy."

Women scolded, children squalled, heavy carts went rumbling by, horrible cries proceeded from the lungs of hawkers ; still it struck in again, no higher, no lower, no louder, no softer ; not thrusting itself on people's notice a bit the more for having been outdone by louder sounds — tink, tink, tink, tink, tink.

It was a perfect embodiment of the still, small voice, free from all cold, hoarseness, huskiness, or unhealthiness of any kind. Foot passengers slackened their pace, and were disposed to linger near it ; neighbors who had got up splenetic that morning, felt good humor stealing on them as they heard

it, and by degrees became quite sprightly; mothers danced their babies to its ringing; still the same magical tink, tink, tink, came gayly from the workshop of the Golden Key.

Who but the locksmith could have made such music? A gleam of sun, shining through the unsashed window and checkering the dark workshop with a broad patch of light, fell full upon him, as though attracted by his sunny heart. There he stood working at his anvil, his face radiant with exercise and gladness, his sleeves turned up, his wig pushed off his shining forehead—the easiest, freest, happiest man in all the world.

Beside him sat a sleek cat, purring and winking in the light, and falling every now and then into an idle doze, as from excess of comfort. The very locks that hung around had something jovial in their rust, and seemed like gouty gentlemen of hearty natures, disposed to joke on their infirmities.

There was nothing surly or severe in the whole scene. It seemed impossible that any of the innumerable keys could fit a churlish strong-box or a prison-door. Storehouses of good things, rooms where there were fires, books, gossip, and cheering laughter—these were their proper sphere of action. Places of distrust, and cruelty, and restraint, they would have quadruple-locked forever.

Tink, tink, tink. No man who hammered on at a dull, monotonous duty could have brought such cheerful notes from steel and iron; none but a chirping, healthy, honest-hearted fellow, who made the best of everything and felt kindly toward everybody, could have done it for an instant. He might have been a coppersmith, and still been musical. If he had sat in a jolting wagon, full of rods of iron, it seemed as if he would have brought some harmony out of it.

—CHARLES DICKENS.

THE BUGLE SONG

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark! O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O, sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

— TENNYSON.

MONEY MUSK ¹

Ah, the buxom girls that helped the boys,
The nobler Helens of humbler Troys,
As they stripped the husks with rustling fold
From the eight-rowed corn as yellow as gold.

By the candle light in pumpkin bowls
And the gleams that showed fantastic holes
In the quaint old lanterns' tattooed tin,
From the hermit glim set up within.

By the rarer light in girlish eyes,
As dark as wells or as blue as skies,
I hear the laugh when the ear is red,
I see the blush with the forfeit paid.

¹ By permission of the publishers, Scott, Foresman and Company.

The cedar cake with the ancient twist,
The cider cups that the girls have kissed,
And I see the fiddler through the dusk,
As he twangs the ghost of Money Musk.

The boys and girls in double row,
Wait face to face till the magic bow
Shall whip the tune from the violin,
And the merry pulse of feet begin.

In shirt of check and tallowed hair,
The fiddler sits in the bull-rush chair,
As Moses's basket stranded there,
On the brink of father Nile.

He feels the fiddle's slender neck,
Picks out the note with thrum and check,
And times the tune with nod and beck,
While he thinks it a weary while.

"All ready now!" he gives the call —
Cries, "Honor to the ladies all!"
The merry floods of laughter fall
And ebb in a happy smile.

Down comes the bow on every string,
"First couple join right hands and swing,"
As light as any bluebird's wing,
"Swing one and a half times round."

Whirls Mary Martin all in blue,
Calico gown and stockings new,
And tinted eyes that tell you true,
Dance all to the dancing sound.

She flits about big Moses Brown,
Who holds her hands to keep her down,
And thinks her head a golden crown,
And his heart turns over once.

His cheek with Mary's breath is wet,
It gives a second somerset,
He means to win the maiden yet,
Alas for the awkward duncel !

Your stoga boot has crushed my toe,
I'd rather dance with one-legged Joe,
You clumsy fellow ! "Pass below,"
And the first pair dance apart.

Then "forward six," with rustic grace,
'Tis rarer far than swing to place,
Than golden crown of rare old lace,
They bring the dance about.

"Three quarters round your partners swing,"
"Across the set," the rafters ring,
The boys and girls have taken wing,
And brought their roses out.

"Then forward six, advance, retreat,"
Like midges gay in sunbeam street,
'Tis Money Musk by merry feet,
And the Money Musk by heart.

Then joining hands, "All right and left,"
All swiftly weave the measure deft,
Across the woof with loving weft,
And the Money Musk is done.

Ah, dancers of the rustling husks,
Good night, sweet hearts, 'tis growing dusk,
Good night for aye to Money Musk.
To life's hard road begun. — B. F. TAYLOR.

CHAPTER VI

VOLUME OF VOICE

“Great is the power of Eloquence.” — STERNE.

As we advance in our expression, there will awaken a desire to give to some objects greater prominence than others, according to their size, and thus will we unconsciously use “Volume of Voice.” The chief character of our theme is size. We wish to describe objects of great proportions, such as the ocean, the mountains, or the universe, to picture tragic and dramatic scenes on the battlefield or elsewhere. Therefore the speaker must see in his imagination the ocean in all its great glory and unlimited size ; he must place before his mind the sublime height of the mountains and dwell upon the size of the universe. Volume of voice means volume of thought. Let there be no limitations. It is the whole individual thinking which gives the voice its power.

Learn the following stanza from “The Ocean” :—

“Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean — roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
Man marks the earth with ruin — his control
Stops with the shore ; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deeds, nor doth remain
A shadow of man’s ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.”

As in the previous step, the following thoughts are suggested in order to make the picture more clear :—

1. Think of the size of the ocean — how boundless and limitless it is and how sublime. How deep is it? Think of its color. Compare the size of the ocean with that of the land. Give yourself wholly up to that first line, —

“Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean — roll!”

2. How many ships are constantly on the ocean? Think of the numberless souls they represent.

3. Compare man's power on the earth with his power on the ocean.

4. How much remains of man's deeds when in the control of the ocean?

5. Think of the loneliness and dread of being lost in the ocean.

6. Imagine the feeling of sinking into its depths and being of no more importance than a drop of rain.

In like manner carry out the thoughts in the remaining stanzas.

THE OCEAN

I

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore ;
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar ;
I love not man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

II

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean — roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin — his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown

III

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake
And monarchs tremble in their capitals;
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war, —
These are thy toys, and, as the snowyflake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

IV

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee —
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, — what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts; not so thou,
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play —
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow —
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now!

V

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed — in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime

Dark-heaving, boundless, endless, and sublime, —
The image of eternity, — the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee: thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

VI

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers — they to me
Were a delight; and if thy freshening sea
Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear;
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane — as I do here.

— LORD BYRON.

SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS AT CAPUA

Ye call me chief; and ye do well to call him chief who for twelve long years has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast the broad Empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet lowered his arm. If there be one among you who can say that ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him stand forth and say it. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come on. And yet I was not always thus—a hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men. My ancestors came from old Sparta, and settled among the vine-clad rocks and citron groves of Syrasella. My early life ran quiet as the brooks by which I sported; and when, at noon, I gathered the sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherd's flute, there was a friend, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime. We led our flocks to the same pasture, and partook together our rustic meal.

One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle which shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra ; and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, had withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war was ; but my cheeks burned, I know not why, and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, until my mother, parting the hair from off my forehead, kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage wars.

That very night the Romans landed on our coast. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the hoof of the war horse—the bleeding body of my father flung amidst the blazing rafters of our dwelling !

To-day I killed a man in the arena ; and when I broke his helmet-clasps, behold ! he was my friend ! He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped, and died—the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked, when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled the lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph ! I told the prætor that the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave ; and I begged that I might bear away the body, to burn it on a funeral pile, and mourn over its ashes. Ay ! upon my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and matrons, and the holy virgins they call Vestals, and the rabble, shouted in derision, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale and tremble at sight of that piece of bleeding clay ! And the prætor drew back as if I were pollution, and sternly said, "Let the carrion rot ! There are no noble men but Romans."

And so, fellow-gladiators, must you, and so must I, die like dogs ! O Rome ! Rome ! thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Ay ! thou has given to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd lad,

who never knew a harsher tone than a flute note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint ; taught him to drive the sword through plaited mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe—to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a boy upon a laughing girl ! And he shall pay thee back, until the yellow Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy life blood lies curdled !

Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are ! The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews ; but to-morrow some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet perfume from his curly locks, shall with his lily fingers pat your red brawn, and bet his sesterces upon your blood. Hark ! hear ye yon lion roaring in his den ? 'Tis three days since he has tasted flesh ; but to-morrow he shall break his fast upon yours, — and a dainty meal for him ye will be !

If ye are beasts, then stand here like fat oxen, waiting for the butcher's knife ! If ye are men, follow me ! Strike down yon guard, gain the mountain passes, and then do bloody work, as did your sires at old Thermopylæ ! Is Sparta dead ? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that you do crouch and cower like a belabored hound beneath his master's lash ? O comrades ! warriors ! Thracians ! if we must fight, let us fight for ourselves ! If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our oppressors ! If we must die, let it be under the clear sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle.

— ELIJAH KELLOGG.

GRATTAN'S REPLY TO MR. CORRY

Has the gentleman done ? Has he completely done ? He was unparliamentary from the beginning to the end of his speech. There was scarce a word he uttered that was not a violation of the privileges of this House. But I did not call

him to order—why? Because the limited talents of some men render it impossible for them to be severe without being unparliamentary. But before I sit down I shall show him how to be severe and parliamentary at the same time.

On any other occasion I should think myself justifiable in treating with silent contempt anything which might fall from that honorable member; but there are times when the insignificance of the accuser is lost in the magnitude of the accusation. I know the difficulty the honorable gentleman labored under when he attacked me, conscious that, on a comparative view of our characters, public and private, there is nothing he could say which would injure me. The public would not believe the charge. I despise the falsehood. If such a charge were made by an honest man, I would answer it in the manner I shall do before I sit down. But I shall first reply to it when not made by an honest man.

The right honorable gentlemen has called me “an unimpeached traitor.” I ask, why not “traitor” unqualified by any epithet? I will tell him: it was because he durst not. It was the act of a coward, who raises his arm to strike but has not the courage to give the blow. I will not call him villain, because it would be unparliamentary, and he is a privy counsellor. I will not call him fool, because he happens to be chancellor of the exchequer. But I say he is one who has abused the privilege of parliament and the freedom of debate, by uttering language which, if spoken out of the House, I should answer only with a blow. I care not how high his situation, how low his character, how contemptible his speech—whether a privy counsellor or a parasite—my answer would be a blow.

He has charged me with being connected with the rebels. The charge is utterly, totally, and meanly false. Does the honorable gentleman rely upon the report of the House of Lords for the foundation of his assertion? If he does, I can

prove to the committee there was a physical impossibility of that report being true. But I scorn to answer to any man for my conduct, whether he be a political coxcomb, or whether he brought himself into power by a false glare of courage or not.

I have returned, — not, as the right honorable member has said, to raise another storm, — I have returned to discharge an honorable debt of gratitude to my country, that conferred on me a great reward for past services, which, I am proud to say, was not greater than my desert. I have returned to protect that constitution of which I was the parent and the founder, from the assassination of such men as the right honorable gentleman and his unworthy associates. They are corrupt, they are seditious, and they, at this very moment, are in a conspiracy against their country. I have returned to refute a libel, as false as it is malicious, given to the public under the appellation of a report of a committee of the lords. Here I stand ready for impeachment or trial. I dare accusation. I defy the honorable gentleman; I defy the government; I defy their whole phalanx. Let them come forth. I tell the ministers I will neither give them quarter nor take it. I am here to lay the shattered remains of my constitution on the floor of this House, in defense of the liberties of my country.

— H. GRATTAN.

POLISH WAR SONG

I

Freedom calls you! Quick, be ready,
Rouse ye in the name of God;
Onward, onward, strong and steady, —
Dash to earth the oppressor's rod.
Freedom calls, ye brave!
Rise and spurn the name of slave.

II

Grasp the sword! — its edge is keen,
 Seize the gun! — its ball is true;
 Sweep your land from tyrant clean,
 Haste, and scour it through and through!
 Onward, onward! Freedom cries,
 Rush to arms — the tyrant flies.

III

By the souls of patriots gone,
 Wake, — arise, — your fetters break,
 Kosciusko bids you on,
 Sobieski cries awake!
 Rise, and front the despot czar,
 Rise, and dare the unequal war.

IV

Freedom calls you! Quick, be ready,
 Think of what your sires have been;
 Onward, onward, strong and steady,
 Drive the tyrant to his den.
 On, and let the watchword be,
 Country, home, and liberty!

— JAMES PERCIVAL.

IVRY

I

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
 And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!
 Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
 Through thy corn fields green, and sunny vines, O pleasant land of
 France!

And thou Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
 Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy murmuring daughters;
 As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy;
 For cold and stiff and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
 Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war!
 Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre!

II

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the league drawn out in long array:
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears,
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land;
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand;
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

III

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armor dressed;
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye,
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deaf'ning shout, "God save our lord the King!"
"And if my standard bearer fall, as fall full well he may, —
For never I saw promise yet of such a bloody fray, —
Press where you see my white plume shine amidst the ranks of
war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

IV

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din,
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin.
The fiery duke is pricking fast across Saint-Andre's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies — upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

V

Now God be praised, the day is ours ; Mayenne hath turned his rein ;
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter ; the Flemish count is slain ;
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale ;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,
Remember Saint Bartholomew ! was passed from man to man.
But out spake gentle Henry, — " No Frenchman is my foe ;
Down, down, with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."
Oh ! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre ?

VI

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France to-day ;
And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.
But we of the religion have borne us best in fight ;
And the good Lord of Rosney hath ta'en the cornet white —
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,
The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine,
Up with it high ; unfurl it wide — that all the host may know
How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought his church
such woe.
Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest point of war,
Fling the red shreds, a foot cloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

VII

Ho ! maidens of Vienna ! ho ! matrons of Lucerne —
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
Ho ! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls.
Ho ! gallant nobles of the league, look that your arms be bright ;
Ho ! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night ;
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valor of the brave.
Then glory to His holy name, for whom all glories are ;
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre !

— LORD MACAULAY.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE

Up from the south at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan — twenty miles away !

And wilder still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar ;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan — twenty miles away !

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good broad highway leading down ;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight —
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with the utmost speed ;
Hills rose and fell — but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away !

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering south
The dust, like the smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster ;
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls ;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away !

Under his spurning feet, the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind ;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on with his wild eyes full of fire.
But lo ! he is nearing his heart's desire —
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away !

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troup ;
What was done, — what to do, — a glance told him both,
Then striking his spurs with a muttered oath,
He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of huzzahs,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray ;
By the flash of his eye, and his red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester town to save the day !"

Hurrah, hurrah for Sheridan !
Hurrah, hurrah for horse and man !
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky, —
The American soldier's Temple of Fame, —
There, with the glorious General's name,
Be it said in letters both bold and bright :
"Here is the steed that saved the day,
By carrying Sheridan into the fight
From Winchester — twenty miles away !"

— THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

CHAPTER VII

EMPHASIS

“False eloquence passeth only where truth is not understood.”

—FELTON.

As the development gradually proceeds, there will awaken a desire in the mind of the speaker to bring out certain ideas of the author. Some thoughts will be more deeply impressed upon the mind than others. This will produce lights and shades in the voice; and thus is born “Emphasis.” Objects will be compared in the mind, and that comparison will give variety to the speech. This step should be given a great deal of attention, as there is always a tendency in the speaker to talk in straight lines, making the work very monotonous. There is nothing more unpleasant to the ear than the voice which has but one pitch. Variety of thought brings variety of voice. Aim to speak in curves.

To illustrate this step, take a stanza from “Good-by, Proud World”:—

“Good-by, proud world ! I’m going home ;
Thou’rt not my friend, and I’m not thine ;
Long through the weary crowds I roam,
A river ark on the ocean brine.
Long I’ve been tossed like the driven foam,
And now, proud world, I’m going home.”

1. What is the principal thought Emerson wished to convey? What were his feelings toward the world (the city)? How selfish, insincere, and cold it seemed compared to his life in the country, at home among his friends! Imagine his delight in saying good-by to it all, and the pleasure expressed in the thought of going home.

2. What is the next new thought? His willingness to give up the world as a friend.

3. There is still another thought when the author tells of his experience in the world, and his feeling of being out of sympathy with it. Picture his enthusiasm in having found a way out of his troubles.

4. Imagine his delight and pleasure felt in at last being able to renounce the world and go home. Remember that each new thought gives variety to the voice.

GOOD-BY, PROUD WORLD

I

Good-by, proud world! I'm going home;
Thou'rt not my friend, and I'm not thine;
Long through the weary crowds I roam,
A river ark on the ocean brine.
Long I've been tossed like the driven foam,
And now, proud world, I'm going home.

II

Good-by to Flattery's fawning face;
To Grandeur, with his wise grimace;
To upstart Wealth's averted eye;
To supple Office, low and high;

To crowded halls, to court and street ;
To frozen hearts and hasting feet ;
To those who go and those who come ;
Good-by, proud world, I'm going home.

III

I am going to my own hearthstone,
Bosomed in yon green hills alone —
A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned —
Where arches green, the livelong day,
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And vulgar feet have never trod,
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

IV

Oh, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome ;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and pride of man,
At the sophist schools and the learned clan ;
For what are they all in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet ?

— RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

LINCOLN'S ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on the battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is

altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate — we cannot consecrate — we cannot hallow — this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here. But it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who have fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us — that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion ; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain ; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom ; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

— ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

ODE TO A SKYLARK

Hail to thee, blithe spirit! Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it, pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still, and higher, from the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire ; the blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning, thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even melts around thy flight ;
Like a star of heaven, in the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows of that silver sphere
Whose intense lamp narrows in the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air with thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare, from one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not ; what is most like thee?
From the rainbow clouds there flow not drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden in the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden, till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not ;

Like a high-born maiden in a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which ever overflows her bower ;

Like a glowworm golden in a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden its ærial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view.

Like a rose embowered in its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered, till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet those heavy wingèd thieves.

Sound of vernal showers on the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers, all that ever was
Joyous and clear and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird, what sweet thoughts are thine.
I have never heard praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal, or triumphal chant,
Matched with thine would be all but an empty vaunt--
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains of thy happy strain?
 What fields, or waves, or mountains? What shapes of sky or plain?
 What love of thine own kind? What ignorance of pain?

With thy clear, keen joyance languor cannot be;
 Shadow of annoyance never came near thee;
 Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep, thou of death must deem
 Things more true and deep than we mortals dream,
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after, and pine for what is not;
 Our sincerest laughter with some pain is fraught;
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

— PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE BELLS

I

Hear the sledges with the bells —
 Silver bells.
 What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
 How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
 In the icy air of night!
 While the stars that oversprinkle
 All the heavens, seem to twinkle
 With a crystalline delight,
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
 From the bells. bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells —
 From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
 Golden bells!
 What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!

Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
 All in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle dove that listens, while she gloats
 On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
 How it swells,
 How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells —
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

III

Hear the loud alarum bells —
 Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
 Too much horrified to speak,
 They can only shriek, shriek,
 Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,
 With a desperate desire,
 And a resolute endeavor
 Now — now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
 Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
 What a tale their terror tells
 Of despair!

How they clang, and clash, and roar!
 What a horror they outpour
 On the bosom of the palpitating air!
 Yet the ear, it fully knows,
 By the twanging,
 And the clanging,
 How the danger ebbs and flows;
 Yet the ear distinctly tells,
 In the jangling,
 And the wrangling,
 How the danger sinks and swells,
 By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells —
 Of the bells —
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells —
 In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

IV

Hear the tolling of the bells —
 Iron bells!
 What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
 In the silence of the night,
 How we shiver with affright
 With the melancholy menace of their tone!
 For every sound that floats
 From the rust within their throats
 Is a groan.
 And the people — ah, the people —
 They that dwell up in the steeple,
 All alone,
 And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
 Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone —
 They are neither man nor woman —
 They are neither brute nor human —
 They are Ghouls:

And their king it is who tolls ;
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
 Rolls
 A pæan from the bells !
 And his merry bosom swells
 With the pæan of the bells !
 And he dances, and he yells,
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the pæan of the bells —
 Of the bells :
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the throbbing of the bells —
 Of the bells, bells, bells —
 To the sobbing of the bells,
 Keeping time, time, time,
 As he knells, knells, knells,
 In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells —
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
 To the tolling of the bells —
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells ;
 Bells, bells, bells —
 To the moaning and the groaning of the bells !
 — EDGAR ALLAN POE.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS

I

Somewhat back from the village street
 Stands the old-fashioned country seat.
 Across its antique portico
 Tall poplar trees their shadows throw ;
 And from its station in the hall
 An ancient timepiece says to all :
 “ Forever — never !
 Never — forever ! ”

II

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas !
With sorrowful voice to all who pass :
 "Forever — never !
 Never — forever !"

III

By day its voice is low and light ;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say, at each chamber door :
 "Forever — never !
 Never — forever !"

IV

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood ;
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats these words of awe :
 "Forever — never !
 Never — forever !"

V

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted hospitality ;
His great fires up the chimney roared ;
The stranger feasted at his board ;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased :
 "Forever — never !
 Never — forever !"

VI

There groups of merry children played ;
There youths and maidens, dreaming, strayed.
O precious hours ! O golden prime,
And affluence of love and time !
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told :
 " Forever — never !
 Never — forever ! "

VII

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night ;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow ;
And in the hush that follow'd prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair :
 " Forever — never !
 Never — forever ! "

VIII

All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, — some are dead ;
And when I ask, — with throbs of pain, —
" Ah ! when shall they ail meet again
As in the days long since gone by ? "
The ancient timepiece makes reply :
 " Forever — never !
 Never — forever ! "

IX

Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death and time shall disappear —
Forever there, but never here !

The horologe of eternity
 Sayeth this incessantly :
 " Forever — never !
 Never — forever ! "

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

WOLSEY TO CROMWELL

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
 In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me,
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
 Let's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;
 And — when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleep in dull, cold marble, where no mention
 Of me more must be heard of, — say, I taught thee ;
 Say, Wolsey — that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor —
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :
 By that sin fell the angels : how can man, then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by't ?
 Love thyself last ; cherish those hearts that hate thee ;
 Corruption wins not more than honesty :
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's and truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr ! Serve the king ;
 And — Prithee, lead me in :
 There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny ; 'tis the king's ; my robe,
 And my integrity to heaven, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
 Had I but served my God with half the zeal
 I served my king, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

CHAPTER VIII

PICTURES

“Elocution, in order to be perfect, must convey the meaning clearly, forcibly, and agreeably.” — WHATELY.

THE speaker now begins to make mental pictures of everything he describes, and thus is introduced “Forming the Pictures.” He must live in the picture he is representing and suggest its surroundings. The characters must be alive. He should lose his own identity to such an extent that the audience sees only the people he impersonates, dwells in the atmosphere of the scene described, and is carried along at the will of the speaker. As Salvini said, he didn’t play Hamlet, he was Hamlet. To illustrate this step, we will take the following selection :—

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN

All the world’s a stage,
And all the men and women merely players :
They have their exits and their entrances ;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse’s arms.
And then, the whining schoolboy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping, like a snail,
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like a furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress’ eyebrow. Then the soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like a pard,

Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances ;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange, eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion ;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

As each age is suggested, try to picture it clearly to the audience, with all its characteristics and surroundings. The speaker should study and think out the various stages of man's life, until he has a perfect mental picture of each, and in his recital his listeners see only the characters impersonated, namely, the infant, the schoolboy, the lover, the soldier, the justice, the old man, and the man in second childhood.

THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN FIELD

I

Straight up the hill there rode
Two horsemen drenched with gore,
And in their arms, a helpless load,
A wounded knight they bore.
His hand still strain'd the broken brand ;
His arms were smeared with blood and sand ;

Dragg'd from among the horses' feet,
With dinted shield, and helmet beat,
The falcon-crest and plumage gone,
Can that be haughty Marmion? . . .

II

When doff'd his casque, he felt free air,
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare : —
 "Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare !
Redeem my pennon — charge again !
Cry — 'Marmion to the rescue !' — Vain !
Last of my race — on battle plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again ! —
Yet my last thought is England's — fly,
 To Dacre bear my signet ring ;
 Tell him his squadrons up to bring.
Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie ;
Tunstall lies dead upon the field,
His life-blood stains the spotless shield :
Edmund is down : — my life is reft ;
The Admiral alone is left.
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire, —
With Chester charge and Lancashire, —
Full upon Scotland's central host,
Or victory and England's lost.
Must I bid twice? — hence, varlets ! fly !
Leave Marmion here, alone — to die !"

III

They parted, and alone he lay :
Clare drew her from the sight away,
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
And half he murmured, — "Is there none
 Of all my halls have nurst,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
Of blessed water from the spring,
 To slake my dying thirst?"

O woman ! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made ;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou !
Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When, with the baron's casque, the maid
 To the nigh streamlet ran :
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears ;
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
 Sees but the dying man.

IV

She filled the helm, and back she hied,
And with surprise and joy espied
 A monk supporting Marmion's head ;
A pious man whom duty brought
To dubious verge of battle fought,
 To shrive the dying, bless the dead.
The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swell'd the gale,
 And — " Stanley ! " was the cry ;
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
 And fired his glazing eye :
With dying hand, above his head,
He shook the fragment of his blade,
 And shouted " Victory !
Charge, Chester, charge ! On, Stanley, on ! "
Were the last words of Marmion.

V

By this, though deep the evening fell,
Still rose the battle's deadly swell,
For still the Scots, around their king,
Unbroken, fought in desperate ring.
The English shafts in volleys hailed,
In headlong charge their horse assailed ;

Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep
To break the Scottish circle deep,
 That fought around their king.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though billmen ply the ghastly blow,
 Unbroken was the ring;
The stubborn spearmen still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
 The instant that he fell.

VI

No thought was there of dastard flight;
Linked in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
 As fearlessly and well;
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded king.
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shattered bands;
 And from the charge they drew,
As mountain waves from wasted lands,
 Sweep back to ocean blue.

VII

Then did their loss his foemen know;
Their king, their lords, their mightiest, low,
They melted from the field as snow,
When streams are swoll'n, and south winds blow,
 Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
 While many a broken band,
Disordered through her currents dash,
 To gain the Scottish land!
To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale
And raise the universal wail.

Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
 Shall many an age that wail prolong;
 Still from the sire the son shall hear
 Of the stern strife, and carnage drear
 Of Flodden's fatal field,
 Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
 And broken was her shield!

— SIR WALTER SCOTT.

LORRAINE LORRAINE LORREE

I

"Are you ready for your steeple chase, Lorraine Lorraine Lorree?
 You're booked to ride your capping horse to-day at Coulter-Lee,
 You're booked to ride Vindictive for all the world to see,
 To keep him first and keep him straight,
 And win the run for me."

II

She clasped her newborn baby, poor Lorraine Lorraine Lorree,
 "I cannot ride Vindictive as any man might see,
 And I will not ride Vindictive with this baby on my knee,
 He's killed a boy, he's killed a man, and why must he kill me?"

III

"Unless you ride Vindictive, Lorraine Lorraine Lorree,
 Unless you ride Vindictive to-day at Coulter-Lee,
 And land him safe across the brook
 And win the blank for me,
 'Tis you can keep your baby,
 For you'll get no keep from me."

IV

"That husbands could be cruel," said Lorraine Lorraine Lorree,
 "That husbands could be cruel, I've known for seasons three,
 But oh, to ride Vindictive while a baby cries for me,
 And be killed across a fence at last for all the world to see!"

V

She mastered young Vindictive,
Oh, the gallant lass was she,
And kept him first and won the race as near as near could be,
But he killed her at the brook against a pollard willow tree,
Oh ! he killed her at the brook, the brute, for all the world to see,
And no one but the baby cried for poor Lorraine Lorree.

— CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE SCHOOLMASTER

The cold feeble dawn of a January morning was stealing in at the windows of the common sleeping room, when Nicholas, raising himself on his arm, looked among the prostrate forms in search of the boy Smike.

"Now, then," cried Squeers, from the bottom of the stairway, "are you going to sleep all day, up there?"

"We shall be down directly, sir."

"Down directly ! You had better be down directly, or I'll be down on some of you in less time than directly. Where's that Smike?"

Nicholas looked round again.

"He is not here, sir."

"Don't tell me a lie. He is."

"He is not. Don't tell me one."

Squeers bounced into the dormitory, and, swinging his cane in the air ready for a blow, darted into the corner where Smike usually lay at night. The cane descended harmlessly. There was nobody there.

"What does this mean? Where have you hid him?"

"I have seen nothing of him since last night."

"Come, you won't save him this way. Where is he?"

"At the bottom of the nearest pond, for anything I know."

"What do you mean by that?"

In a fright Squeers inquired of the boys whether any one of them knew anything of their missing schoolmate.

There was a general hum of denial, in the midst of which one shrill voice was heard to say (as indeed everybody thought) : —

“ Please, sir, I think Smike’s run away, sir.”

“ Ha ! who said that ? ”

Mr. Squeers made a plunge into the crowd, and caught a very little boy, the perplexed expression of whose countenance, as he was brought forward, seemed to intimate that he was uncertain whether he was going to be punished or rewarded for his suggestion. He was not long in doubt.

“ You think he has run away, do you, sir ? ”

“ Yes, please, sir.”

“ And what reason have you to suppose that any boy would want to run away from this establishment ? Eh ? ”

The child raised a dismal cry by way of answer, and Mr. Squeers beat him until he rolled out of his hands. He mercifully allowed him to roll away.

“ There ! Now, if any other boy thinks Smike has run away, I shall be glad to have a talk with him.”

Profound silence.

“ Well, Nickleby, you think he has run away, I suppose ? ”

“ I think it extremely likely.”

“ Maybe you know he has run away ? ”

“ I know nothing about it.”

“ He didn’t tell you he was going, I suppose ? ”

“ He did not. I am very glad he did not, for it then would have been my duty to have told you.”

“ Which, no doubt, you would have been sorry to do ? ”

“ I should, indeed.”

Mrs. Squeers had listened to this conversation at the bottom of the stairs ; but now, losing all patience, she hastily made her way to the scene of action.

"What's all this here to-do? What on earth are you talking to him for, Squeers? The cow house and stable are locked up, so Smike can't be there; and he's not downstairs anywhere, for the girl has looked. He must have gone York way, and by a public road. He must beg his way, and he could do that no-where's but on the public road. Now, if you takes the chaise and goes one road, and I borrow Swallow's chaise and goes t'other, what with keeping our eyes open, and asking questions, one or other of us is moral sure to lay hold of him."

The lady's plan was put in execution without delay, Nicholas remaining behind in a tumult of feeling. Death, from want and exposure, was the best that could be expected from the prolonged wanderings of so helpless a creature through a country of which he was ignorant. There was little, perhaps, to choose between this and a return to the tender mercies of the school. Nicholas lingered on, in reckless anxiety, picturing a thousand possibilities, until the evening of the next day, when Squeers returned alone.

"No news of the scamp!"

Another day came, and Nicholas was scarcely awake when he heard the wheels of a chaise approaching the house. It stopped, and the voice of Mrs. Squeers was heard, ordering a glass of spirits for somebody, which was in itself a sufficient sign that something extraordinary had happened. Nicholas hardly dared to look out of the window, but he did so, and the first object that met his eyes was wretched Smike, bedabbled with mud and rain, haggard, and worn, and wild.

"Lift him out," said Squeers. "Bring him in, bring him in!"

"Take care!" cried Mrs. Squeers. "We tied his legs under the apron, and made 'em fast to the chaise, to prevent his giving us the slip again."

With hands trembling with delight, Squeers unloosened the cord; and Smike, more dead than alive, was brought in and

locked up in a cellar, until such time as Mr. Squeers should deem it expedient to operate upon him.

The news that the fugitive had been caught and brought back ran like wildfire through the hungry community, and expectation was on tiptoe all the morning. On tiptoe it remained all the afternoon, when Squeers, having refreshed himself with his dinner and an extra libation or so, made his appearance (accompanied by his amiable partner), with a fearful instrument of flagellation, strong, supple, wax-ended, and new.

"Is every boy here?"

Every boy was there, but every boy was afraid to speak; so Squeers glared along the lines to assure himself.

There was a curious expression in the usher's face; but he took his seat without opening his lips in reply. Squeers left the room, and shortly afterwards returned, dragging Smike by the collar.

"Now, what have you got to say for yourself? (Stand a little out of the way, Mrs. Squeers, my dear; I've hardly got room enough.)"

"Spare me, sir!"

"Oh, that's all you've got to say, is it? Yes, I'll flog you within an inch of your life, and spare you that."

One cruel blow had fallen on him, when Nicholas Nickleby cried, "Stop!"

"Who cried stop?"

"I did. This must not go on!"

"Must not go on?"

"No. Must not! Shall not! I will prevent it! You have disregarded all my quiet interference in this miserable lad's behalf; you have returned no answer to the letter in which I begged forgiveness for him, and offered to be responsible that he would remain quietly here. Don't blame me for this public interference. You have brought it upon yourself, not I."

"Sit down, beggar!"

"Wretch, touch him again at your peril! I will not stand by and see it done. My blood is up, and I have the strength of ten such men as you. I will not spare you, if you drive me on. I have a series of personal insults to avenge, and my indignation is aggravated by the cruelties practiced in this foul den. Have a care, for if you raise the devil in me, the consequences will fall heavily upon your head."

Squeers spat at him, and struck him a blow across the face. Nicholas instantly sprang upon him, and wrested his weapon from his hand, and, pinning him by the throat, beat the ruffian till he roared for mercy.

He flung him away with all the force he could muster, and the violence of his fall precipitated Mrs. Squeers over an adjacent form; Squeers, striking his head against the same form in his descent, lay at his full length on the ground, stunned and motionless.

Having brought affairs to this happy termination, and having ascertained to his satisfaction that Squeers was only stunned, and not dead (upon which point he had some unpleasant doubts at first), Nicholas packed up a few clothes in a small valise, and, finding that nobody opposed his progress, marched boldly out by the front door, and struck into the road. Then such a cheer arose as the walls of Dotheboy's Hall had never echoed before, and would never respond to again. When the sound had died away, the school was empty; and of the crowd of boys not one remained.

— CHARLES DICKENS.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO

It had rained all night. Water lay here and there in the hollows of the plain, as in basins. At some points the wheels sank to the axles. The horses' girths dripped with liquid mud. The affair opened late. The plan of the battle which had

been conceived was indeed admirable. Ney drew his sword, placed himself at the head, and the immense squadrons began to move. Then was seen a fearful sight. Nothing like it had been seen since the taking of the grand redoubt at La Moscana by the heavy cavalry. Murat was not there ; but Ney *was* there. It seemed as if this mass had become a monster, and had but a single mind. Each squadron undulated and swelled like the ring of a polyp. They could be seen through the thick smoke as it was broken here and there. It was one pell-mell of casques, cries, sabers ; a furious bounding of horses among the cannon ; a terrible, disciplined tumult. Something like this vision appeared in the old Orphic epics which tell of certain antique hippanthropes — those Titans with human faces and chests like horses, whose gallop scaled Olympus, horrible, invulnerable, sublime — at once, gods and beasts.

All at once, at the left of the English, and on the French right, the head of the column of cuirassiers reared with frightful clamor, and there appeared three thousand faces with gray mustaches, crying, "*Vive l'Empereur !*" Unmanageable, full of fury, and bent on extermination of the square and cannon, the cuirassiers saw between them and the English a ditch — a grave ! It was the sunken road of Ohain. It was a frightful moment. There was a ravine, unlooked for, yawning at the very feet of the horses, two fathoms deep between its double slope. The second rank pushed in the first. The horses reared ; threw themselves over ; fell upon their backs ; struggled with their feet in the air, piling up and overturning their riders. Without power to retreat, the whole column was nothing but a projectile. The force acquired to crush the English crushed the French. The inexorable ravine could not yield until it was filled with riders and horses rolled in together, grinding one another, making common flesh in this dreadful gulf ; and when this grave was full of living men, the rest marched over and passed on.

Was it possible that Napoleon should win the battle of Waterloo? We answer, No ! Why? Because of Wellington? Because of Blücher? No. Because of God ! For Bonaparte to conquer at Waterloo was not in the law of the nineteenth century. It was time that this vast man should fall. He had been impeached before the Infinite ! He had vexed God ! Waterloo was not a battle. It was the change of front of the Universe.

—VICTOR HUGO.

CHAPTER IX

RELATION OF VALUES

"In Oratory, the greatest Art is to conceal Art."

— SWIFT.

HERE is found the last step, called "Relation of Values." Each part of the selection has a certain value to sustain to the whole. Study the recitation thoroughly, analyze it from a literary standpoint; the service and purpose of each part will soon be found. It is the duty of the speaker to bring out the author's true meaning. Everything of any value that is written has some truth to give to the world. The speaker must find that truth, and then give it voice. This step is extremely important and necessary to the public speaker, as he must be convincing in order to be a power in the world, and without truth to give he can never be strong. This is of vital importance to scriptural readers and preachers, and to all those who, through their oratory, influence people's lives. This step requires individual study and a great deal of thought. By fulfilling this step, one is able to sway audiences, and to show them the difference between right and wrong.

The following suggestions should be a help in working up all selections under this head. We will take Hamlet's famous soliloquy:—

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY

To be or not to be, — that is the question :
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die ; to sleep ;
No more ; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep ;
To sleep : perchance to dream ; ay, there's the rub ;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause : there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life ;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveler returns, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of ?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action. Soft you now !
The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

This soliloquy is the result of a great deal of thought and suffering on Hamlet's part. Hamlet is preëminently a thinker, and not a man of action. The ghost of his father has appeared to him, and revealed the cause of the king's death. Hamlet swears to avenge his father's murder, but how to accomplish it seems to baffle him. To kill is distasteful to him. Besides, any attack on his uncle will affect his mother, whom he has been instructed by the ghost not to harm. He has no one in whom to confide; even the gentle Ophelia seems to have deserted him. He feels his inability to act, and, as Goethe says, "seems to have been given a task to do of which he is incapable." Then Hamlet's mind runs to suicide as his only escape, and he tries to weigh in his mind whether life is worth living or not, as he says: —

"To be or not to be, — that is the question :
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them?"

Then, as he continues, he becomes more in favor of taking his life, as he thinks death is a mere sleep. All the heartaches will be ended, and he exclaims: —

"'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd."

Suddenly the thought arises that dreams might come after death, and perhaps death would not end his troubles; and, continuing this line of thought, he says: —

"For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause."

The dreams may not be happy ones. Then he decides that one would not bear all the sufferings of this world, a number

of which he enumerates, were it not for the dread of something after death, —

“The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveler returns.”

He concludes that —

“Conscience does make cowards of us all.”

And that is the principal reason why he, and other men, do not escape from a world where life is so unbearable, so full of evil. The entire soliloquy should be given in a thoughtful mood, as the subject is a very vital one. Make each thought clear ; bring out the value of the points. Avoid the tendency toward straight lines. Give as much variety to it as possible. Aim to emphasize the truths that Shakespeare teaches.

THANATOPSIS

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language. For his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty ; and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart, —
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around, —
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air, —
Comes a still voice — Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course ; nor yet in the cold ground,

Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again ;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.
Yet not to thine eternal resting place
Shalt thou retire alone — nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world ; with kings,
The powerful of the earth — the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past, —
All in one mighty sepulcher. — The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun ; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between ;
The venerable woods — rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green ; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings — yet — the dead are there ;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep — the dead reign there alone.

So shalt thou rest — and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure ? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom ; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man, —
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.
So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon ; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

CATILINE'S DEFIANCE

I

Conscript Fathers :

I do not rise to waste the night in words ;
Let that plebeian talk, 'tis not my trade ;
But here I stand for right, — let him show proofs, —
For Roman right, though none, it seems, dare stand
To take their share with me. Ay, cluster there !
Cling to your master, judges, Romans, slaves !
His charge is false ; — I dare him to his proofs.
You have my answer. Let my actions speak !

II

But this I will avow, that I have scorned,
And still do scorn, to hide my sense of wrong.
Who brands me on the forehead, breaks my sword,
Or lays the bloody scourge upon my back,
Wrongs me not half so much as he who shuts
The gates of honor on me, — turning out
The Roman from his birthright; and for what?
To fling your offices to every slave!
Vipers, that creep where man disdains to climb,
And, having wound their loathsome track to the top
Of this huge, moldering monument of Rome,
Hang hissing at the nobler man below.

III

Come, consecrated Lictors, from your thrones;
Fling down your scepters; take the rod and ax,
And make the murder as you make the law!
Banished from Rome! What's banished, but set free
From daily contact of the things I loathe?
"Tried and convicted traitor!" Who says this?
Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?
Banish'd! I thank you for 't; it breaks my chain!
I held some slack allegiance till this hour;
But now my sword's my own. Smile on, my lords!
I scorn to count what feelings, wither'd hopes,
Strong provocation, bitter, burning wrongs,
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
To leave you in your lazy dignities.
But here I stand and scoff you! Here I fling
Hatred and full defiance in your face!
Your Consul's merciful; — for this all thanks.
He dares not touch a hair of Catiline!

IV

"Traitor!" I go; but I return! This — trial!
Here I devote your Senate! I've had wrongs

To stir a fever in the blood of age,
 Or make the infant's sinews strong as steel.
 This day's the birth of sorrow ; this hour's work
 Will breed proscriptions ! Look to your hearths, my lords !
 For there, henceforth, shall sit, for household gods,
 Shapes hot from Tartarus ; all shames and crimes ;
 Wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn ;
 Suspicion poisoning his brother's cup ;
 Naked Rebellion, with the torch and ax,
 Making wild sport of your blazing thrones ;
 Till Anarchy comes down on you like night,
 And Massacre seals Rome's eternal grave.

V

I go ; but not to leap the gulf alone.
 I go ; but when I come, 'twill be the burst
 Of ocean in the earthquake, — rolling back
 In swift and mountainous ruin. Fare you well !
 You build my funeral pile ; but your best blood
 Shall quench its flame ! Back, slaves ! [*To the lictors.*]
 I will return.

— GEORGE CROLY.

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

THE FAMINE

O the long and dreary Winter !
 O the cold and cruel Winter !
 Ever thicker, thicker, thicker,
 Froze the ice on lake and river,
 Ever deeper, deeper, deeper,
 Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
 Fell the covering snow, and drifted
 Through the forest, round the village.
 Hardly from his buried wigwam
 Could the hunter force a passage ;
 With his mittens and his snowshoes

Vainly walked he through the forest,
Sought for bird or beast and found none,
Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
In the snow beheld no footprints,
In the ghastly, gleaming forest
Fell, and could not rise from weakness,
Perished there from cold and hunger.

O the famine and the fever!
O the wasting of the famine!
O the blasting of the fever!
O the wailing of the children!
O the anguish of the women!

All the earth was sick and famished;
Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them,
And the hungry stars in Heaven
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them!

Into Hiawatha's wigwam
Came two other guests as silent
As the ghosts were, and so gloomy,
Waited not to be invited,
Did not parley at the doorway,
Sat there without word of welcome
In the seat of Laughing Water;
Looked with haggard eyes and hollow
At the face of Laughing Water.

And the foremost said: "Behold me!
I am Famine, Bukadawin!"
And the other said: "Behold me!
I am Fever, Ahkosewin!"

And the lovely Minnehaha
Shuddered as they looked upon her,
Shuddered at the words they uttered,
Lay down on her bed in silence,
Hid her face, but made no answer;
Lay there, trembling, freezing, burning,
At the looks they cast upon her,
At the fearful words they uttered.

Forth into the empty forest
Rushed the maddened Hiawatha;
In his heart was deadly sorrow,
In his face a stony firmness;
On his brow the sweat of anguish
Started, but it froze and fell not.

Wrapped in furs and armed for hunting,
With his mighty bow of ash-tree,
With his quiver full of arrows,
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Into the vast and vacant forest
On his snow-shoes strode he forward.

"Gitche Manito, the Mighty!"
Cried he with his face uplifted
In that bitter hour of anguish,
"Give your children food, O father!
Give us food or we must perish!
Give me food for Minnehaha,
For my dying Minnehaha!"

Through the far-resounding forest,
Through the forest vast and vacant
Rang that cry of desolation,
But there came no other answer
Than the echo of his crying,
Than the echo of the woodlands,
"Minnehaha! Minnehaha!"

All day long roved Hiawatha
In that melancholy forest,
Through the shadow of whose thickets,
In the pleasant days of Summer,
Of that ne'er forgotten Summer,
He had brought his young wife homeward
From the land of the Dacotahs;
When the birds sang in the thickets,
And the streamlets laughed and glistened,
And the air was full of fragrance,
And the lovely Laughing Water
Said with voice that did not tremble,

"I will follow you, my husband!"

In the wigwam with Nokomis,
With those gloomy guests that watched her.
With the Famine and the Fever,
She was lying, the Beloved,
She the dying Minnehaha.

"Hark!" she said; "I hear a rushing,
Hear a roaring and a rushing,
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to me from a distance!"

"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"Tis the night wind in the pine trees!"

"Look!" she said; "I see my father
Standing lonely at his doorway,
Beckoning to me from his wigwam
In the land of the Dacotahs!"

"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"Tis the smoke, that waves and beckons!"

"Ah!" said she, "the eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon me in the darkness!
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness!
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

And the desolate Hiawatha,
Far away amid the forest,
Miles away among the mountains,
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
Heard the voice of Minnehaha
Calling to him in the darkness,
"Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

Over snow fields waste and pathless,
Under snow-encumbered branches,
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing:
"Wahonowin! Wahonowin!
Would that I had perished for you,
Would that I were dead as you are!

Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"

And he rushed into the wigwam,
Saw the old Nokomis slowly
Rocking to and fro and moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him,
And his bursting heart within him
Uttered such a cry of anguish,
That the forest moaned and shuddered,
That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his anguish.

Then he sat down still and speechless,
On the bed of Minnehaha,
At the feet of Laughing Water,
At those willing feet, that never
More would lightly run to meet him,
Never more would lightly follow.

With both hands his face he covered,
Seven long days and nights he sat there,
As if in a swoon he sat there,
Speechless, motionless, unconscious
Of the daylight or the darkness.

Then they buried Minnehaha;
In the snow a grave they made her,
In the forest deep and darksome,
Underneath the moaning hemlocks;
Clothed her in her richest garments,
Wrapped her in her robes of ermine,
Covered her with snow, like ermine;
Thus they buried Minnehaha.

And at night a fire was lighted,
On her grave four times was kindled,
For her soul upon its journey
To the Islands of the Blessed.
From his doorway Hiawatha
Saw it burning in the forest,
Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks;
From his sleepless bed uprising,

From the bed of Minnehaha,
Stood and watched it at the doorway,
That it might not be extinguished,
Might not leave her in the darkness.

"Farewell!" said he, "Minnehaha!
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!
All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with you!
Come not back again to labor,
Come not back again to suffer,
Where the Famine and the Fever
Wear the heart and waste the body.
Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I shall follow
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the Land of the Hereafter!"

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE BEATITUDES

(ST. MATTHEW, CHAP. V)

1. And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain :
and when he was set, his disciples came unto him :
2. And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,
3. Blessed are the poor in spirit : for theirs is the kingdom
of heaven.
4. Blessed are they that mourn : for they shall be com-
forted.
5. Blessed are the meek : for they shall inherit the earth.
6. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after right-
eousness : for they shall be filled.
7. Blessed are the merciful : for they shall obtain mercy.
8. Blessed are the pure in heart : for they shall see God.
9. Blessed are the peacemakers : for they shall be called
the children of God.

10. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake : for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

11. Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

12. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad ; for great is your reward in heaven : for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

13. Ye are the salt of the earth : but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted ? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men.

14. Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid.

15. Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick ; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house.

16. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

17. Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets : I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil.

EXTRACT FROM "A CHRISTMAS CAROL"

"It's Christmas Day !" said Scrooge to himself. "I haven't missed it. The spirits have done it all in one night. They can do anything like that. Of course they can. Of course they can. Hello, my fine fellow !"

"Hello !" returned the boy.

"Do you know the poulterer's in the next street but one, at the corner ?" Scrooge inquired.

"I should hope I did," replied the lad.

"An intelligent boy !" said Scrooge. "A remarkable boy ! Do you know whether they've sold the prize Turkey that was hanging up there ? Not the little prize Turkey : the big one ?"

"What? the one as big as me?" returned the boy.

"What a delightful boy!" said Scrooge. "It's a pleasure to talk to him. Yes, my buck!"

"It's hanging there now," replied the boy.

"Is it?" said Scrooge. "Go and buy it."

"Walker!" exclaimed the boy.

"No, no," said Scrooge, "I am in earnest. Go and buy it, and tell 'em to bring it here, that I may give them the directions where to take it. Come back with the man, and I'll give you a shilling. Come back with him in less than five minutes, and I'll give you half a crown!"

The boy was off like a shot. He must have had a steady hand at a trigger who could have got a shot off half so fast.

"I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's," whispered Scrooge, rubbing his hands, and splitting with a laugh. "He shan't know who sends it. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim. Joe Miller never made such a joke as sending it to Bob's will be!"

The hand in which he wrote the address was not a steady one; but write it he did, somehow, and went downstairs to open the street door ready for the coming of the poulterer's man. As he stood there, waiting his arrival, the knocker caught his eye.

"I shall love it as long as I live!" cried Scrooge, patting it with his hand. "I scarcely ever looked at it before. What an honest expression it has in its face. It's a wonderful knocker! Here's the Turkey. Hallo! Whoop! How are you? Merry Christmas!"

It *was* a Turkey. He never could have stood upon his legs, that bird. He would have snapped 'em short off in a minute, like sticks of sealing wax.

"Why, it's impossible to carry that to Camden Town," said Scrooge. "You must have a cab."

The chuckle with which he said this, and the chuckle with which he paid for the Turkey, and the chuckle with which he

paid for the cab, and the chuckle with which he recompensed the boy, were only to be exceeded by the chuckle with which he sat down breathless in his chair again, and chuckled till he cried.

Shaving was not an easy task, for his hand continued to shake very much ; and shaving requires attention, even when you don't dance while you are at it. But, if he had cut the end of his nose off, he would have put a piece of sticking plaster over it, and been quite satisfied.

He dressed himself "all in his best," and at last got out into the streets. The people were by this time pouring forth, as he had seen them with the Ghost of Christmas Present ; and, walking with his hands behind him, Scrooge regarded every one with a delighted smile. He looked so irresistibly pleasant, in a word, that three or four good-humored fellows said, "Good morning, sir ! A merry Christmas to you !" And Scrooge said afterwards that, of all the blithe sounds he had ever heard, those were the blithest in his ears.

He had not gone far when, coming on towards him, he beheld the portly gentleman who had walked into his counting-house the day before, and said, "Scrooge and Marley's, I believe?" It sent a pang across his heart to think how this old gentleman would look upon him when they met, but he knew what path lay straight before him, and he took it.

"My dear sir," said Scrooge, quickening his pace, and taking the old gentleman by both hands, "how do you do? I hope you succeeded yesterday. It was very kind of you. A merry Christmas to you, sir !"

"Mr. Scrooge?"

"Yes," said Scrooge. "That is my name, and I fear it may not be pleasant to you. Allow me to ask your pardon. And will you have the goodness —" Here Scrooge whispered in his ear.

"Lord bless me !" said the gentleman, as if his breath were taken away. "My dear Mr. Scrooge, are you serious?"

"If you please," said Scrooge. "Not a farthing less. A great many back payments are included in it, I assure you. Will you do me that favor?"

"My dear sir," said the other, shaking hands with him, "I don't know what to say to such muni —"

"Don't say anything, please," retorted Scrooge. "Come and see me. Will you come and see me?"

"I will!" cried the old gentleman. And it was clear he meant to do it.

"Thankee," said Scrooge. "I am much obliged to you. I thank you fifty times. Bless you!"

He went to church, and he walked about the streets, and watched the people hurrying to and fro, and patted the children on the head, and questioned beggars, and looked down into the kitchens of houses, and up to the windows; and found that everything could yield him pleasure. He had never dreamed that any walk — that anything — could give him so much happiness. In the afternoon he turned his steps toward his nephew's house.

He passed the door a dozen times before he had the courage to go up and knock, but he made a dash, and did it.

"Is your master at home, my dear?" said Scrooge to the girl. Nice girl! Very.

"Yes, sir."

"Where is he, my love?" said Scrooge.

"He's in the dining room, sir, along with the mistress. I'll show you upstairs, if you please."

"Thankee. He knows me," said Scrooge, with his hand already on the dining-room lock. "I'll go in here, my dear."

He turned it gently, and sidled his face in round the door. They were looking at the table (which was spread in great array); for these young housekeepers are always nervous on such points, and like to see that everything is right.

"Fred!" said Scrooge.

Dear heart alive, how his niece by marriage started ! Scrooge had forgotten, for the moment, about her sitting in the corner with the footstool, or he wouldn't have done it on any account.

"Why, bless my soul !" cried Fred, "who's that ?"

"It's I. Your uncle Scrooge. I have come to dinner. Will you let me in, Fred ?"

Let him in ! It is a mercy he didn't shake his arm off. He was at home in five minutes. Nothing could be heartier. His niece looked just the same. So did Topper, when HE came. So did the plump sister when *she* came. So did every one when *they* came. Wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful unanimity, won-der-ful happiness !

But he was early at the office next morning. Oh, he was early there ! If he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming late ! That was the thing he had set his heart upon.

And he did it ; yes, he did ! The clock struck nine. No Bob. A quarter past. No Bob. He was full eighteen minutes and a half past his time. Scrooge sat with his door wide open, that he might see him come in.

His hat was off before he opened the door ; his comforter too. He was on his stool in a jiffy ; driving away with his pen, as if he were trying to overtake nine o'clock.

"Hallo !" growled Scrooge in his accustomed voice as near as he could feign it. "What do you mean by coming here at this time of day ?"

"I am very sorry, sir," pleaded Bob, appearing from the tank. "It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, sir."

"Now, I'll tell you what, my friend," said Scrooge, "I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And therefore," he continued, leaping from his stool, and giving Bob a dig in the waistcoat ; "and therefore I am about to raise your salary !"

Bob trembled, and got a little nearer to the ruler. He had a momentary idea of knocking Scrooge down with it, holding him, and calling to the people in the court for help and a strait-waistcoat.

"A merry Christmas, Bob!" said Scrooge with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, as he clapped him on the back. "A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year! I'll raise your salary, and endeavor to assist your struggling family, and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon, over a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob! Make up the fires and buy another coal scuttle before you dot another i, Bob Cratchit!"

Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim, who did not die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough in the good old world. Some people laughed to see the alteration in him, but he let them laugh, and little heeded them; for he was wise enough to know that nothing ever happened on this globe, for good, at which some people did not have their fill of laughter in the outset; and, knowing that such as these would be blind anyway, he thought it quite as well that they should wrinkle up their eyes in grins as have the malady in less attractive forms. His own heart laughed: and that was enough for him.

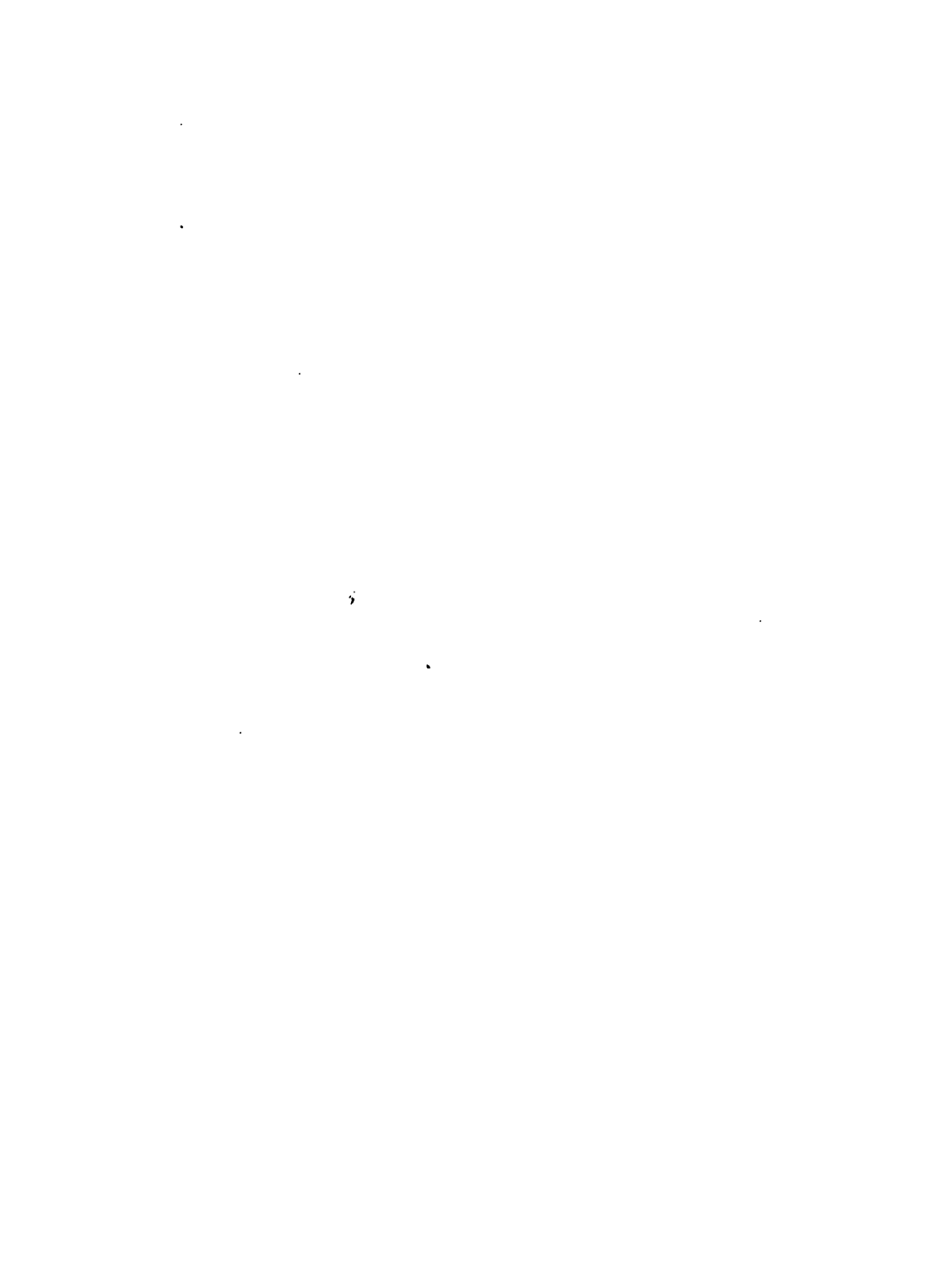
He had no further intercourse with Spirits, but lived upon the Total-Abstinence Principle ever afterward; and it was always said of him that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and of all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God bless Us, Every One!

— CHARLES DICKENS.

PART II



RECITATIONS FOR PUBLIC USE



RECITATIONS FOR PUBLIC USE

AMY ROBSART

The Countess Amy, with her hair and her garments disheveled, was seated upon a sort of couch, in an attitude of the deepest affliction, out of which she was startled by the opening of the door. She turned hastily round, and, fixing her eye on Varney, exclaimed, "Wretch, art thou come to frame some new plan of villainy?"

Leicester cut short her reproaches by stepping forward and dropping his cloak, while he said in a voice rather of authority than of affection, "It is with me, madam, you have to commune, not with Sir Richard Varney."

The change effected on the countess's look and manner was like magic. "Dudley!" she exclaimed, "Dudley! and art thou come at last?" And with the speed of lightning she flew to her husband, hung round his neck, and, unheeding the presence of Varney, overwhelmed him with caresses, while she bathed his face in a flood of tears; muttering, at the same time, but in broken and disjointed monosyllables, the fondest expressions which Love teaches his votaries.

Leicester, as it seemed to him, had reason to be angry with his lady for transgressing his commands, and thus placing him in the perilous situation in which he had that morning stood. But what displeasure could keep its ground before these testimonies of affection from a being so lovely that even the negligence of dress, and the withering effects of fear, grief, and fatigue, which would have impaired the beauty of others, ren-

dered hers but the more interesting ! He received and repaid her caresses with fondness mingled with melancholy, the last of which she seemed scarcely to observe until the first transport of her own joy was over, when, looking anxiously in his face, she asked if he was ill.

“Not in my body, Amy,” was his answer.

“Then I will be well, too. — O Dudley ! I have been ill ! — very ill, since we last met ! I have been in sickness, in grief, and in danger. But thou art come, and all is joy, and health, and safety !”

“Alas ! Amy,” said Leicester, “thou hast undone me !”

“I, my lord ?” said Amy, her cheek at once losing its transient flush of joy — “how could I injure that which I love better than myself ?”

“I would not upbraid you, Amy,” replied the earl ; “but are you not here contrary to my express commands — and does not your presence here endanger both yourself and me ?”

“Does it, does it, indeed !” she exclaimed eagerly ; “then why am I here a moment longer ? Oh, if you knew by what fears I was urged to quit Cumnor Place ! — but I will say nothing of myself — only that if it might be otherwise, I would not willingly return thither ; yet if it concern your safety —”

“We will think, Amy, of some other retreat,” said Leicester ; “you shall go to one of my northern castles, under the personage — it will be but needful, I trust, for a very few days — of Varney’s wife.”

“How, my lord of Leicester !” said the lady, disengaging herself from his embraces ; “is it to your wife you give the dishonorable counsel to acknowledge herself the bride of another — and of all men, the bride of that Varney ?”

“Madam, I speak it in earnest ; Varney is my true and faithful servant, trusted in my deepest secrets. I had better lose my right hand than his service at this moment. You have no cause to scorn him as you do.”

"I could assign one, my lord," replied the countess; "and I see he shakes even under that assured look of his. But he that is necessary as your right hand to your safety is free from any accusation of mine. May he be true to you; and that he may be true, trust him not too far. But it is enough to say that I will not go with him unless by violence, nor would I acknowledge him as my husband were all —"

"It is a temporary deception, madam," said Leicester, irritated by her opposition, "necessary for both our safeties, endangered by you through female caprice, or the premature desire to seize on a rank to which I gave you title only under condition that our marriage, for a time, should continue secret. If my proposal disgust you, it is yourself has brought it on both of us. There is no other remedy — you must do what your own impatient folly hath rendered necessary — I command you."

"I cannot put your commands, my lord," said Amy, "in balance with those of honor and conscience. I will *not*, in this instance, obey you. You may achieve your own dishonor, to which these crooked policies naturally tend, but I will do naught that can blemish mine."

"My lord," said Varney, interposing, "my lady is too much prejudiced against me, unhappily, to listen to what I can offer, yet it may please her better than what she proposes. She has good interest with Master Edmund Tressilian, and could doubtless prevail on him to consent to be her companion to Lidcote Hall, and there she might remain in safety until time permitted the development of this mystery."

Leicester was silent, but stood looking eagerly on Amy, with eyes which seemed to glow as much with suspicion as displeasure.

The countess only said: "Would to God I were in my father's house! When I left it, I little thought I was leaving peace of mind and honor behind me."

Varney proceeded with a tone of deliberation, "Doubtless this will make it necessary to take strangers into my lord's counsels; but surely the countess will be warrant for the honor of Master Tressilian, and such of her father's family —"

"Peace, Varney," said Leicester; "by Heaven, I will strike my dagger into thee, if again thou namest Tressilian as a partner of my counsels!"

"And wherefore not?" said the countess; "unless they be counsels fitter for such as Varney than for a man of stainless honor and integrity. My lord, my lord, bend no angry brows on me — it is the truth, and it is I who speak it. I once did Tressilian wrong for your sake. I will not do him the further injustice of being silent when his honor is brought into question. I can forbear," she said, looking at Varney, "to pull the mask off hypocrisy, but I will not permit virtue to be slandered in my hearing."

There was a dead pause. Leicester stood displeased, yet undetermined, and too conscious of the weakness of his cause; while Varney, with a deep and hypocritical affectation of sorrow, mingled with humility, bent his eyes on the ground.

It was then that the Countess Amy displayed, in the midst of distress and difficulty, the natural energy of character which would have rendered her, had fate allowed, a distinguished ornament of the rank which she held.

She walked up to Leicester with a composed step, a dignified air, and looks in which strong affection essayed in vain to shake the firmness of conscious truth and rectitude of principle. "You have spoken your mind, my lord," she said, "in these difficulties with which, unhappily, I have found myself unable to comply. This gentleman — this person I should say — has hinted at another scheme, to which I object not, but as it displeases you. Will your lordship be pleased to hear what a young and timid woman, but your most affectionate wife, can suggest in the present extremity?"

Leicester was silent, but bent his head toward the countess, as an intimation that she was at liberty to proceed.

"There hath been but one cause for all these evils, my lord," she proceeded; "and it resolves itself into the mysterious duplicity with which you have been induced to surround yourself. Extricate yourself at once, my lord, from the tyranny of these disgraceful trammels. Take your ill-fated wife by the hand, lead her to the footstool of Elizabeth's throne; say, that 'in a moment of infatuation, moved by supposed beauty, of which none perhaps can now trace even the remains, I gave my hand to this Amy Robsart.' You will then have done justice to me, my lord, and to your own honor; and should law or power require you to part from me, I will oppose no objection, since then I may with honor hide a grieved and broken heart in those shades from which your love withdrew me. Then — have but a little patience, and Amy's life will not long darken your brighter prospects."

There was so much of dignity, so much of tenderness in the countess's remonstrance, that it moved all that was noble and generous in the soul of her husband. The scales seemed to fall from his eyes, and the duplicity of which he had been guilty stung him at once with remorse and shame.

"I am not worthy of you, Amy," he said, "that could weigh aught which ambition has to give against such a heart as thine! I have a bitter penance to perform in disentangling, before sneering foes and astounded friends, all the meshes of my own deceitful policy. And the queen — but let her take my head as she has threatened!"

"Your head, my lord!" said the countess; "because you use the freedom and liberty of an English subject in choosing a wife? For shame; it is this distrust of the queen's justice, this misapprehension of danger, which cannot but be imaginary, that, like scarecrows, have induced you to forsake the straightforward path, which, as it is the best, is also the safest."

"Ah, Amy, thou little knowest!" said Dudley; but instantly checking himself, he added, "yet she shall not find in me a safe or easy victim of arbitrary vengeance — I have friends — I have allies — I will not, like Norfolk, be dragged to the block, as a victim to sacrifice. Fear not, Amy; thou shalt see Dudley bear himself worthy of his name. I must instantly communicate with some of those friends on whom I can best rely; for, as things stand, I may be made prisoner in my own castle."

"Oh, my good lord," said Amy, "make no faction in a peaceful state! There is no friend can help us so well as our own candid truth and honor. Bring but these to our assistance, and you are safe amidst a whole army of the envious and malignant. Leave these behind you, and all other defense will be fruitless. Truth, my noble lord, is well painted unarmed."

"But Wisdom, Amy," answered Leicester, "is arrayed in panoply of proof. Argue not with me on the means I shall use to render my confession as safe as may be; it will be fraught with enough of danger, do what we will. — Varney, we must hence. — Farewell, Amy, whom I am to vindicate as mine own, at an expense and risk of which thou alone couldst be worthy! You shall soon hear further from me."

He embraced her fervently, muffled himself as before, and accompanied Varney from the apartment.

— SIR WALTER SCOTT.

AN IMAGINARY INVALID

I remember going to the British Museum one day to read up the treatment for some slight ailment of which I had a touch — hay fever, I fancy it was. I got down the book, and read all I came to read; and then, in an unthinking moment, I idly turned the leaves, and began to indolently study diseases generally. I forget which was the first distemper I plunged into — some fearful, devastating scourge, I know — and, before I had



glanced half down the list of "premonitory symptoms," it was borne in upon me that I had fairly got it.

I sat for a while, frozen with horror ; and then, in the listlessness of despair, I again turned over the pages. I came to typhoid fever—read the symptoms—discovered that I had typhoid fever, must have had it for months without knowing it—wondered what else I had got ; turned up St. Vitus's Dance—found, as I expected, that I had that too,—began to get interested in my case, and determined to sift it to the bottom, and so started alphabetically—read up ague, and learned that I was sickening for it, and that the acute stage would commence in about another fortnight. Bright's Disease, I was relieved to find, I had only in a modified form, and, so far as that was considered, I might live for years. Cholera I had, with severe complications ; and diphtheria I seemed to have been born with. I plodded conscientiously through the twenty-six letters, and the only malady I could conclude I had not got was housemaid's knee.

I felt rather hurt about this at first ; it seemed somehow to be a sort of slight. Why hadn't I got housemaid's knee? Why this invidious reservation? After a while, however, less grasping feelings prevailed. I reflected that I had every other known malady in the pharmacology, and grew less selfish, and determined to do without housemaid's knee. Gout, in its most malignant stage, it would appear, had seized me without my being aware of it ; and zymosis I had evidently been suffering with from boyhood. There were no more diseases after zymosis, so I concluded there was nothing else the matter with me.

I sat and pondered. I thought what an interesting case I must be from a medical point of view, what an acquisition I should be to a class. Students would have no need to "walk the hospitals," if they had me. I was a hospital in myself. All they need do would be to walk round me, and after that, take their diploma.

Then I wondered how long I had to live. I tried to examine myself. I felt my pulse. I could not at first feel any pulse at all. Then, all of a sudden, it seemed to start off. I pulled out my watch and timed it. I made a hundred and forty-seven to the minute. I tried to feel my heart. I could not feel my heart. It had stopped beating. I have since been induced to come to the opinion that it must have been there all the time, and must have been beating, but I cannot account for it. I patted myself all over my front from what I call my waist up to my head, and I went a bit round each side, and a little way up the back. But I could not feel or hear anything. I tried to look at my tongue. I stuck it out as far as ever it would go, and I shut one eye, and tried to examine it with the other. I could only see the tip, and the only thing that I could gain from that was to feel more certain than before that I had scarlet fever.

I had walked into that reading room a happy, healthy man. I crawled out a decrepit wreck.

I went to my medical man. He is an old chum of mine, and feels my pulse, and looks at my tongue, and talks about the weather, all for nothing, when I fancy I'm ill ; so I thought I would do him a good turn by going to him now. "What a doctor wants," I said, "is practice. He shall have me. He will get more practice out of me than out of seventeen hundred of your ordinary, commonplace patients, with only one or two diseases each." So I went straight up and saw him, and he said : —

"Well, what's the matter with you?"

I said : —

"I will not take up your time, dear boy, with telling you what is the matter with me. Life is brief, and you might pass away before I had finished. But I will tell you what is not the matter with me. I have not got housemaid's knee. Why I have not got housemaid's knee, I cannot tell you ; but the fact remains

that I have not got it. Everything else, however, I have got."

And I told him how I came to discover it all.

Then he opened me, and looked down me, and clutched hold of my wrist, and then he hit me over the chest when I wasn't expecting it, — a cowardly thing to do, I call it, — and immediately afterward butted me with the side of his head. After that, he sat down and wrote out a prescription, and folded it up and gave it to me, and I put it in my pocket and went out.

I did not open it. I took it to the nearest chemist's and handed it in. The man read it and then handed it back.

He said he didn't keep it.

I said: —

"You are a chemist?"

"I am a chemist. If I was a coöperative store and family hotel combined, I might be able to oblige you. Being only a chemist hampers me."

I read the prescription. It ran: —

 "1 lb. beefsteak, with

 1 pt. bitter beer

 every six hours.

 1 ten-mile walk every morning.

 1 bed at eleven sharp every night.

And don't stuff up your head with things you don't understand."

— JEROME K. JEROME.

AN OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE¹

As one who cons at evening o'er an album all alone,
And muses on the faces of the friends that he has known,
So I turn the leaves of fancy till in shadowy design
I find the smiling features of an old sweetheart of mine.

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'Tis a fragrant retrospection — for the loving thoughts that start
Into being are like perfumes from the blossom of the heart —
And to dream the old dreams over is a luxury divine —
When my truant fancies wander with that old sweetheart of mine.

Though I hear, beneath my study, like a fluttering of wings,
The voices of my children, and the mother as she sings,
I feel no twinge of conscience to deny me any theme
When care has cast her anchor in the harbor of a dream.

In fact, to speak in earnest, I believe it adds a charm
To spice the good a trifle with a little dust of harm —
For I find an extra flavor in memory's mellow wine
That makes me drink the deeper to that old sweetheart of mine.

A face of lily beauty, and a form of airy grace,
Floats out of my tobacco as the genii from the vase,
And I thrill beneath the glances of a pair of azure eyes,
As glowing as the summer, and as tender as the skies.

I can see the pink sunbonnet, and the little checkered dress,
She wore when I first kissed her, and she answered the caress
With a written declaration, that as "surely as the vine
Grew around the stump, she loved me," that old sweetheart of mine.

And again I feel the pressure of her slender little hand,
As we used to talk together of the future we had planned —
When I should be a poet, and with nothing else to do,
Would write the tender verses that she'd set the music to.

When we should live together in a cozy little cot
Hid in the nest of roses, with a fairy garden spot,
Where the vines were ever fruited, and the weather ever fine,
And the birds were ever singing for that old sweetheart of mine.

When I should be her lover forever and a day,
And she my faithful sweetheart till the golden hair was gray —
And we should be so happy that, when either's lips were dumb,
They would not smile in heaven till the other's kiss had come.

* * * * *

But ah ! my dream is broken by a step upon the stair,
And the door is softly opened, and my wife is standing there ;
Yet with eagerness and rapture all my visions I resign,
To greet the living presence of that old sweetheart of mine.

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

ANTONY'S FUNERAL ORATION OVER THE BODY
OF JULIUS CÆSAR

Antony. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears :
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them ;
The good is often interred with their bones.
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious ;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest, —
For Brutus is an honorable man ;
So are they all, all honorable men, —
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me :
But Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse ; was this ambition ?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause ;
 What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him ?
 O judgment ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason. Bear with me ;
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
 And I must pause till it come back to me.

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

AUX ITALIENS

At Paris it was, at the Opera there ;
 And she looked like a queen in a book, that night,
 With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair,
 And the brooch on her breast, so bright.

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,
 The best, to my taste, is the *Trovatore* :
 And Mario can soothe with a tenor note
 The souls in Purgatory.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow :
 And who was not thrilled in the strangest way,
 As we heard him sing, while the gas burned low,
 " Non ti scordar di me " ?

The Emperor there, in his box of state,
 Looked grave, as if he had just then seen
 The red flag wave from the city gate,
 Where his eagles in bronze had been.

The Empress, too, had a tear in her eye.
 You'd have said that her fancy had gone back again
 For one moment, under the old blue sky,
 To the old glad life in Spain.

Well ! there in our front-row box we sat
 Together, my bride-betrothed and I ;
 My gaze was fixed on my opera hat,
 And hers on the stage hard by.

And both were silent, and both were sad.
Like a queen, she leaned on her full white arm,
With that regal, indolent air she had,
So confident of her charm!

I have not a doubt she was thinking then
Of her former lord, good soul that he was!
Who died the richest and roundest of men,
The Marquis of Carabas.

I hope that to get to the kingdom of heaven,
Through a needle's eye he had not to pass;
I wish him well, for the jointure given
To my lady of Carabas.

Meanwhile, I was thinking of my first love,
As I had not been thinking of aught for years,
Till over my eyes there began to move
Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress that she wore last time,
When we stood 'neath the cypress trees together,
In that lost land, in that soft clime,
In the crimson evening weather:

Of that muslin dress (for the eve was hot),
And her warm white neck in its golden chain
And her full, soft hair, just tied in a knot,
And falling loose again:

And the jasmin-flower in her fair young breast
(O the faint, sweet smell of that jasmin flower!);
And the one bird singing alone to his nest;
And the one star over the tower.

I thought of our little quarrels and strife;
And the letter that brought me back my ring.
And it all seemed then, in the waste of life,
Such a very little thing!

For I thought of her grave below the hill,
Which the sentinel cypress tree stands over.
And I thought — “were she only living still,
How I could forgive her, and love her!”

And I swear, as I thought of her thus, in that hour,
And of how, after all, old things were best,
That I smelt the smell of that jasmin flower,
Which she used to wear in her breast.

It smelt so faint, and it smelt so sweet,
It made me creep, and it made me cold!
Like the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet
Where a mummy is half unrolled.

And I turned, and looked. She was sitting there
In a dim box, over the stage; and drest
In that muslin dress, with that full, soft hair,
And that jasmin in her breast!

I was here: and she was there:
And the glittering horseshoe curved between;
From my bride-betrothed, with her raven hair,
And her sumptuous, scornful mien,

To my early love, with her eyes downcast,
And over her primrose face the shade
(In short, from the Future back to the Past)
There was but a step to be made.

To my early love from my future bride
One moment I looked. Then I stole to the door;
I traversed the passage; and down at her side,
I was sitting, a moment more.

My thinking of her, or the music's strain,
Or something which never will be exprest,
Had brought her back from the grave again,
With the jasmin in her breast.

She is not dead, and she is not wed !
But she loves me now, and she loved me then !
At the very first word that her sweet lips said,
My heart grew youthful again.

The Marchioness there, of Carabas,
She is wealthy, and young, and handsome still,
And but for her — well, we'll let that pass
She may marry whomever she will.

But I will marry my own first love,
With her primrose face ; for old things are best,
And the flower in her bosom, I prize it above
The brooch in my lady's breast.

The world is filled with folly and sin,
And Love must cling where it can, I say :
For Beauty is easy enough to win ;
But one isn't loved every day.

And I think, in the lives of most women and men,
There's a moment when all would go smooth and even
If only the dead could find out when
To come back, and be forgiven.

But O the smell of that jasmin flower !
And O that music ! and O the way
That voice rang out from the donjon tower,
Non ti scordar di me,
Non ti scordar di me ! — OWEN MEREDITH.

CAPTAIN MOLLY AT MONMOUTH

On the bloody field of Monmouth flashed the guns of Greene and
Wayne ;
Fiercely roared the tide of battle, thick the sward was heaped with
slain.
Foremost, facing death and danger, Hessian horse and grenadier,
In the vanguard, fiercely fighting, stood an Irish cannoneer.

Loudly roared his iron cannon, mingling ever in the strife,
And beside him, firm and daring, stood his faithful Irish wife;
Of her bold contempt of danger, Greene and Lee's brigade could tell,
And all knew "Captain Molly," and the army loved her well.

Fast and faster worked the gunner, soiled with powder, blood, and
dust;
English bayonets shone before him, shot and shell around him burst;
Still he fought with reckless daring, stood and manned her long and
well,
Till at last the gallant fellow dead beside his cannon fell.

With a bitter cry of sorrow, and a dark and angry frown,
Looked that band of gallant patriots at their gunner stricken down,
"Fall back, comrades! It is folly thus to strive against the foe."
"No, not so!" cried Irish Molly, "we can strike another blow!"

Quickly leaped she to the cannon in her fallen husband's place,
Sponged and rammed it fast and steady, fired it in the foeman's face.
Flashed another ringing volley, roared another from the gun;
"Boys, hurrah!" cried gallant Molly, "for the flag of Washington!"

Still the cannon's voice in anger rolled and rattled o'er the plain,
Till there lay in swarms around it mangled heaps of Hessian slain.
"Forward! charge them with the bayonet!" 'twas the voice of
Washington!

And there burst a fiery greeting from the Irish woman's gun.

Fast they fly, those boasting Britons, who in all their glory came,
With their brutal Hessian hirelings to wipe out our country's name.
Proudly floats the starry banner; Monmouth's glorious field is won;
And in triumph, Irish Molly stands beside her smoking gun.

— WILLIAM COLLINS.

CASSIUS TO BRUTUS

Cassius. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favor.
Well, honor is the subject of my story,
I cannot tell what you and other men

Think of this life ; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you :
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he :
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, " Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point ? " Upon the word,
Accoutered as I was, I plunged in
And bade him follow ; so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy ;
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cried, " Help me, Cassius, or I sink ! "
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake : 'tis true, this god did shake ;
His coward lips did from their color fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his luster : I did hear him groan :
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books —
Alas, it cried, " give me some drink, Titinius,"
As a sick girl. Ye gods ! it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone.

Cassius. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
 Like a Colossus; and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
 Men at some time are masters of their fates:
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
 Brutus and Cæsar! — What should be in that “Cæsar”?
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
 Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with ‘em,
 “Brutus” will start a spirit as soon as “Cæsar.”
 Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
 Upon what meat does this our Cæsar feed,
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But it was fam’d with more than with one man?
 When could they say till now, that talk’d of Rome,
 That her wide walks encompass’d but one man?
 Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,
 When there is in it but one only man.
 O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
 There was a Brutus once that would have brook’d
 The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
 As easily as a king! — WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

DANNY DEEVER

“What are the bugles blowin’ for?” said Files-on-Parade.
 “To turn you out, to turn you out,” the Color-Sergeant said.
 “What makes you look so white, so white?” said Files-on-Parade.
 “I’m dreadin’ what I’ve got to watch,” the Color-Sergeant said.
 For they’re hangin’ Danny Deever, you can ‘ear the Dead March
 play,
 The regiments in ‘ollow square — they’re hangin’ him to-day;

They've taken of his buttons off an' cut his stripes away,
An' they're hangin' Danny Deeever in the mornin'.

"What makes the rear rank breathe so 'ard?" said Files-on-Parade.

"It's bitter cold, it's bitter cold," the Color-Sergeant said.

"What makes that front-rank man fall down?" said Files-on-Parade.

"A touch of sun, a touch of sun," the Color-Sergeant said.

They are hangin' Danny Deeever; they are marchin' of 'im round,
They 'ave 'alted Danny Deeever by 'is coffin on the ground;
An' 'e'll swing in 'arf a minute for a sneekin', shootin' hound —
O they're hangin' Danny Deeever in the mornin'!

"'Is cot was right 'and cot to mine," said Files-on-Parade.

"'E's sleepin' out and far to-night," the Color-Sergeant said.

"I've drunk 'is beer a score o' times," said Files-on-Parade.

"'E's drinkin' bitter beer alone," the Color-Sergeant said.

They are hangin' Danny Deeever, you must mark 'im to 'is place,
For 'e shot a comrade sleepin' — you must look 'im in the face;
Nine 'undred of 'is country an' the regiment's disgrace,
While they're hangin' Danny Deeever in the mornin'.

"What's that so black agin the sun?" said Files-on-Parade.

"It's Danny fightin' 'ard for life," the Color-Sergeant said.

"What's that that whimpers over 'ead?" said Files-on-Parade.

"It's Danny's soul that's passin' now," the Color-Sergeant said.

— RUDYARD KIPLING.

FOREST KING

Steeple chasing has become very famous in London during the past century, and one can hardly imagine the preparation and excitement preceding every such chase. Go with me, in imagination, to Lincolnshire, just outside of London, and witness such a chase. The people had come in great numbers from London to witness the race for the soldiers' blue ribbon. The aristocrats were there with more than the usual amount of interest created in that section by a steeple chase.

The bells were clanging passionately, as in the inclosure, the cynosure of devouring eyes, stood the favorite "Forest King," with all the sang-froid of a fine gentleman, amid the clamor raging about him, quite unconscious of the din. His coat glistened like satin, and the beautiful tracery of vein and muscle stood out on his clearly carved neck. His rivals, too, were beyond par in fitness and condition, and there were splendid animals among them. Bay Regent, a huge chestnut with square shoulders, ridden by Billy Delmar wearing violet with orange hoops; Montacute's horse, Pas de Charge, a hunter, with racing blood and with a faultless pedigree; Wild Geranium, a little Irish mare, perfect in shape, but a trifle light, ridden by Grafton, almost a boy, but with plenty of science in him.

There were also others of less importance, but these were the favorites, all famous steeple chasers. As the field got under way they looked uncommonly handsome in their satin jackets, all colors of the rainbow, glistening in the bright noonday sun.

As Forest King closed in, he was trembling all over with excitement. He knew as well as his rider what lay before him, and he was longing for it, in every nerve and every limb. He pulled at his curb and tossed his head aloft. There went up a general cry of "Favorite." His beauty told on the populace, and ladies were betting dozens in gloves upon him, not for his good points alone, which perhaps they hardly appreciated, but for his owner and rider, who, wearing scarlet and gold, with a white sash across his chest, and a look of calm indifference on his face, was considered the handsomest man on the field.

The thoroughbreds fretted, swerved, and pulled in their impatience as all eyes rested upon the first mounts. Brilliant glances by the thousands gleamed down behind hothouse flowers of their chosen color.

At last the roar of the ring subsided. Attention! Then suspense followed; a moment's good start was caught, the flag dropped, then away they went, and in a second were distributed

over the field, Bay Regent, Wild Geranium, Forest King, when Pas de Charge swept by them like a flash of lightning.

The first fence disposed of half the field, then came two very high fences, not twenty feet apart. Pas de Charge rose to the first, but his hoof caught in the thorn, and he went rolling clear of his rider, thus losing the day for the heavy cavalrymen. Forest King went in and out of both like a bird and led for the first time, but Bay Regent was not to be beaten at fencing and ran even with him. Wild Geranium ran still swift as a deer, but her spirit needed cooler curb.

Now it was that Bertie Cecil loosened the King to his full will and speed. Now it was that his beautiful neck was stretched like an Arab's. Brixworth lay before them. Cecil dreads this jump. He knows well what Forest King can do, but he does not know how great the chestnut's powers may be. Forest King scents the water brown and swollen that lies before him, and with pointed ears spans it like a hero, and Brixworth is passed.

Pas de Charge refused the leap, but Montacute put in the spurs, and gave him a savage crack over the head. The poor beast rose to the leap, but missed the bank, with a reel and a crash, and there lay that huge chestnut with his back broken. His race was run.

Not knowing or heeding what happened behind, the trio tore over the plowed field, the two favorites ahead, the little gray mare hopelessly behind. The turning flags were passed.

From the crowds along the course came the great hoarse cheers louder and louder. "Bay Regent's ahead!" "Scarlet's ahead!" "Ten to one on the violet!" "Scarlet!" "Violet!" "Forest King wins!" "Bay Regent wins!"

Ah! does he? As the shout rose Cecil's left stirrup leather snapped and gave way. At the pace they were going most riders—aye, and good riders, too—would have been hurled from their seats by this catastrophe.

But Cecil only swerves a little in his saddle and takes up the pace again. Great shouts burst forth from the crowd, as half stirrupless he thunders on to the greatest riding feat of his life.

His blood was in a tumult, and he knew he must win or die for it. He set his teeth hard, his hands clinched unconsciously on the bridle. "Ah, my darling, my beauty, kill me if you like, but don't fail me!"

As if Forest King heard the prayer and answered it with all his great hero's heart, his splendid form launched farther and farther out, every muscle alive, every nerve strained, and with a magnificent bound like an antelope passed Bay Regent by a quarter length.

It was a neck to neck race for the last three meadows. Ten thousand cheers rang forth, as thrice ten thousand eyes watched the closing contest. Tearing by the grand stand like a flash of lightning, they ran neck and neck a moment more, their foam flung on each other's withers, their breath hot in each other's nostrils, as the black earth flew beneath their stride.

Before them lay that dreaded black thorn hedge laced high with thorn, beyond five bars of solid oak, the water yawning deep and black on the further side—a leap no horse should have given, a leap no steward should have set.

Cecil pressed his knees closer and closer. He knew nothing, heard nothing, saw nothing, but the lean chestnut neck by his side, the dull thud on the turf of the flying gallop, and the black wall that reared itself in his face. Forest King had done so much for him; would he have strength for this?

His face grew very pale, pale with excitement, as his foot where the stirrup broke crushed harder and harder against the gray's flanks. "Ah, my darling, my beauty, now—"

One touch of the spur—the first—and Forest King rose to the leap, all the power in that great body gathered for this last superhuman effort. A flash of time, only a second in duration, and he was lifted higher and higher in the cold winter air.

One bound even in mid air ! One last convulsive impulse of the gathered limbs, and Forest King is over. And as he gallops up the straight run he is alone ; Bay Regent has refused the leap, and Forest King stands in all his beauty and glory, winner of the soldiers' blue ribbon.

— OUIDA.

FUZZY-WUZZY

We've fought with many men acrost the seas,
An' some of 'em was brave an' some was not :
The Paythan an' the Zulu an' Burmese ;

But the Fuzzy was the finest o' the lot.

We never got a ha'porth's change of 'im :

'E squatted in the scrub an' 'ocked our 'orses,

'E cut our sentries up at Suakim,

An' 'e played the cat an' Banjo with our forces.

So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Soudan ;

You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class fightin' man ;

We gives you your certifikit, an' if you want it signed,

We'll come an' 'ave a romp with you whenever you're inclined.

We took our chanst among the Kyber 'ills,

The boers knocked us silly at a mile,

The Burman guv us irriwaddy chills,

An' a Zulu imply dishd us up in style :

But all we ever got from such as they

Was pop to what the Fuzzy made us swaller ;

We 'eld our bloomin' own, the papers say,

But man for man the Fuzzy knocked us 'oller.

Then 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' the missis and the kid ;

Our orders was to break you, an' of corse we went an' did.

We sloshed you with Martinis, an' it wasn't hardly fair ;

But for all the odds agin you, Fuzzy-Wuz, you bruk the square

'E 'asn't got no papers of 'is own,

'E 'asn't got no medals nor rewards,

So we must certify the skill 'e's shown

In usin' of 'is long two-'anded swords :

When 'e's 'oppin' in an' out among the bush
 With 'is coffin-beaded shield an' shovel spear,
 A 'appy day with Fuzzy on the rush,
 Will last a 'ealthy Tommy for a year.
 So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' your friends which is no more,
 If we 'adn't lost some messmates we would help you to deplore;
 But give an' take's the gospel, an' we'll call the bargain fair,
 For if you 'ave lost more than us, you crumpled up the square.

'E rushes at the smoke when we let drive,
 An', before we know, 'e's 'ackin' at our 'ead;
 'E's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive,
 An' 'e's generally shammin' when he's dead.
 'E's a daisy, 'e's a ducky, 'e's a lamb:
 'E's a injia-rubber idiot on the spree,
 'E's the only thing that doesn't care a damn
 For the regiment o' British Infantree.

So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Soudan;
 You're a pore benighted 'eathen, but a first-class fightin' man;
 An' 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with your 'ayrick 'ead of 'air—
 You big black boundin' beggar—for you bruk a British square.

— RUDYARD KIPLING.

HAMLET TO THE PLAYERS

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. Oh, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows, and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you avoid it.

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor : suit the action to the word, the word to the action ; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature ; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature ; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskillful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve ; the censure of the which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theater of others. Oh, there be players, that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

HELENE THAMRÈ¹

When Thamrè consented to sing for the citizens of Haver-mash last year, nobody was more surprised than the citizens of Havermarsh themselves.

When the Happy Home Handel Association, headed by little Joe Havermarsh, took upon itself the performance of an "oratorio" last Christmas eve, "We will have Thamrè," said Joe, serenely.

Still, when Joe came home from Boston, breathless and radiant, one night early in the season, with Thamrè's tiny contract, even Havermarsh was off its guard enough to be surprised.

"Do you know what she asked us ?" said Joe. "Five hundred dollars, sir ! Only five hundred dollars. Think of it,

¹ From "Sealed Orders," copyright, 1879, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

sir ! But the conditions are the most curious thing. She scorns to take so little, maybe. I don't know. All I know is, every dollar of it is to go to old women who haven't lived as they'd ought to in this town. 'For the relief of the aged women of Haverdash, who, having in their youth led questionable lives, are left friendless, needy, and perhaps repentant in their declining years.' That's the wording of the agreement."

Last Christmas eve fell in Haverdash wild and windy. It was a cheerless night for the prima donna to be in Haverdash. Joe had been saying so all day. She thought so, it would seem, when he handed her from the cars. Half Haverdash was at the station. All Haverdash remembers that. It was with difficulty that Joe could get her to her carriage quietly, as befitted, to his fancy, the conduct of a lady's welcome.

"I did not expect to see so *many* people," said Miss Tharmè, in her pretty accented, appealing way. "What are they here for ?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Joe, with a puzzled air, "unless they're here to see me."

This amused the lady, and she laughed,—a little genial laugh, which bubbled over to the ears of the people pressing nearest to her in the crowd.

"She sees everything within a mile of her," said Joe to himself, as he held the hem of her dress back reverently from the carriage wheels.

It would seem that she saw far and distinctly, for half within her carriage door she paused and said abruptly : —

"What is that? Let me see what that is !"

An old woman was pushing her way through the reluctant crowd ; a very miserable old woman, splashed with mud. She had a blanket shawl over her head, and her unhealthy yellow gray hair blew out from under it, over her face before the wind.

A crowd of villainous urchins followed, pelting her with slush and snow, and volleys of shrill, coarse boys' cries : —

"Old Mother Goose! Hi, yi! there! Mother Goosey's out buyin' Christmas stockin's for her dar-ter! Old Mother Goo-oo-ose!"

Everybody knew how Old Mother Goose hated the boys (and with good reason, poor soul!); but nobody had ever seen her offer them violence before that night.

In a minute she had grown suddenly livid and awful to see, rearing her lank figure to its full height against the steel and blood-colored background of the sky, where a sudden gap in the crowd had left her alone.

"You stop *that!*" she fiercely cried; and dealt a few bad blows to right and left before she was interfered with.

Annoyed beyond measure, Joe entreated Miss Thamrè to let him take her from the scene. She hesitated, lingered, turned after a moment's thought, and sank upon the carriage seat.

"You did not tell me who it was," she said imperiously; "I asked you. I like to be answered when I ask a question. I never *saw* such a miserable old woman!"

"One of your prospective beneficiaries, madam," said Joe, humbly. "A wretched old creature. The boys call her Old Mother Goose."

"You say the boys call her—I never *heard* such a poor, sad name! Has she no other name, Mr. Haverdash? Oh! *there* she is again."

A sudden turn of the carriage had brought them sharply upon the miserable sight once more.

"There!" cried the old woman, mouthing a hideous oath, "there's the lady! I'll see her yet, in spite of ye!"

Old Mother Goose staggered up from the mud, staring dully; but the picture framed in the carriage window flashed by her in an instant. For an instant only the two women looked each other in the eye.

Miss Thamrè turned white about the chin.

"I've seen enough," she said. "Never mind!"

Quite weary she seemed when Joe gave her his arm at the hotel steps ; and very wearily she gave him to understand that she preferred to be alone till the hour of her appearance before the Havermash public should arrive.

It was six o'clock when Miss Thamrè entered into her parlors and shut her doors about her. It was five minutes before eight when Mr. Havermash called to conduct her to the concert hall. . . . Curtained and locked in Havermash's grand suite of rooms, she spent two hours alone. Yet, in all her life, perhaps, the lady never spent two hours less alone.

She paces across the long, unhomelike splendor of the gaudy rooms ; she folds her hands behind her, one into the other knotted fast. Perhaps, by sheer contrast, her fancy finds the wretched creature whom she saw to-day, seated with the mud about her, shut in from all the world with her, they two alone together in the dreadful, shining place. Perhaps she seems to herself to escape it, fleeing with her eyes to the dimmest corner of the room. Perhaps she forces herself to face it, turning sharply back, and lifting her head superbly, as Thamrè can. Perhaps she reasons with it hotly, on this wise, as she walks : —

“ I did not think, in coming to Havermash, you would strike across my way like this !

“ For thirteen years I have wondered what it would be like to look upon your face again. How *could* I know it would be what it is — so miserable, so neglected, so alone !

“ I have never left you to suffer at the worst. You cannot starve. The first ten-dollar bill I ever earned I sent to you. If you will have opium or rum for it, am I to blame ? I've done my duty by your shameful motherhood, if ever wretched daughter did ! What would you have, what will you have besides ?

“ I have fought so hard, mother, for my name and fame ! Let me be for a *little* while now, mother, *do* ! Sometime before you die I'll search you out ; but not just yet — *just* yet ! ”

It may be that she will think about a certain Christmas eve, windy and wild like this, and with a sky of steel and red almost like this, remembering how a streak of red light crept into the attic corner, to help her while she packed a little bundle of her ragged clothes, thirteen years ago to-night.

It may be that her fancy, being wearied, dwells more minutely upon these things than upon the swift and feverish history of the crowded interval between their occurrence and the fact that Helène Thamrè is kneeling in the Haverdash hotel parlor, to-night, fighting all the devils that can haunt a beautiful and gifted woman's soul for her poor, old, shameful mother's sake.

Her battles for bread in factories and workshops ; the songs which she sang at street corners before the twilight fell ; the friends who heard her, and into whose hearts God put it to stretch down their hands and draw her straightway into Paradise ; her studies and struggles since in foreign lands, the death of the master who had trained her, and the falling of his great mantle upon her bewildered name, — these details, perhaps, float but mistily before her mind.

Sharp, distinct, pursuing, cruel, a single question begins to imprison her tortured thoughts. . . . If all the world should know next year, next week, to-morrow, at once and forever, what she knows? If Haverdash should learn, suppose, to-night, that little Nell Mathers, the unfathered and forgotten child of the creature at whose gray hairs the boys hoot on the streets, is all there is of Helène Thamrè — what would Haverdash, falling at her feet this instant, do the next?

She has kept through deadly peril, soul and body pure as light. And now to dye them deep in the old, old, hateful shame ! One must have *been* little Nell Mathers and have become Thamrè, I fancy, to measure this recoil.

It may be that she will argue to herself again : —

“ I could never make you happy, if I did. It would always,

always be a curse to both of us. What have you ever done for me, that you should demand a right so cruel? . . . And if you speak, what can your ravings do against Thamrè's denial, poor old mother!"

Perhaps she laughs — as Thamrè does not often laugh — most bitterly; and that Joe Havermash, knocking at her door, hears, or thinks he hears, the sound, before she flashes on him, tall, serene, resplendent, in full dress and full spirit for the evening.

Like a bird, like a snowflake, like a moonbeam, like a fancy, Thamrè stole upon the stage. . . . The packed house drew and held its breath. Silver-gray satin, up to the throat and down to the hands. Before she had opened her lips, Thamrè had conquered Havermash.

Conscious of this in an instant's flash, Thamrè grew unconscious of it in another. For an instant every detail in her house was in her grasp — even to Old Mother Goose, half fading into the shadow of the distance, quarreling with a door-keeper about her ticket. Her face settled; her wonderful eyes dilated; the soul of the music entered into her, incorporate.

That little country house was on the knees of its heart that night.

The sacred drama was unfolding to its solemn close, when Thamrè glided into her last solo, — that palpitating, proud, triumphant thing, — "If God be for us, who can be against us? Who is he that condemneth? it is Christ that died!"

It was at this point that the interruption came.

"Let me see her! Let me touch her!" and, forcing her way like a stream of melted lava through the packed and startled aisles, hot, wild, pallid, and horrible, Old Mother Goose leaped upon the stage.

"I can't stand it any longer, Nell! It seems to craze my head! I can't abear to hear you sing."

The shock of the shrill words and their cessation brought the house to its feet.

"Shame!" "Police!" "Order!" "Take her out!" "Arrest the hag!" "Protect the lady!" And after that the astonishment and the silence of death.

High above the wavering, peering mass appeared a lily-bound authoritative hand.

"If you *please*, do not disturb the woman at this moment. She is a very *old* woman. Let us hear what she has to say. Her hair is gray. Let us not be *rough* or *hasty* till we have *thought* of what she says."

Old Mother Goose rose from the floor.

"I've got nothing more to say. I've said as this famous lady is my daughter, that was Nell Mathers. I'll go out now, and you can sing your piece through, Nelly, without the plague of me. I wouldn't have told on you, I think, but for the music, and the crazy feeling that I had. It's too bad, Nelly, to spoil the piece. I'll go right out."

She turned, stepped off, and staggered feebly, turning her bleared eyes back to feast upon the silent, shining figure, on whose wrist the lily glittered cruelly.

Mr. Havermash could bear it no longer. "The woman is drunk, Miss Thamrè. She shall not be allowed to insult you any more like this."

Thamrè had grown now deadly pale. "If you please, Mr. Havermash, I should like to know if this poor old creature has anything *more* to say."

"Nothing more," said Old Mother Goose, shaking her gray head, "but this, maybe, Nelly dear. I says to myself, when you sang them words—over and over again with the music—If God be for me, how *can* my girl be against me?"

It was said that, when Hélène Thamrè stretched down her lily-guarded hand, and lifting the lean, uncleanly fingers of Old Mother Goose, pressed them to her heart, she heard the

sudden break of sobs in the breathless house ; and, pausing to listen to the sound, flushed fitfully like a child surprised, and smiled.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” she lifted the old woman’s hand, that all might see,— “I am sorry that your entertainment should be disturbed. If you will *excuse* me, I will leave you now, and take my mother home.”

— *Abridged*, ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

HE AND SHE

“She is dead!” they said to him, “Come away ;
Kiss her! and leave her!— thy love is clay!”

They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair,
On her forehead of marble they laid it fair ;

Over her eyes, which gazed too much,
They drew the lids with a gentle touch ;

With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet thin lips that had secrets to tell ;

About her brows, and her dear pale face,
They tied her veil and her marriage lace ;

And drew on her white feet her white silk shoes ;
Which were the whiter no eye could choose !

And over her bosom they crossed her hands ;
“Come away,” they said,— “God understands!”

And then there was Silence — and nothing there
But the Silence — and scents of eglantere ;

And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary,
For they said, “As a lady should lie, lies she!”

And they held their breaths as they left the room,
With a shudder to glance at its silence and gloom.

But he — who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead, —

He lit the lamp and took the key,
And turned it! — Alone again — he and she!

He and she; but she would not speak,
Though he kiss'd, in the old place, the quiet cheek;

He and she; though she would not smile,
Though he call'd her the name that was fondest erewhile;

He and she; and she did not move
To any one passionate whisper of love!

Then he said, "Cold lips! and breast without breath!
Is there no voice — no language of death

"Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,
But to heart and to soul distinct, intense?

"See now, — I listen with soul, not ear —
What was the secret of dying, Dear?

"Was it the infinite wonder of all,
How the spirit could let life's flower fall?

"Or was it a greater marvel to feel
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?

"Was the miracle to find how great, how deep,
Beyond all dreams, sank downward that sleep?

"Did life roll backward its record, Dear,
And show, as they say it does, past things clear?

"And was it the innermost heart of the bliss
To find out what a wisdom love is?

"Oh, perfect Dead! Oh, Dead most dear,
I hold the breath of my soul to hear;

"I listen — as deep as to horrible hell,
As high as glad heaven! — and you do not tell!

"There must be pleasures in dying, Sweet,
To make you so placid, from head to feet!

"I would tell *you*, Darling, if I were dead,
And 'twere your hot tears upon *my* brow shed.

"I would say, though the Angel of death had laid
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.

"*You* should not ask, vainly, with streaming eyes,
Which in Death's touch was the chiefest surprise;

"The very strongest and sweetest thing
Of all the surprises that dying must bring."

Ah! foolish world! Oh! most kind Dead!
Though he told me, who will believe it was said?

Who will believe he heard her say,
With the soft, rich voice, in the dear old way: —

"The utmost wonder is this, — I hear,
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, Dear,

"I can speak, now you listen with soul alone,
If your soul could see, it would be all shown

"What a strange, delicious amazement is death,
To be without body and breathe without breath.

"I should laugh for joy if you did not cry;
Oh, listen! Love lasts! — Love will never die!

"I am only your Angel who was your Bride!
And I know that though dead, I have never died."

— SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

HERVÉ RIEL

I

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French, — woe to France!
And the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

II

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the visitor in full chase,
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signaled to the place,
“Help the winners of a race!
Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick — or, quicker still,
Here's the English can and will!”

III

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leaped on board;
“Why, what hope have ships like these to pass?” laughed they;
“Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and
scored,
Shall the ‘Formidable’ here, with her twelve and eighty guns,
Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,
Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
And with flow at full beside?
Now 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring? Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!”

IV

Then was called a council straight;
Brief and bitter the debate:

"Here's the English at our heels ; would you have them take in tow
 All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
 For a prize to Plymouth Sound? —
 Better run the ships aground!"
 (Ended Damfreville his speech),
 "Not a minute more to wait!
 Let the captains all and each
 Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
 France must undergo her fate.

V

"Give the word!" — But no such word
 Was ever spoke or heard ;
 For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these —
 A captain? A lieutenant? A mate — first, second, third?
 No such man of mark, and meet
 With his betters to compete!
 But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet —
 A poor coasting pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

VI

And "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel ;
 "Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?
 Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell
 On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell,
 'Twixt the offing here and Grève, where the river disem-
 bogues?
 Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?
 Morn and eve, night and day,
 Have I piloted your bay,
 Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
 Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than fifty
 Hogues!
 Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me, there's a way!"

VII

"Only let me lead the line,
 Have the biggest ship to steer,

Get this 'Formidable' clear,
 Make the others follow mine,
 And I lead them most and least by a passage I know well,
 Right to Solidor, past Grève,
 And there lay them safe and sound;
 And if one ship misbehave —
 Keel so much as grate the ground
 Why, I've nothing but my life; here's my head!" cries Hervé Riel.

VIII

Not a minute more to wait;
 "Steer us in then, small and great!
 Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its chief.
 "Captains, give the sailor place!
 He is Admiral, in brief."
 Still the north wind by God's grace:
 See the noble fellow's face
 As the big ship, with a bound,
 Clears the entry like a hound,
 Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's profound.

IX

See, safe through shoal and rock,
 How they follow in a flock!
 Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,
 Not a spar that comes to grief!
 The peril, see, is past,
 All are harbored to the last,
 And just as Hervé Riel halloos "Anchor!" — sure as fate,
 Up the English come — too late.

X

So the storm subsides to calm;
 They see the green trees wave
 On the heights o'erlooking Grève;
 Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.
 "Just our rapture to enhance,
 Let the English rake the bay,

Gnash their teeth and glare askance
As they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"
Now hope succeeds despair on each captain's countenance!

XI

Out burst all with one accord,
"This is Paradise for hell!
Let France, let France's king,
Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout, and all one word,
"Hervé Riel!"
As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes —
Just the same man as before.

XII

Then said Damfreville: "My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find speaking hard;
Praise is deeper than the lips;
You have saved the king his ships,
You must name your own reward.
Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content, and have! or my name's not Damfreville."

XIII

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
"Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a run? —
Since 'tis ask and have I may —

Since the others go ashore —
 Come! A good whole holiday!
 Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!"
 That he asked, and that he got — nothing more.

XIV

Name and deed alike are lost;
 Not a pillar nor a post
 In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
 Not a head in white and black
 On a single fishing smack,
 In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
 All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the bell.

XV

Go to Paris; rank on rank
 Search the heroes flung pell-mell
 On the Louvre, face and flank:
 You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel —
 So, for better and for worse,
 Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
 In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
 Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife, the Belle Aurore!
 — ROBERT BROWNING.

HOW UNCLE PODGER HANGS A PICTURE

You never saw such a commotion up and down the house in all your life as when my Uncle Podger undertook to do a job. A picture would have come home from the framemaker's and be standing in the dining room, waiting to be put up, and Aunt Podger would ask what was to be done with it, and Uncle Podger would say: —

"Oh, you leave that to me! Don't you, any of you, worry yourselves about that. I'll do all that."

And then he would take off his coat and begin. He would send the girl out for six pen'orth of nails, and then one of the

boys after her to tell her what size to get ; and, from that, he would gradually work down, and start the whole house.

"Now you go and get me my hammer, Will," he would shout ; "and you go and bring me the rule, Tom ; and I shall want the stepladder, and I had better have a kitchen chair, too ; and Jim ! you run round to Mr. Goggles, and tell him 'Pa's kind regards, and hopes his leg's better ; and will he lend him his spirit level?' And don't you go, Maria, because I shall want somebody to hold me the light ; and when the girl comes back, she must go out again for a bit of picture cord ; and Tom — where's Tom ? — Tom, you come here ; I shall want you to hand me up the picture."

And then he would lift up the picture, and drop it, and it would come out of the frame, and he would try to save the glass, and cut himself ; and then he would spring round the room, looking for his handkerchief. He could not find his handkerchief, because it was in the pocket of the coat he had taken off, and he did not know where he had put the coat, and all the house had to leave off looking for his tools, and start looking for his coat, while he would dance around and hinder them.

"Doesn't anybody in the whole house know where my coat is? I never came across such a set in all my life — upon my word I didn't ! Six of you ! — and you can't find a coat I put down not five minutes ago ! Well, of all the — "

Then he'd get up, and find that he'd been sitting on it, and call out : —

"Oh, you can give it up ! I've found it myself now. Might just as well ask the cat to find anything as expect you people to find it."

And, when half an hour had been spent in tying up his finger, and a new glass had been got, and the tools, and the ladder, and the chair, and the candle, had been brought, he would have another go, the whole family, including the girl and the charwoman, standing round in a semicircle, ready to help. Two

people would have to hold the chair, and a third would help him up on it, and a fourth would hand him a nail, and a fifth would pass him up the hammer, and would take hold of the nail, and drop it.

"There!" he would say, in an injured tone, "now the nail's gone."

And we would all have to go down on our knees and grovel for it, while he would stand on the chair, and grunt, and want to know if he was to be kept there all the evening.

The nail would be found at last, and by that time he would have lost the hammer.

"Where's the hammer? What did I do with the hammer? Great heavens! Seven of you, gaping round there, and you don't know what I did with the hammer!"

We would find the hammer for him, and then he would have lost sight of the mark he had made on the wall, where the nail was to go in, and each of us had to get up on a chair, beside him, and see if we could find it; we would each discover it in a different place, and he would call us all fools, one after another, and tell us to get down. And he would take the rule, and remeasure, and find that he wanted half thirty-one and three-eighths inches from the corner, and would try to do it in his head and go mad.

And we would all try to do it in our heads, and all arrive at different results, and sneer at one another. And in the general row the original number would be forgotten, and Uncle Podger would have to measure it again.

He would use a bit of string this time, and at the critical moment when the old fool was leaning over the chair, at an angle of forty-five, and trying to reach a point three inches beyond what was possible for him to reach, the string would slip, and down he would slide on to the piano, a really fine musical effect being produced by the suddenness with which his head and body struck all the notes at the same time.

And Aunt Maria would say that she would not allow the children to stand around and hear such language. At last, Uncle Podger would get the spot fixed again, and put the point of the nail on it with his left hand, and take the hammer in his right hand. And, with the first blow, he would smash his thumb, and drop the hammer, with a yell, on somebody's toes.

Aunt Maria would mildly observe that, next time Uncle Podger was going to hammer a nail into the wall, she hoped he'd let her know in time, so that she could make arrangements to go and spend a week with her mother while it was being done.

"Oh! you women, you make such a fuss over everything!" Uncle Podger would reply, picking himself up. "Why, I like doing a little job of this sort."

And then he would have another try, and at the second blow the nail would go clean through the plaster, and half the hammer after it, and Uncle Podger be precipitated against the wall with a force nearly sufficient to flatten his nose.

Then we had to find the rule and the string again, and a new hole was made; and about midnight the picture would be up, very crooked and insecure, the wall for yards round looking as if it had been smoothed down with a rake, and everybody dead beat and wretched — except Uncle Podger.

"There you are," he would say, stepping heavily off the chair on to the charwoman's corns, and surveying the mess he had made, with evident pride. "Why, some people would have had a man in to do a little thing like that!"

— JEROME K. JEROME.

ICHABOD CRANE AND THE GALLOPING HESSIAN

Among Ichabod's musical pupils was Katrina Van Tassel, the fair daughter of a well-to-do Dutch farmer. It was Ichabod's aim, particularly after he laid eyes on the rich domains she was one day to inherit, to gain her affections. He

had a formidable rival, however, in a young man, Brom Bones by name, famed in all the country round for his practical jokes. At a quilting-party at the Van Tassell farmhouse an ingenious scheme was devised by Brom Bones for putting an end to his competitor's suit. Ichabod's credulity, intensified by the marvelous tales of the evening about the Headless Horseman, and other superstitions, made him an easy victim, as humorously appears from the following sketch: —

It was "the very witching time of night" that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crest-fallen, pursued his travel homeward, along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarrytown. All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard in the afternoon now came crowding upon his recollection. The night grew darker and darker; the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost stories had been laid.

In the center of the road stood an enormous tulip tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighborhood, and formed a kind of landmark. Its limbs were gnarled and fantastic, large enough to form trunks for ordinary trees, twisting down almost to the earth, and rising again into the air. It was connected with the tragical story of the unfortunate André, who had been taken prisoner hard by, and was universally known by the name of Major André's tree.

As Ichabod approached this fearful tree, he began to whistle; he thought his whistle was answered, — it was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer, he thought he saw something white hanging in the midst of the tree. He paused and ceased whistling; but, on looking more narrowly, perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scathed by lightning, and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan, — his teeth chattered and

his knees smote against the saddle : it was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another, as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

About two hundred yards from the tree a small brook crossed the road, and ran into a marshy and thickly wooded glen, known by the name of Wiley's Swamp. A few rough logs, laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. To pass this bridge was the severest trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate André was captured, and under the covert of those chestnuts and vines were the sturdy yeomen concealed who surprised him.

As he approached the stream his heart began to thump. He summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge ; but, instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement, and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side, and kicked lustily with the contrary foot ; it was all in vain. His steed started, it is true, but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles and alder bushes.

The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward, snuffling and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge, with a suddenness that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, black, and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveler.

The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly it was

now too late ; and besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents, "Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgeled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and, shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervor into a psalm tune.

Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and, with a scramble and a bound, stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now, in some degree, be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, and bethought himself of the Galloping Hessian, now quickened his steed, in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up, and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind—the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him ; he endeavored to resume his psalm tune, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a stave. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion that was mysterious and appalling.

It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow-traveler in relief against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror-struck on perceiving that he was headless ; but his horror was still more increased on observing that the head,

which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of the saddle. His terror rose to desperation ; he rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping, by a sudden movement, to give his companion the slip, but the specter started full jump with him. Away then they dashed, through thick and thin, stones flying and sparks flashing at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in the air as he stretched his long, lank body away over his horse's head in the eagerness of his flight.

They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow ; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping up it made an opposite turn, and plunged headlong downhill to the left. This road leads to a sandy hollow, shaded by the trees for about a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story, and just beyond swells the green knoll on which stands the whitewashed church.

As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskillful rider an apparent advantage in the chase ; but just as he had got half-way through the hollow the girths of the saddle gave way, and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel and endeavored to hold it firm, but in vain, and had just time to save himself by clasping old Gunpowder round the neck when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled underfoot by his pursuer.

An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the church bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. He saw the walls of the church dimly glaring under the trees beyond. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe."

Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him ; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge. He thundered over the resounding planks ;

he gained the opposite side; and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash, —he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider passed by like a whirlwind.

The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at breakfast. Dinner hour came; but no Ichabod. The boys assembled at the schoolhouse, and strolled idly about the banks of the brook; but no schoolmaster.

An inquiry was set on foot, and after diligent investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road leading to the church was found the saddle trampled in the dirt; the tracks of horses' hoofs, deeply dented in the road, and evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin.

The brook was searched, but the body of the schoolmaster was not to be discovered.

The mysterious event caused much speculation at the church on the following Sunday. Knots of gazers and gossips were collected in the churchyard, at the bridge, and at the spot where the hat and pumpkin had been found. They shook their heads, and came to the conclusion that Ichabod had been carried off by the Galloping Hessian.

Brom Bones, however, who shortly after his rival's disappearance conducted the blooming Katrina in triumph to the altar, was observed to look exceedingly knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was related, and always burst into a hearty laugh

at the mention of the pumpkin, which led some to suspect that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell.

—WASHINGTON IRVING.

IN A HUNDRED YEARS

I

It will be all the same in a hundred years,
What a spell-word to conjure up smiles and tears!
How oft do I muse, 'mid the thoughtless and gay,
On the marvelous truth that these words convey!
And can it be so? Must the valiant and free
Hold their tenure of life on this frail decree?
Are the trophies they've reared and the glories they've won
Only castles of frostwork confronting the sun?
And must all that's joyous and brilliant to view
As a midsummer dream be as perishing, too?
Then have pity, ye proud ones; be gentle, ye great.
Oh, remember, how mercy beseemeth your state:
For the rust that consumeth the sword of the brave
Eats, too, at the chain of the manacled slave;
And the conqueror's frowns and his victim's tears
Will be all the same in a hundred years.

II

How dark are your fortunes, ye sons of the soil,
Whose heirloom is sorrow, whose birthright is toil!
Yet envy not those who have glory and gold
By the sweat of the poor and the blood of the bold:
For 'tis coming — howe'er they may flaunt in their pride —
The day when they'll molder to dust by your side.
For Time, as he speeds on invisible wings,
Disenamels and withers earth's costliest things.
And the knight's white plume, and the shepherd's crook,
And the minstrel's pipe and the scholar's book,
And the emperor's crown, and his Cossacks' spears
Will be dust alike in a hundred years.

III

Then what meaneth the chase after phantom joys,
And the breaking of human hearts for toys,
And the veteran's pride in his crafty schemes,
And the passion of youth for its darling dreams,
And the aiming at ends we never can span,
And the deadly aversion of man for man?
To what end is this conflict of hopes and fears,
If 'tis all the same in a hundred years?

IV

Ah, 'tis not the same in a hundred years,
How clear soever that motto appears.
For know ye not that beyond the grave,
Far, far beyond where the cedars wave
On the Syrian mountains, and where the stars
Come glittering forth in their golden cars,
There bloometh a land of perennial bliss,
Where we smile to think of the tears in this?
And the pilgrim reaching that radiant shore
Hath the thought of death in his heart no more,
But layeth his staff and sandals down
For the victor's wreath and the angel's crown;
And the mother meets in that tranquil sphere
The delightful child she had wept for here;
And the warrior's sword, who protects the right,
Is bejeweled with stars of undying light;
And we quaff of the same immortal cup,
While the orphan smiles, and the slave looks up.
Then be glad, my heart, and forget thy tears;
For 'tis not the same in a hundred years!

JEAN VALJEAN

On one evening of the beginning of October, 1815, the Bishop of D—— had remained in his bedroom until a late hour. At eight o'clock, feeling that his supper was ready and that his sister might be waiting, he walked into the dining room.

There was a loud rap at the front door. "Come in," said the Bishop. The man entered and stopped. The firelight fell on him; he was hideous, it was a sinister apparition.

"My name is Jean Valjean. I am a galley slave, and I have spent nineteen years in the Bagne. I was liberated four days ago. To-day I have marched twelve leagues. On coming into the town I went to the Inn, but was sent away in consequence of my yellow passport. I went to another Inn, and the landlord said, 'Be off!' I went to the prison and the jailer would not take me in. I got into a dog's kennel, but the dog bit me, and drove me off. I went to the fields to sleep in the starlight, but there were no stars. I thought it would rain and as there was no God to prevent it from raining, I came back to the town to sleep in a doorway. A good woman pointed to your house and said, 'Go and knock there.' I have money, one hundred francs, which I earned by my nineteen years' toil. I will pay. I am very tired and frightfully hungry: will you let me stay?"

"Madame Magloire, you will lay another plate, knife and fork."

"Wait a minute, that will not do. Did you not hear me say that I am a galley slave, a convict, and have just come from the Bagne? Here is my passport which turns me out wherever I go. 'This is what is written on my passport, 'Jean Valjean, a liberated convict, has remained nineteen years at the galleys—five years for robbery with housebreaking, fourteen years for trying to escape four times. The man is very dangerous.' All the world has turned me out. Will you give me food and a bed? Have you a stable?"

"Madame Magloire, you will put clean sheets on the bed in the alcove.

"Sit down and warm yourself, sir, and your bed will be got ready while we are supping."

"Is it true? What! Will you let me stay, you will not turn

me out, a convict? You call me Sir. I believed you would turn me out and told you at once who I am. I shall have supper, a bed with mattress and sheets like anybody else? For nineteen years I have not slept in a bed. What is your name, Mr. Landlord?"

"I am a priest living in this house."

"A priest! Oh, what a worthy priest! Then you do not want me to pay?"

"No; keep your money. How long did you take earning this one hundred francs?"

"Nineteen years."

"Nineteen years!" The Bishop gave a deep sigh.

Madame Magloire came in, bringing a silver spoon and a fork, which she placed on the table.

"Madame Magloire, lay them as near as you can to the fire. The night breeze is sharp on the Alps, and you must be cold, sir."

Each time he said "sir," in his gentle, grave voice, the man's face was illuminated. Sir, to a convict, is as a glass of water to a shipwrecked sailor. Ignominy thirsts for respect.

"This lamp gives a very bad light."

Madame Magloire understood, and brought from the chimney of Monseigneur's bedroom the two silver candlesticks, which she placed on the table ready lighted.

"Mons. le Curé, you receive me as a friend, and light your wax candles for me, and yet I have not hidden from you whence I came."

The Bishop gently touched his hand. "You need not have told me who you were. This is not my house, but the house of Christ. This door does not ask a man whether he has a name, but if he has sorrow. You are suffering now, you are hungry and thirsty, and so be welcome. And do not thank me, or say that I am receiving you in my house, for no one is at home here except the man who is in need of an asylum.

Why do I want to know your name ? Besides you had one which I knew."

"Is that true ? You know my name ?"

"Yes, you are — my brother."

"Mons. le Curé, I was very hungry when I came in, but you are so kind that I do not know at present what I feel. It has passed over."

"You have suffered greatly."

"Oh, the red jacket, the cannon ball on your foot, a plank to sleep on and eat on, cold, the set of men, the blows, the double chain for nothing, a dungeon for a word. The very dogs are happier. Nineteen years — and now I am forty-six ; and at present the yellow passport."

"Yes, you have come from a place of sorrow. If you leave that mournful place with thoughts of hatred and anger against your fellow-man, you are worthy of pity ; if you leave it with thoughts of kindness, gentleness, and peace, you are worth more than any of us."

In the meanwhile Madame Magloire had served the supper.

The Bishop, during the whole of the supper and indeed of the evening, did not utter a word which could remind this man of what he was. He supped with Jean Valjean with the same air as if he had been supping with the Parish Curate. Was not this real charity ?

The rooms were so arranged that in order to reach the alcove it was necessary to pass through the Bishop's bedroom. At the moment, Madame Magloire was putting away the plate in the cupboard over the bed head.

"I trust you will pass a good night," said the Bishop.

"Thank you, Monsieur l'Abbé.

"What ! you really lodge me so close to you as that ? Who tells you that I have not committed a murder ?"

"That concerns God."

The Bishop stretched out two fingers of his right hand and

blessed the man, who did not bow his head, and retired to his bedroom without looking back.

As two o'clock pealed from the Cathedral bell, Jean Valjean awoke.

One thought held his mind, six silver forks and spoons, and the great ladle, which would bring double what he had earned in nineteen years, though it was true that he would have earned more had not the officials robbed him. When three o'clock struck it seemed to say, "To work." He took from his pocket a piece of iron, and walked toward the door of the adjoining room. He found the door ajar. He pushed it boldly. A badly oiled hinge uttered a hoarse prolonged cry. Jean Valjean started, shuddering and dismayed. A few minutes passed; nothing had stirred. He heard from the end of the room the calm and regular breathing of the sleeping Bishop. Suddenly he stopped, for he was close to the bed.

A cloud was rent asunder as if expressly, and a moonbeam suddenly illumined the Bishop's pale face. The sleeping Bishop seemed to be surrounded by glory. There was almost divinity in this unconscious, august man. Jean Valjean was standing in the shadow with his crowbar in his hand, motionless and terrified by this luminous old man. He had never seen anything like this before, and such confidence horrified him.

It seemed as if he was hesitating between two abysses, the one that saves and the one that destroys. He was ready to dash out the Bishop's brains or kiss his hand.

The moonbeam rendered the crucifix over the mantelpiece dimly visible, which seemed to open its arms for both, with a blessing for one and a pardon for the other.

All at once Jean Valjean went straight to the cupboard, seized the plate basket, opened the window, put the silver in his pocket, leaped into the garden, bounded over the wall, and fled.

The next morning at sunrise, Monseigneur was walking about

the garden, when Madame Magloire came running toward him in a state of great alarm.

"Monseigneur, the man has gone ! the plate is stolen !"

"By the way, was that plate ours?"

Madame Magloire was speechless.

"Madame Magloire, I have wrongly held back the silver which belonged to the poor. Who was this person? Evidently, a poor man."

As the brother and sister were leaving the breakfast table, there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," said the Bishop, as the door opened and a strange and violent group appeared. Three men were holding a fourth by the collar. The three were gendarmes, the fourth was Jean Valjean. A corporal came in and walked up to the Bishop with a military salute.

"Monseigneur." At this word Jean Valjean raised his head with a stupefied air.

"Monseigneur," he muttered. "Then he is not the curé."

"Silence, this gentleman is the Bishop."

Monseigneur Welcome advanced. "Ah, there you are ; I am glad to see you."

"Why did you not take the candlesticks, too, which are silver? Why did you not take them away with the rest of the plate?"

Jean Valjean opened his eyes and looked at the Bishop with an expression no human language could render.

"Monseigneur, what this man told us was true, then? We met him and he looked as if he were running away. We arrested him. He had this plate."

"And he told you that it was given to him by an old priest at whose house he had passed the night? I see it all. And you brought him back here? That's a mistake, you can retire."

"My friend, before you go, take your candlesticks."

Jean Valjean was trembling in all his limbs. He took the candlesticks mechanically and with wondering looks.

"Now go in peace. By the way, when you return, my friend, it is unnecessary to pass through the garden, for you may always enter, day and night, by the front door, which is only latched."

Jean Valjean looked as if he were on the point of fainting. The Bishop walked up to him and said : —

"Never forget that you have promised me to employ this money in becoming an honest man. Jean Valjean, my brother, you no longer belong to evil, but to good. I have bought your soul of you. I withdraw it from the black thoughts and the spirit of perdition and give it to God."

— VICTOR HUGO, *Les Misérables*.

JULIET AND THE NURSE

Enter JULIET

Jul. The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse ;
In half an hour she promised to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him ; — that's not so.
O, she is lame ! Love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the Sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over louring hills :
'Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind swift Cupid wings.
Now is the Sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey ; and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours, yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as swift in motion as a ball ;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me :
But old folks move, i' faith, as they were dead ;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and dull as lead.
O God, she comes ! —

Enter the NURSE and PETER

O honey nurse, what news?

Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit PETER.*]

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse, — O Lord, why look'st thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell him merrily ;
If good thou shamest the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am a-weary, give me leave awhile :

Fie, how my bones ache ! what a jaunt I have had !

Jul. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news :
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak ; good, good nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jesu, what haste ! can you not stay awhile ?
Do you not see that I am out of breath ?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me that thou art out of breath ?
Th' excuse that thou dost make in this delay
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good or bad ? answer to that ;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance :
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad ?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice ; you know
not how to choose a man. Romeo ! no, not he : though his
face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's ; and
for a hand, and a foot, and a body, though they be not to be
talked on, yet they are past compare : he is not the flower of
courtesy, but I'll warrant him as gentle as a lamb. Go thy
ways, wench ; serve God. What, have you dined at home ?

Jul. No, no : but all this did I know before.
What says he of our marriage ? What of that ?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches ! What a head have I !
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o' t'other side, O, my back, my back !

Beshrew your heart for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down !

Jul. I' faith, I'm sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love ?

Nurse. Your love says, like an honest gentleman, and a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and, I warrant, a virtuous, — Where is your mother ?

Jul. Where is my mother ! Why, she is within ;
Where should she be ? How oddly thou repliest !
YOUR LOVE SAYS LIKE AN HONEST GENTLEMAN, —
WHERE IS YOUR MOTHER ?

Nurse. O God's Lady fear !
Are you so hot ? marry, come up, I trow ;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones ?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil ! Come, what says Romeo ?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day ?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence's cell ;
There stays a husband to make you a wife :
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks ;
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church ; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's-nest soon when it is dark :
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight.
Go ; I'll to dinner : hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune ! — Honest nurse, farewell.

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

KING ROBERT OF SICILY

I

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane,
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,

Appareled in magnificent attire
With retinue of many a knight and squire,
On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.
And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
He caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes
De sede, et exaltavit humiles* ;"
And slowly lifting up his kingly head,
He to a learned clerk beside him said,
"What mean these words?" The clerk made answer meet,
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree."
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,
"'Tis well that such seditious words are sung
Only by priests, and in the Latin tongue ;
For unto priests and people be it known,
There is no power can push me from my throne !"
And leaning back he yawned and fell asleep,
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

II

When he awoke, it was already night ;
The church was empty, and there was no light,
Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint,
Lighted a little space before some saint.
He started from his seat and gazed around,
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.
He groped towards the door, but it was locked ;
He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,
And imprecations upon men and saints.
The sounds reëchoed from the roof and walls
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.

III

At length the sexton, hearing from without
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,

And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,
Came with his lantern, asking, "Who is there?"
Hali choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,
"Open; 'tis I, the king! Art thou afraid?"
The frightened sexton, muttering with a curse,
"This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!"
Turned the great key and flung the portal wide;
A man rushed by him at a single stride,
Haggard, half-naked, without hat or cloak,
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,
But leaped into the blackness of the night,
And vanished like a specter from his sight.

IV

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
Bareheaded, breathless, and besprent with mire,
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate;
Rushed through the courtyard, thrusting in his rage
To right and left each seneschal and page,
And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed;
Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed,
Until at last he reached the banquet-room,
Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.
There on the dais sat another king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring —
King Robert's self in features, form, and height,
But all transfigured with angelic light!

V

It was an angel; and his presence there
With a divine effulgence filled the air,
An exaltation, piercing the disguise,
Though none the hidden angel recognize.

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the angel gazed,
Who met his look of anger and surprise
With the divine compassion of his eyes !
Then said, " Who art thou, and why com'st thou here ? "
To which King Robert answered with a sneer,
" I am the king, and come to claim my own
From an impostor, who usurps my throne ! "
And suddenly, at these audacious words,
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords ;
The angel answered with unruffled brow,
" Nay, not the king, but the king's jester ; thou
Henceforth shall wear the bells and scalloped cape
And for thy counselor shall lead an ape ;
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall ! "

VI

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs ;
A group of tittering pages ran before,
And as they opened wide the folding door,
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
With the mock plaudits of " Long live the king ! "

VII

Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,
He said within himself, " It was a dream ! "
But the straw rustled as he turned his head,
There were the cap and bells beside his bed ;
Around him rose the bare, discolored walls,
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls,
And in the corner, a revolting shape,
Shivering and chattering, sat the wretched ape.
It was no dream ; the world he loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch !

VIII

Days came and went ; and now returned again
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign ;
Under the angel's governance benign
The happy island danced with corn and wine,
And deep within the mountain's burning breast
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.
Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.
Dressed in the motley garb that jesters wear,
With look bewildered, and a vacant stare,
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,
His only friend the ape, his only food
What others left — he still was unsubdued.
And when the angel met him on his way,
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,
"Art thou the king ?" the passion of his woe
Burst from him in resistless overflow,
And lifting high his forehead, he would fling
The haughty answer back, "I am, I am the king !"

IX

Almost three years were ended, when there came
Ambassadors of great repute and name
From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane
By letter summoned them forthwith to come
On Holy Thursday to his City of Rome.
The angel with great joy received his guests,
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.
Then he departed with them o'er the sea,
Into the lovely land of Italy,

Whose loveliness was more resplendent made
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir
Of jeweled bridle and of golden spur.

X

And lo ! among the menials, in mock state,
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,
His cloak of foxtails flapping in the wind,
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,
King Robert rode, making huge merriment
In all the country towns through which they went.

XI

The Pope received them with great pomp, and blare
Of bannered trumpets, on St. Peter's Square,
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.
While with congratulations and with prayers
He entertained the angel unawares,
Robert, the jester, bursting through the crowd,
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud :
" I am the king ! Look and behold in me
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily !
This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,
Is an impostor in a king's disguise.
Do you not know me ? Does no voice within
Answer my cry, and say we are akin ? "
The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,
Gazed at the angel's countenance serene ;
The Emperor, laughing, said, " It is strange sport
To keep a madman for thy fool at court ! "
And the poor, baffled jester, in disgrace,
Was hustled back among the populace.

XII

In solemn state the holy week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky ;

The presence of the angel, with its light,
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,
And with new fervor filled the hearts of men,
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.
Even the jester, on his bed of straw,
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendor saw;
He felt within a power unfelt before,
And kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,
He heard the rustling garments of the Lord
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

XIII

And now the visit ending, and once more
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,
Homeward the angel journeyed, and again
The land was made resplendent with his train,
Flashing along the towns of Italy
Unto Salerno, and from thence by sea.
And when once more within Palermo's wall,
And, seated on the throne in his great hall,
He heard the Angelus from convent towers,
As if the better world conversed with ours,
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,
And with a gesture bade the rest retire.
And when they were alone, the angel said,
"Art thou the king?" Then, bowing down his head,
King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,
And meekly answered him, "Thou knowest best!
My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,
And in some cloister's school of penitence,
Across those stones that pave the way to heaven
Walk barefoot till my guilty soul be shriven!"

XIV

The angel smiled, and from his radiant face
A holy light illumined all the place,
And through the open window, loud and clear,
They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,

Above the stir and tumult of the street,
 "He has put down the mighty from their seat,
 And has exalted them of low degree!"
 And through the chant a second melody
 Rose like the throbbing of a single string:
 "I am an angel, and thou art the king!"

xv

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
 Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone!
 But all appareled as in days of old,
 With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold;
 And when his courtiers came, they found him there,
 Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.
 — HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

LITTLE DRUM

What de matter wif yo' noise,
 Li'll drum?
 Hit's as silent as de toys,
 Li'll drum;
 Top an' bottom busted in —
 Dust an' rust am on de tin
 Whah de tunin' straps hab been —
 Li'll drum.
 Dat ol' hole look mighty bad,
 Li'll drum!
 Droopin' lak a mouf dat's sad,
 Li'll drum!
 Dem two li'll holes in you
 Whah de sticks go pokin' froo —
 Lak de baby's eyes of blue,
 Li'll drum.
 'Member how ol' mammy scol',
 Li'll drum!
 When yo' racket git too bol' —
 Li'll drum?

Dat was music low an' sweet,
'Side de noise of silent feet
Dat hab halted — wid yo' beat,
Li'll drum !

Am yo' hea't so sad an' so',
Li'll drum ;
Dat you cain't tune up no mo',
Li'll drum ?
'Pears I hyah you gib a sigh
Lak de baby did, an' cry,
When he kiss, an' say "Goo'bye" —
Li'll drum !

I's a-feelin' sad myse'f,
Li'll drum ;
You is all dat I's got lef',
Li'll drum !
Teahs am patterin' to-day
On yo' haid — lak baby play
'Fo' de Lawd tuk him away —
Li'll drum !

Mighty ha'd to tote de load,
Li'll drum !
Ploddin' 'long de lonely road,
Li'll drum !
But de one dat know de bes'
Gwine to call us up to res',
Wid de baby on His breas' —
Li'll drum. — HERBERT FLANSBURGH.

LUCKY JIM

Jim was my friend, till one unlucky day,
The usual cause, a pretty girl came in our way,
And from that time we seemed to drift apart,
For each aspired to win the maiden's heart ;

And though I tried each art and winning wile,
'Twas not to me she gave her sweetest smile.
Each day I saw my chances grow more dim,
Until to my despair, one day she married Jim.
 Ah, lucky Jim,
 How I envied him !

Three years had passed, long years they seemed to me,
And then Jim died ; once more then she was free.
Before me rose the fond hopes of the past,
I wooed, I sued, I married her at last ;
I've got my way and now she is my wife.
I know just what there is in married life ;
And when I think of Jim, though underground,
Enjoying peace and quiet most profound,
 Ah, lucky Jim,
 How I envy him !

MAIDEN AND WEATHERCOCK

Maiden

O Weathercock on the village spire,
With your golden feathers all on fire,
Tell me, what can you see from your perch
Above there over the tower of the church?

Weathercock

I can see the roofs and the streets below,
And the people moving to and fro,
And beyond, without either roof or street,
The great salt sea, and the fisherman's fleet.

I can see a ship come sailing in
Beyond the headlands and harbor of Lynn,
And a young man standing on the deck,
With a silken kerchief round his neck.

Now he is pressing it to his lips,
And now he is kissing his finger tips,
And now he is lifting and waving his hand,
And blowing the kisses toward the land.

Maiden

Ah, that is the ship from over the sea,
That is bringing my lover back to me,
Bringing my lover so fond and true,
Who does not change with the wind like you.

Weathercock

If I change with all the winds that blow,
It is only because they made me so,
And people would think it wondrous strange,
If I, a Weathercock, should not change.

O pretty Maiden, so fine and fair,
With your dreamy eyes and your golden hair,
When you and your lover meet to-day,
You will thank me for looking some other way.

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

MANDALAY

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,
There's a Burma girl a-settin', an' I know she thinks o' me ;
For the wind is in the palm trees, an' the temple bells they say :
" Come you back, you British soldier ; come you back to Mandalay ! "

Come you back to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay :
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay ?
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay !

'Er petticut was yaller an' 'er little cap was green,
An' 'er name was Supiyaw-lat — jes' the same as Theebaw's Queen,
An' I seed her fust a-smokin' of a whackin' white cheroot,
An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's foot :
 Bloomin' idol made o' mud —
 Wot they called the Great Gawd Budd—
Plucky lot she cared for idols when I kissed 'er where she stud !

On the road to Mandalay —
Where the old Flotilla lay :
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay?
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay!

When the mist was on the rice fields an' the sun was droppin' slow,
She'd git 'er little banjo, and she'd sing "*Kullalo-lo!*"
With 'er arm upon my shoulder an' 'er cheek agin my cheek
We useter watch the steamers an' the *hathis* pilin' teak.
 Elephints a-pilin' teak
 In the sludgy, sjudgy creek,
 Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you was 'arf afraid to speak !

On the road to Mandalay —
Where the old Flotilla lay :
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay?
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay!

But that's all shove be'ind me — long ago an' fur away,
An' there ain't no 'busses runnin' from the Bank to Mandalay ;
An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London what the ten-year sodger tells :
"If you've 'eard the East a-callin', why you won't 'eed nothin' else."
 No ! you won't 'eed nothin' else
 But them spicy garlic smells
 An' the sunshine an' the palm trees an' the tinkly temple bells !

On the road to Mandalay —
Where the old Flotilla lay :
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay?
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay!

I am sick o' wastin' leather on these gutty pavin'-stones,
An' the blasted Henglish drizzle wakes the fever in my bones ;
Tho' I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer Chelsea to the Strand,
An' they talks a lot o' lovin' but wot do they understand?
Beefy face an' grubby 'and —
Law! wot *do* they understand?
I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner, greener land !

On the road to Mandalay —
Where the old Flotilla lay :
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay?
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay !

Ship me somewheres east of Suez, where the best is like the worst,
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments, an' a man can raise a
thirst ;
For the temple bells are callin', an' it's there that I would be —
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' lazy at the sea —

On the road to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay,
With our sick beneath the awnings when we went to Mandalay!
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay!

— RUDYARD KIPLING.

MELANCHOLIA

Introduction. — Dick Heldar, an English artist, lived with his friend, Torpenhow, a war correspondent, in bachelor quarters in London. Dick had been told by his physician that he was gradually losing his sight and would soon be totally blind. He was working on a picture called "Melancholia," which he was very anxious to finish before he was stricken, and, in consequence, he worked almost constantly, thus greatly overtaxing his eyes. Bessie was the model for his picture. He had found her in the streets, and she had consented to pose for him for a small sum. Her frequent visits to the studio were the means of her becoming acquainted with Torpenhow. She fell very much in love with him, but the affection was not returned. This angered Bessie, who had a violent temper and a bad disposition. She seeks vengeance on Dick, as described in the following scene: —

It was the third day after Torpenhow's return, and his heart was heavy.

"Do you mean to tell me that you can't see to work without whisky? It's generally the other way about."

"Can a drunkard swear on his honor?" said Dick.

"Yes, if he has been as good a man as you."

"Then I give you my word of honor," said Dick, speaking hurriedly through parched lips. "Old man, I can hardly see your face now. You've kept me sober for two days—if I ever was drunk—and I've done no work. Don't keep me back any more. I don't know when my eyes may give out. The spots and dots and the pains and things are crowding worse than ever. I swear I can see all right when I'm—when I'm moderately screwed, as you say. Give me three more sittings from Bessie and all the—stuff I want, and the picture will be done. I can't kill myself in three days. It only means a touch of D. T. at the worst."

"If I give you three days more, will you promise me to stop work and — the other thing, whether the picture's finished or not?"

"I can't. You don't know what that picture means to me. But surely you could get the Nilghai to help you, and knock me down and tie me up. I shouldn't fight for the whisky, but I should for the work."

"Go on, then. I give you three days; but you're nearly breaking my heart."

Dick returned to his work, toiling as one possessed; and the yellow devil of whisky stood by him and chased away the spots in his eyes. The Melancholia was nearly finished, and was all or nearly all that he had hoped she would be. Dick jested with Bessie, who reminded him that he was "a drunken beast," but the reproof did not move him.

"You can't understand, Bess. We are in sight of land now, and soon we shall lie back and think about what we've done. I'll give you three months' pay when the picture's finished, and next time I have work in hand, — but that doesn't matter. Won't three months' pay make you hate me less?"

"No, it won't; I hate you, and I'll go on hating you. Mr. Torpenhow won't speak to me any more. He's always looking at maps."

Bessie did not say that she had again laid siege to Torpenhow, or that at the end of her passionate pleading he had picked her up, given her a kiss, and put her outside the door with the recommendation not to be a little fool. He spent most of his time in the company of the Nilghai, and their talk was of war in the near future, the hiring of transports, and secret preparations among the dockyards. He did not wish to see Dick till the picture was finished.

"He's doing first-class work," he said to the Nilghai, "and it's quite out of his regular line. But, for the matter of that, so's his infernal soaking."

"Never mind. Leave him alone. When he has come to his senses again, we'll carry him off from this place and let him breathe clean air. Poor Dick; I don't envy you, Torp, when his eyes fail."

"Yes, it will be a case of 'God help the man who's chained to our Davie.' The worst is that we don't know when it will happen; and I believe the uncertainty and the waiting have sent Dick to the whisky more than anything else."

"How the Arab who cut his hand open would grin if he knew. He's at perfect liberty to grin if he can. He's dead. That's poor consolation now."

In the afternoon of the third day Torpenhow heard Dick calling for him. "All finished!" he shouted. "I've done it. Come in. Isn't she a beauty? Isn't she a darling? I've been down in hell to get her; but isn't she worth it?"

Torpenhow looked at the head of a woman who laughed, — a full-lipped, hollow-eyed woman who laughed from out of the canvas as Dick had intended she should.

"Who taught you how to do it?" said Torpenhow. "The touch and notion have nothing to do with your regular work. What a face it is! What eyes and what insolence!" Unconsciously he threw back his head and laughed with her. "She's seen the game played out; I don't think she had a good time of it, and now she doesn't care. Isn't that the idea?"

"Exactly."

"Where did you get the mouth and chin from? They don't belong to Bess."

The girl was biting her lips. She loathed Torpenhow because he had taken no notice of her.

"I think it's just the horriddest, beastliest thing I ever saw," she answered, and turned away.

"More than you will be of that way of thinking, young woman. Dick, there's a sort of murderous, viperine suggestion in the poise of the head that I don't understand," said Torpenhow.

"That's trick-work," said Dick, chuckling with delight at being completely understood. "I couldn't resist one little bit of sheer swagger. It's a French trick, and you wouldn't understand; but it's got at by slewing round the head a trifle, and a tiny, tiny foreshortening of one side of the face from the angle of the chin to the top of the left ear. That, and deepening the shadow under the lobe of the ear. It was flagrant trick-work; but, having the notion fixed, I felt entitled to play with it. Oh, you beauty!"

"Amen! She is a beauty. I can feel it."

"So will every man who has any sorrow of his own," said Dick, slapping his thigh. "He shall see his trouble there, and, by the Lord Harry, just when he's feeling properly sorry for himself he shall throw back his head and laugh,—as she is laughing. I've put the life of my heart and the light of my eyes into her, and I don't care what comes. I'm tired,—awfully tired. I think I'll get to sleep. Take away the whisky; it has served its turn. And give Bessie thirty-six quid and three over for luck. Cover the picture."

He dropped asleep in the long chair, his face white and haggard, almost before he had finished the sentence. Bessie tried to take Torpenhow's hand.

"Aren't you never going to speak to me any more?" she said; but Torpenhow was looking at Dick.

"What a stock of vanity the man has; I'll take him in hand to-morrow and make much of him. He deserves it.—Eh? What was that, Bess?"

"Nothing. I'll put things tidy here a little, and then I'll go. You couldn't give me that three months' pay now, could you? He said you were to."

Torpenhow gave her a check and went to his own rooms. Bessie faithfully tidied up the studio, set the door ajar for flight, emptied half a bottle of turpentine on a duster, and began to scrub the face of the Melancholia viciously. The paint did not

smudge quickly enough. She took a palette-knife and scraped, following each stroke with the wet duster. In five minutes the picture was a formless, scarred muddle of colors. She threw the paint-stained duster into the studio stove, stuck out her tongue at the sleeper, and whispered, "Bilked "; as she turned to run down the staircase. She would never see Torpenhow any more, but she had at least done harm to the man who had come between her and her desire, and who used to make fun of her. Cashing the check was the very cream of the jest to Bessie. Then the little privateer sailed across the Thames, to be swallowed up in the gray wilderness of South-the-water.

Dick slept till late into the evening, when Torpenhow dragged him off to bed. His eyes were as bright as his voice was hoarse. "Let's have another look at the picture," he said, insistently as a child.

"You-go-to-bed," said Torpenhow. "You aren't at all well, though you mayn't know it. You're as jumpy as a cat."

"I reform to-morrow. Good night."

As he repassed through the studio, Torpenhow lifted the cloth above the picture, and almost betrayed himself by outcries: "Wiped out! — scraped out and turned out! If Dick knows this to-night, he'll go perfectly mad. He's on the verge of jumps as it is. That's Bess, — the little fiend! Only a woman could have done that. With the ink not dry on the check, too! Dick will be raving mad to-morrow. It was all my fault for trying to help gutter devils. Oh, my poor Dick, the Lord is hitting you very hard!"

Dick could not sleep that night, partly for pure joy, and partly because the well-known Catherine-wheels inside his eyes had given place to crackling volcanoes of many-colored fire. "Spout away," he said aloud, "I've done my work, and now you can do what you please." He lay still, staring at the ceiling, the long-pent-up delirium of drink in his veins, his brain on fire with racing thoughts that he was painting the face of the

Melancholia on a revolving dome ribbed with millions of lights, and that all his wondrous thoughts stood embodied hundreds of feet below his tiny swinging plank, shouting together in his honor, — when something cracked inside his temples like an overstrained bowstring, the glittering dome broke inward, and he was alone in the thick night.

“I’ll go to sleep. The room’s dark. Let’s light a lamp and see how the Melancholia looks. There ought to have been a moon.”

It was then that Torpenhow heard his name called by a voice that he did not know, — in the rattling accents of deadly fear.

“He’s looked at the picture,” was his first thought, as he hurried into the bedroom and found Dick sitting up and beating the air with his hands.

“Torp: Torp: where are you? For pity’s sake, come to me!”

“What’s the matter?”

Dick clutched at his shoulder. “Matter! I’ve been lying here for hours in the dark, and you never heard me. Torp, old man, don’t go away. I’m all in the dark. In the dark, I tell you!”

Torpenhow held the candle within a foot of Dick’s eyes, but there was no light in those eyes. He lit the gas, and Dick heard the flame catch. The grip of his fingers on Torpenhow’s shoulder made Torpenhow wince.

“Don’t leave me. You wouldn’t leave me alone now, would you? I can’t see. D’you understand? It’s black — quite black, — and I feel as if I was falling through it all.”

“Steady does it.” Torpenhow put his arm round Dick and began to rock him gently to and fro.

“That’s good. Now don’t talk. If I keep very quiet for a while, this darkness will lift. It seems just on the point of breaking. H’sh!”

Dick knit his brows and stared desperately in front of him. The night was chilling Torpenhow's toes.

"Can you stay like that a minute?" he said. "I'll get my dressing-gown and some slippers."

Dick clutched the bed-head with both hands and waited for the darkness to clear away. "What a time you've been!" he cried, when Torpenhow returned. "It's as black as ever. What are you banging about in the doorway?"

"Long chair, — horse-blanket, — pillow. Going to sleep by you. Lie down now; you'll be better in the morning."

"I shan't!" The voice rose to a wail. "My God! I'm blind! I'm blind! and the darkness will never go away." He made as if to leap from the bed, but Torpenhow's arms were round him, and his breath was squeezed out of him. He could only gasp, "Blind!" and wriggle feebly.

"Steady, Dickie, steady!" said the deep voice in his ear, and the grip tightened. "Bite on the bullet, old man, and don't let them think you're afraid." The grip could draw no closer. Both men were breathing heavily. Dick threw his head from side to side and groaned.

"Let me go," he panted. "You're cracking my ribs. We — we mustn't let them think we're afraid, must we, — all the powers of darkness and that lot?"

"Lie down. It's all over now."

"Yes," said Dick, obediently. "But would you mind letting me hold your hand? I feel as if I wanted something to hold on to. One drops through the dark so."

Torpenhow thrust out a large and hairy paw from the long chair. Dick clutched it tightly, and in half an hour had fallen asleep.

— RUDYARD KIPLING, *The Light that Failed*.

MR. PICKWICK'S DILEMMA

Mr. Pickwick's apartments in Goswell Street, although on a limited scale, were not only of a very neat and comfortable description, but peculiarly adapted for the residence of a man of his genius and observation. His landlady, Mrs. Bardell, — the relict and sole executrix of a deceased custom-house officer, — was a comely woman of bustling manners and agreeable appearance, with a natural genius for cooking, improved by study and long practice, into an exquisite talent. There were no children, no servants, no fowls. The only other inmates of the house were a large man and a small boy ; the first a lodger, the second a production of Mrs. Bardell's. The large man was always home at precisely ten o'clock at night, at which hour he regularly condensed himself into the limits of a dwarfish French bedstead in the back parlor ; and the infantine sports and gymnastic exercises of Master Bardell were exclusively confined to the neighboring pavements and gutters. Cleanliness and quiet reigned through the house ; and in it Mr. Pickwick's will was law.

To any one acquainted with these points of the domestic economy of the establishment, and conversant with the admirable regulation of Mr. Pickwick's mind, his appearance and behavior on the morning previous to that which had been fixed upon for the journey to Eatanswill, would have been mysterious and unaccountable. He paced the room to and fro with hurried steps, popped his head out of the window at intervals of about three minutes each, constantly referred to his watch, and exhibited many other manifestations of impatience very unusual with him. It was evident that something of great importance was in contemplation, but what that something was, not even Mrs. Bardell herself had been enabled to discover.

"Mrs. Bardell," said Mr. Pickwick at last, as that amiable female approached the termination of a prolonged dusting of the apartment.

"Sir," said Mrs. Bardell.

"Your little boy is a very long time gone."

"Why, it's a good long way to the Borough, sir," remonstrated Mrs. Bardell.

"Ah," said Mr. Pickwick, "very true, so it is."

Mr. Pickwick relapsed into silence, and Mrs. Bardell resumed her dusting.

"Mrs. Bardell," said Mr. Pickwick, at the expiration of a few minutes.

"Sir," said Mrs. Bardell again.

"Do you think it a much greater expense to keep two people than to keep one?"

"La, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell, coloring up to the very border of her cap, as she fancied she observed a species of matrimonial twinkle in the eyes of her lodger; "La, Mr. Pickwick, what a question!"

"Well, but do you?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"That depends —" said Mrs. Bardell, approaching the duster very near to Mr. Pickwick's elbow, which was planted on the table — "that depends a good deal on the person, you know, Mr. Pickwick; and whether it's a careful and saving person, sir."

"That's very true," said Mr. Pickwick, "but the person I have in my eye (here he looked very hard at Mrs. Bardell) I think possesses these qualities; and has, moreover, a considerable knowledge of the world, and a great deal of sharpness, Mrs. Bardell; which may be of material use to me."

"La, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell, the crimson rising to her cap-border again.

"I do," said Mr. Pickwick, growing energetic, as was his wont in speaking of a subject which interested him, "I do, indeed; and to tell you the truth, Mrs. Bardell, I have made up my mind."

"Dear me, sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Bardell.

"You'll think it very strange, now," said the amiable Mr. Pickwick, with a good-humored glance at his companion, "that I never consulted you about this matter, never even mentioned it, till I sent your little boy out this morning, eh?"

Mrs. Bardell could only reply by a look. She had long worshiped Mr. Pickwick at a distance, but here she was, all at once, raised to a pinnacle to which her wildest and most extravagant hopes had never dared to aspire. Mr. Pickwick was going to propose — a deliberate plan, too — sent her little boy to the Borough, to get him out of the way — how thoughtful — how considerate!

"Well," said Mr. Pickwick, "what do you think?"

"Oh, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell, trembling with agitation, "you're very kind, sir."

"It'll save you a great deal of trouble, won't it?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Oh, I never thought anything of the trouble, sir," replied Mrs. Bardell; "and of course I should take more trouble to please you, then, than ever; but it is so kind of you, Mr. Pickwick, to have so much consideration for my loneliness."

"Ah, to be sure," said Mr. Pickwick, "I never thought of that. When I am in town, you'll always have some one to sit with you. To be sure, so you will."

"I'm sure I ought to be a very happy woman," said Mrs. Bardell.

"And your little boy —" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Bless his heart!" interposed Mrs. Bardell, with a maternal sob.

"He, too, will have a companion," resumed Mr. Pickwick, "a lively one, who'll teach him, I'll be bound, more tricks in a week than he would ever learn in a year." And Mr. Pickwick smiled placidly.

"Oh, you dear —" said Mrs. Bardell.

Mr. Pickwick started.

"Oh, you kind, good, playful dear," said Mrs. Bardell ; and without more ado, she rose from her chair, and flung her arms round Mr. Pickwick's neck, with a cataract of tears, and a chorus of sobs.

"Bless my soul !" cried the astonished Mr. Pickwick ; "Mrs. Bardell, my good woman, — dear me, what a situation — pray, consider, — Mrs. Bardell, don't — if anybody should come."

"Oh, let them come," exclaimed Mrs. Bardell, frantically ; "I'll never leave you — dear, kind, good soul," and with these words, Mrs. Bardell clung the tighter.

"Mercy on me !" said Mr. Pickwick, struggling violently, "I hear somebody coming up the stairs. Don't, don't, there's a good creature, don't." But entreaty and remonstrance were alike unavailing ; for Mrs. Bardell had fainted in Mr. Pickwick's arms ; and before he could gain time and deposit her on a chair, Master Bardell entered the room, ushering in Mr. Tupman, Mr. Winkle, and Mr. Snodgrass.

Mr. Pickwick was struck motionless and speechless. He stood with his lovely burden in his arms, gazing vacantly on the countenances of his friends, without the slightest attempt at recognition or explanation. They, in their turn, stared at him ; and Master Bardell, in his turn, stared at everybody.

The astonishment of the Pickwickians was so absorbing, and the perplexity of Mr. Pickwick was so extreme, that they might have remained in exactly the same relative situations until the suspended animation of the lady was restored, had it not been for a most beautiful and touching expression of filial affection on the part of her youthful son. Clad in a tight suit of corduroy, spangled with brass buttons of a very considerable size, he at first stood at the door, astounded and uncertain ; but by degrees the impression that his mother must have suffered some personal damage pervaded his partially developed mind, and considering Mr. Pickwick as the aggressor, he set up an appalling and semi-earthly kind of howling, and butting for-

ward with his head, commenced assailing that immortal gentleman about the back and legs, with such blows and pinches as the strength of his arm and the violence of his excitement allowed.

"Take this little villain away," said the agonized Mr. Pickwick, "he's mad."

"What is the matter?" said the three tongue-tied Pickwickians.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Pickwick, pettishly. "Take away the boy." (Here Mr. Winkle carried the interesting boy, screaming and struggling, to the farther end of the apartment.) "Now help me lead this woman downstairs."

"Oh, I am better now," said Mrs. Bardell, faintly.

"Let me lead you downstairs," said the ever gallant Mr. Tupman.

"Thank you, sir, thank you!" exclaimed Mrs. Bardell, hysterically. And downstairs she was led accordingly, accompanied by her affectionate son.

"I cannot conceive" — said Mr. Pickwick, when his friend returned — "I cannot conceive what has been the matter with that woman. I had merely announced to her my intention of keeping a man servant, when she fell into the extraordinary paroxysm in which you found her. Very extraordinary thing."

"Very," said his three friends.

"Placed me in such an extremely awkward situation," continued Mr. Pickwick.

"Very," was the reply of his followers, as they coughed slightly, and looked dubiously at each other.

This behavior was not lost upon Mr. Pickwick. He remarked their incredulity. They evidently suspected him.

"There is a man in the passage, now," said Mr. Tupman.

"It's the man I spoke to you about," said Mr. Pickwick. "I sent for him to the Borough this morning. Have the goodness to call him up, Snodgrass."

— CHARLES DICKENS, *Pickwick Papers*.

NEEDLES AND PINS

I

"When will you marry me, my bonny maid?"
"Can we not wait?" said she,
"You know that I love you, dear,
But I fear you will soon grow weary of me."
Then he vowed, and he swore to love and adore,
He prayed on his bended knee —
He said with a sigh,
"If we wait, I shall die,"
He was a man, you see.
"Sugar and cream, sugar and cream,
When we are married 'twill be a sweet dream."

2

But the sugar and cream they passed like a dream,
Alas, they could never agree,
She said, "We must part, you have broken my heart,"
"I think it is best," said he.
"When I'm gone, you will miss me a thousand times o'er."
"No, no, not a whit," said he.
Then away she went, slamming and banging the door,
She was a woman, you see.
Needles and pins, needles and pins,
When a man's married his trouble begins.

3

Five minutes, precisely, five minutes had passed,
When she opened the door with a sigh.
"Since we have settled to part," she said,
"I thought I would say good-by.
We never will see each other again :
Alone we must live and die."
Then he opened his arms, and in them she crept,
And that's how they said "good-by."

Let the bells ring! let the bells ring!
Man without woman is but a poor thing,
Let the bells ring! let the bells ring!
Man without woman is a very poor thing.

OLD ACE¹

Can any pleasure in life compare
With a charming drive in the balmy air?
A buggy light with shimmering wheel;
Springs whose resistance you barely feel;
A spirited horse of royal breed
With just a little more style and speed,
Than any you meet, and it matters not
If his gate be pace or a swinging trot.

The tassel sways on the graceful whip;
You grasp the reins with a tighter grip;
Your horse is off for a splendid dash
And needs no touch of the urging lash.
You feel the puff of the startled air;
It floats his mane and it lifts your hair!
The hoof marks time with its measured beat,
For the singing nostril that scorns defeat.

One glorious day in the balmy spring
John Dorr was out with his new horse, King,
Though both were rich, it was his design
To buy him a faster horse than mine.
By his side the sweetest girl in the town,
Of handsome features and eyes so brown,
That gazing in where the lashes curled
Was like a view of another world,
Where the angel lives and the angel sings;
And she was one that had dropped her wings

¹ From "Old Ace and Other Poems," copyright, Forbes & Co., Chicago.

And come to earth just to let man see
How sweet the angels in heaven may be!
I envied the breeze its constant bliss
Of passing her cheek and stealing a kiss!

I loved the girl when we both were young,
But getting older I'd lost my tongue.
I learned in college Latin and Greek,
But Cupid's language I could not speak;
While Jack was perfect in Cupid's art,
The only language he knew by heart.
I envied John in his ride that day,
And jogged old Spot in a leisure way —
That two-mile drive to the sulphur spring,
To test the speed of his new horse, King.

John took the lead and it touched his pride;
For the fastest horse and the fairest bride
Had been his boast! Did I pass him by?
My heart, I reckon, could answer why —
I'm almost certain I'd lost the race
By lagging behind to look at Grace!

Jack seemed more proud of his horse that day
Than he was of Grace, which made me say:
"Be sure of your game before you boast;
From dead defeat there may rise a ghost!
I'll race you back to town," said I,
"For Gracie's glove!" But he made reply:
"What use to you is the senseless glove
From the soft white hand of the girl I love?"
"Suppose you win," he laughed in my face,
"You get the mitten and I get Grace!"
Said I: "No trophy would I so prize,"
And I caught a look from her soft brown eyes
That drove the rest of it out of my head —
I don't remember just what I said!

John laughed away till his eyes were wet:
 "Increase the wager; I'll take the bet!"

"My glove," said Grace, "and the hand within
 Shall be the prize of the one to win."

I looked at John, but he didn't chaff,
 He didn't smile and he didn't laugh!
 "Must I then race you for such a bride,"
 Said John, "and carry the load beside?"

"I'll carry," said I, "the precious load!"
 Her bright eyes flashed and her fair cheek glowed!
 She took her seat with little ado;
 I tucked the robe and my heart in, too!
 Said I, "Old Spot!" as I stroked his neck,
 And rubbed his nose and loosened his check,
 "She's Bob's own Grace if you do your best!"
 He pricked his ears just as if he guessed
 The time had come when his master's need
 Had staked all happiness on his speed.

When all was ready, Grace shouted, "Go!"
 A word both horses seemed to know.
 You heard the hoof with its measured sway
 Pacing along the great highway.
 You saw the swell of the panting side,
 The pink that glows in the nostril wide.
 I knew old Spot, if he kept that pace,
 Would win my choice of the human race.
 No word was spoken between us two;
 The tongue is silent when hope is new,
 A mile, a mile and a half we sped,
 And still old Spot was a neck ahead.

Jack touched his horse with the tasseled whip;
 Then Gracie, pursing her rosy lip,
 Uttered a sound like a lover's kiss;
 — pss ! — pss — ss! —

The world is ruled by a sound like this!
To urge a horse a capital plan,
And often used to encourage man;
But she never dreamed she had let me in
To her heart's fond wish that I should win.

The only time in the race she spoke
Was when, overurged, Jack's trotter broke:
"He's running his horse and that's not fair!"
Then, blushing up to her auburn hair,
She grabbed the whip from my willing hand —
A move that Jack seemed to understand —
For she raised it high as much as to say,
Well, running's a game that two can play!
So he brought him down to an honest trot,
But couldn't keep up with dear old Spot,
Who forged ahead when he saw the whip,
And passed the stake with never a skip.

On through the village he kept his speed,
For I was too happy to mind the steed;
He would not stop when the race was done,
But started home with the prize he'd won!
Nor stopped till he reached the farmhouse gate,
Where good old mother was sure to wait.
She heard the story, while tears of joy
Baptized the love of her only boy!

I won the prize and I've got her yet!
But the kiss she gave me I'll never forget:
'Twas like an awakening after death,
By the soft caress of an angel's breath!
It seemed, as I felt her arms entwine,
No other heaven quite equaled mine.

I know the horse is a trifle old,
But you can't buy him with all your gold!
My Gracie loves him and pats his neck,
And says he's the best card in the deck!

And rubs his nose till he kisses her face;
She has changed his name to dear old Ace!
And smiling, says: "It's the proper thing,
For it takes the Ace to beat the King!"
As she purses her lips for the well-known smack,
I'm glad the Queen didn't take the Jack!

— FRED EMERSON BROOKS.

PRIOR TO MISS BELLE'S APPEARANCE¹

What makes you come HERE fer, Mister,
So much to OUR house? — SAY?
Come to see our big sister! —
An' Charley he says 'at you kissed her,
An' he ketched you, thuther day! —
Didn' you, Charley? — But we p'omised Belle
An' crossed our hearts to never tell —
'Cause SHE gived us some o' them — er
Chawk'lut-drops 'at you bringed to her!

Charley he's my little b'uther —
An' we has a-mostest fun,
Don't we, Charley? — Our Muther,
Whenever we whips one anuther,
Tries to whip US — an' we RUN —
Don't we, Charley? — An' nen, bime-by,
Nen she gives us cake — an' pie —
Don't she, Charley? — when we come in
An' p'omise never to do it agin!

HE's named Charley. — I'm WILLIE —
An' I'm got the purtiest name!
But Uncle Bob HE calls me "Billy" —
Don't he, Charley? — 'Nour filly

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From "Rhymes of Childhood," copyright, 1900.

We named "Billy," the same
 Ist like me! An' our Ma said
 'At "Bob puts foolishnuss into our head!" —
 Didn' she, Charley? — An' SHE don't know
 Much about BOYS! — 'Cause Bob said so!

Baby's a funniest feller!
 'Naint no hair on his head —
 Is they, Charley? It's meller
 Wite up there! An' ef Belle er
 Us ask wuz WE that way, Ma said, —
 "Yes; an' yer PA's head wuz soft as that,
 An' it's that way yet!" — An' Pa grabs his hat
 An' says, "Yes, childern, she's right about Pa —
 'Cause that's the reason he married yer Ma!"

An' our Ma says 'at Belle couldn'
 Ketch nothin' at all but ist "BOWS!" —
 An' Pa says 'at "you're soft as puddun!"
 An' Uncle Bob says "you're a good-un —
 'Cause he can tell by yer nose!" —
 Didn' he, Charley? An' when Belle 'll play
 In the poller on th' pianer, some day,
 Bob makes up funny songs about you,
 Till she gits mad — like he wants her to!

Our sister Fanny she's 'leven
 Years old! 'At's mucher 'am I —
 Ain't it, Charley? . . . I'm seven! —
 But our sister Fanny's in Heaven!
 Nere's where you go ef you die! —
 Don't you, Charley? Nen you has wings —
 Ist like Fanny! — an' purtiest things! —
 Don't you, Charley? An' nen you can fly —
 Ist fly — an' everything! . . . Wisht I'd die!

— JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

RHYME OF THE DUCHESS MAY

Broad the forest spread on the sloping hills of Linteged —
And three hundred years had stood mute adown each hoary wood,
With the castle there in shade.

And five hundred archers tall did besiege the castle wall,
As adown the sun dropped large and red on the towers of Linteged,
That to-night were near their fall.

Yet thereunto, blind to doom, three months since, a bride did come,
One who proudly trod the floors, and softly whispered in the doors,
“May good angels bless our home.”

’Twas a duke’s fair orphan-girl, and her uncle’s ward, the earl;
Who betrothed her twelve years old, for the sake of dowry gold,
To his son, Lord Leigh, the churl.

But what time she had made good all her years of womanhood,
Unto both those lords of Leigh, spake she out right sovrany,
“My will runneth as my blood.

“And while this same blood makes red this same right hand’s
veins,” she said,

“’Tis my will, as lady free, not to wed a lord of Leigh,
But Sir Guy of Linteged.”

The old earl he smiled smooth; then he sighed for willful youth,
“Good my niece, that hand withal looketh somewhat soft and small,
For so large a will, in sooth.”

She, too, smiled by that same sign, but her smile was cold and fine:
“Little hand clasps muckle gold, or it were not worth the hold
Of thy son, good uncle mine!”

Then the young lord jerked his breath, and sware thickly in his
teeth,

“He would wed his own betrothed, an’ she loved him an’ she
loathed,

Let the life come or the death.”

But a woman's will dies hard in the hall or on the sward.
"By that grave, my lords, which made me orphaned girl and
dower'd lady,
I deny you wife and ward."

Unto each she bowed her head, and swept past with lofty tread.
Ere the midnight bell had ceased, in the chapel had the priest
Blessed her bride of Linteged.

Fast and fain the bridal train along the night-storm rode amain,
Steed on steed-track, dashing off—thickening, doubling, hoof on
hoof,

In the pauses of the rain,

Up the mountain wheeled the steed, girth to ground and fetlocks
spread—

Headlong bounds and rocking flanks—down he staggered, down the
banks,

To the towers of Linteged.

High and low the serfs looked out, red the flambeaus tossed about.
In the courtyard rose the cry, "Live the duchess and Sir Guy!"
But she never heard them shout.

On the steed she dropped her cheek, kissed his mane and kissed his
neck—

"I had happier died by thee than lived on a Lady Leigh,"
Were the first words she did speak.

But a three months' joyaunce lay 'twixt that moment and to-day,
When five hundred archers tall stand beside the castle wall,
To recapture Duchess May.

In her chamber did she sit, laughing low to think of it—
"Tower is strong and will is free—thou canst boast, my lord of
Leigh,

But thou boastest little wit."

Straight she called her maidens in. "Since ye gave me blame
herein,
That a bridal such as mine should lack gauds to make it fine,
Come and shrive me from that sin.

"It is three months gone to-day, since I gave my hand away.
Bring the gold and bring the gem, we will keep bride-state in them,
While we keep the foe at bay."

With a spirit-laden weight the lord leaned down passionate,
They have almost sapped the wall; they will enter therewithal,
With no knocking at the gate.

"One last boon, young Ralph and Clare — faithful hearts to do and
dare —
Bring that steed up from his stall, which she kissed before you all;
Guide him up the turret-stair.

"Ye shall harness him aright, and lead upward to this height.
Once in love and twice in war hath he borne me strong and far;
He shall bear me far to-night."

They have fetched the steed with care, in the harness he did wear,
Past the court and through the doors, across the rushes of the floors,
But they goad him up the stair.

Then from out her bower chambère did the Duchess May repair.
Calm she stood, unbodkined through, fell her dark hair to her shoe,
Sweet she smiled as she stood there.

Quoth he, "Get thee from this strife, and the sweet saints bless thy
life!
In this hour I stand in need of my noble red-roan steed,
But no more of my noble wife."

"By this golden ring," saith she, "on this lifted hand pardie,
If, this hour, on castle-wall, can be room for steed from stall,
Shall be also room for *me*."

Twice he rung her hands in twain, but the small hands closed again.
Back he reined the steed — back, back ! but she trailed along his
track

With a frantic clasp and strain !

Low she dropped her head, and lower, till her hair coiled on the floor,
And the shouts of “ Leigh and Leigh,” and the shrieks of “ kill ” and
“ flee ! ”

Strike up clear amid the roar.

Back he reined his steed back-thrown on the slippery coping stone —
Back the iron hoofs did grind on the battlements behind,
Whence a hundred feet went down.

And his heel did press and goad, on the quivering flank bestrode.
“ Friends and brothers, save my wife ! Pardon, sweet, in change for
life —

But I ride alone to God.”

Straight, as if the holy name had upbreathed her like a flame,
She upsprang, she rose upright — in his selle she sate in sight,
By her love she overcame.

They have caught out at the rein, which Sir Guy threw loose — in
vain,

For the horse, in stark despair, with his front hoofs poised in air,
On the last verge rears amain.

Now he hangs, he rocks between — and his nostrils curdle in —
Now he shivers head and hoof — and the flakes of foam fall off,
And his face grows fierce and thin !

And a look of human woe from his staring eyes did go,
And a sharp cry uttered he, in a foretold agony,
Of the headlong death below, —

And wildly rang the passing bell, hung high in the old chapelle,
Then back-toppling, crashing back — a dead weight flung out to
wrack,

Horse and riders overfell.

— ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

SHYLOCK'S SPEECH

Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto, you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances :
Still I have borne it with a patient shrug ;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat, dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help :
Go to, then ; you come to me and you say,
SHYLOCK, WE WOULD HAVE MONEYS : you say so :
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold : moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you ? Should I not say,
HATH A DOG MONEY ? IS IT POSSIBLE
A CUR CAN LEND THREE THOUSAND DUCATS ? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath and whispering humbleness,
Say this, —
FAIR SIR, YOU SPAT ON ME ON WEDNESDAY LAST ;
YOU SPURN'D ME SUCH A DAY ; ANOTHER TIME
YOU CALL'D ME DOG ; AND FOR THESE COURTESIES
I'LL LEND YOU THUS MUCH MONEYS ?

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

SIR LUCIUS AND BOB ACRES

Acr. By my valor, then, Sir Lucius, forty yards is a good distance. Odds, levels and aims ! — I say it is a good distance.

Sir L. Is it for muskets or small field pieces ? Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, you must leave those things to me. Stay, now, — I'll show you. (*Measures paces along the floor.*) There, now, that is a very pretty distance, — a pretty gentleman's distance.

Acr. Zounds ! we might as well fight in a sentry box ! I tell you, Sir Lucius, the further he is off the cooler I shall take my aim.

Sir L. Faith ! then I suppose you would aim at him best of all if he was out of sight !

Acr. No, Sir Lucius ; but I should think forty or eight and thirty yards —

Sir L. Pooh ! pooh ! nonsense ! Three or four feet between the mouths of your pistols is as good as a mile.

Acr. Odds bullets, no ! — by my valor ! there is no merit in killing him so near ! Do, my dear Sir Lucius, let me bring him down at a long shot ; — a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me !

Sir L. Well, the gentleman's friend and I must settle that. But tell me now, Mr. Acres, in case of an accident, is there any little will or commission I could execute for you ?

Acr. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius, — but I don't understand —

Sir L. Why, you may think there's no being shot at without a little risk ; and if an unlucky bullet should carry a quietus with it, — I say it will be no time then to be bothering you about family matters.

Acr. A quietus !

Sir L. For instance, now, — if that should be the case, — would you choose to be pickled and sent home ? — or would it be the same to you to lie here in the Abbey ? — I'm told there is very snug lying in the Abbey.

Acr. Pickled ! — Snug lying in the Abbey ! Odds tremors ! Sir Lucius, don't talk so !

Sir L. I suppose, Mr. Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind before ?

Acr. No, Sir Lucius, never before.

Sir L. Ah ! that's a pity ! — there's nothing like being used to a thing. Pray, now, how would you receive the gentleman's shot ?

Acr. Odds files ! — I've practiced that, — there, Sir Lucius, — there. (*Puts himself in an attitude.*) A side front, hey? I'll make myself small enough ; I'll stand edgeways.

Sir L. Now, you're quite out, — for if you stand so when I take my aim — (*Leveling the pistol at him.*)

Acr. Zounds ! Sir Lucius, — are you sure it is not cocked?

Sir L. Never fear.

Acr. But — but — you don't know, — it may go off of its own head !

Sir L. Pooh ! be easy. Well, now, if I hit you in the body, my bullet has a double chance ; for if it misses a vital part of your right side, 'twill be very hard if it don't succeed on the left.

Acr. A vital part !

Sir L. But there, fix yourself so (*placing him*) — let him see the broadside of your full front ; there, now, a ball or two may pass clean through your body and never do any harm at all.

Acr. Can go through me, — a ball or two clean through me !

Sir L. Aye, may they ; and it is much the genteelest attitude into the bargain.

Acr. Look'ee, Sir Lucius ! I'd just as lief be shot in an awkward posture as a genteel one : so, by my valor ! I will stand edgeways.

Sir L. (*Looking at his watch.*) Sure, they don't mean to disappoint us. Ha ! no, I think I see them coming.

Acr. Hey ! — what ! — coming ! —

Sir L. Aye. Who are those yonder getting over the stile?

Acr. There are two of them, indeed ! Well, — let them come, — hey, Sir Lucius ? we — we — we — won't run !

Sir L. Run !

Acr. No, — I say, — we won't run, by my valor !

Sir L. What's the matter with you ?

Acr. Nothing — nothing — my dear friend, — my dear Sir Lucius ! but I — I — I don't feel quite so bold, somehow, as I did.

Sir L. O, fy ! Consider your honor.

Acr. Aye — true — my honor. Do, Sir Lucius, edge in a word or two every now and then about my honor.

Sir L. Well, here they're coming.

Acr. Sir Lucius, if I wa'n't with you, I should almost think I was afraid ! If my valor should leave me ! Valor will come and go.

Sir L. Then pray keep it fast while you have it.

Acr. Sir Lucius, I doubt it is going ! — yes, — my valor is certainly going ! — it is sneaking off ! I feel it oozing out, as it were, at the palms of my hands !

Sir L. Your honor ! your honor ! Here they are.

Acr. O mercy ! — now — that I was safe at Clod Hall ! or could be shot before I was aware ! (*Sir Lucius takes Acres by the arm, and leads him reluctantly off.*)

— SHERIDAN.

SLEEP-WALKING SCENE FROM MACBETH

ACT V, SCENE I

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Out, damned spot ! out, I say ! — One ; two ; why, then, 'tis time to do't. — Hell is murky ! — Fie, my Lord, fie ! a soldier, and afeard ? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account ? — Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him !

'The thane of Fife had a wife ; where is she now ? — What, will these hands ne'er be clean ? — No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that : you mar all with this starting.

Here's the smell of the blood still : all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh ! oh ! oh !

Wash your hands, put on your night-gown ; look not so pale ; — I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried ; he cannot come out on's grave.

To bed, to bed ; here's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed. (*Exit.*)

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there's a divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms ; and, blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth for it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the declaration ?

Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life and his own honor ? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair, is not he, our venerable colleague near you, are you not both already the prescribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance ? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws ?

If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on or give up the war ? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament, Boston Port Bill, and all ? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust ?

I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting before God of our sacred honor

to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here, who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised, for the defense of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him.

The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the declaration of independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct toward us has been a course of injustice and oppression.

Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why then, why then, sir, do we not as soon as possible change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us,

and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies, and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and cannot be eradicated. Every colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead.

Sir, the declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for the restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life.

Read this declaration at the head of the army ; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit ; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls ; proclaim it there ; let them hear it who heard the first roar of the enemies' cannon ; let them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this declaration shall be made good. We may die ; die colonists ; die slaves ; die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

But whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured, that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure and it may

cost blood ; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires and illuminations. On its annual return, they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy.

Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it ; and I leave off as I begun, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for this declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment — independence now, and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER !

— DANIEL WEBSTER.

SYDNEY CARTON'S SACRIFICE

The hour was midnight ; in one of the crooked streets of Paris stood Sydney Carton. He knew that only one night and one day would elapse ere Lucie's husband must render up his life to " La Guillotine." Carton remembered his long talk with Lucie years ago and he was resolved to save her husband now, though it should cost him his own life. " I have the drugs," said he, " there is nothing more to do until to-morrow. I can't sleep."

Long ago, when he had been famous among his earliest competitors as a youth of great promise, he had followed his father to the grave. His mother had died years before. These solemn words, which had been read at his father's grave, arose in his mind as he went down the dark streets, among the heavy shadows with the moon and the clouds sailing on high above

him : " I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord : he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live : and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

In a city dominated by the ax, alone at night, with natural sorrow rising in him for the sixty-three who had been that day put to death, and for to-morrow's victims then awaiting their doom in the prisons, and still of to-morrow's and to-morrow's, the chain of association that brought the words home, like a rusty old ship's anchor from the deep, might have been easily found. He did not seek it, but repeated them and went on. " I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord : he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live : and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

Now that the streets were quiet, and the night wore on, the words were in the echoes of his feet, and were in the air. Perfectly calm and steady, he sometimes repeated them to himself as he walked ; but, he heard them always.

The night wore out, and, as he stood upon the bridge listening to the water as it splashed the river-walls of the Island of Paris, where the picturesque confusion of houses and cathedral shone bright in the light of the moon, the day came coldly, looking like a dead face out of the sky. Then the night, with the moon and the stars, turned pale and died, and for a little while it seemed as if Creation were delivered over to Death's dominion.

But, the glorious sun, rising, seemed to strike those words, that burden of the night, straight and warm into his heart in its long bright rays. And looking along them with reverently shaded eyes, a bridge of light appeared to span the air between him and the sun, while the river sparkled under it.

The strong tide, so swift, so deep, and certain, was like a congenial friend in the morning stillness. He walked by the stream, far from the houses, and in the light and warmth of the sun fell asleep on the bank. When he awoke and was afoot again, he

lingered there yet a little longer, watching an eddy that turned and turned purposeless, until the stream absorbed it, and carried it on to the sea — "Like me !"

A trading-boat, with a sail of the softened color of a dead leaf, then glided into his view, floated by him, and died away. As its silent track in the water disappeared, the prayer that had broken up out of his heart for a merciful consideration of all his poor blindnesses and errors, ended in the words, "I am the resurrection and the life."

The hours went on as Evremonde, alias Charles Darnay, walked to and fro, and the clock struck the numbers he would never hear again. Nine gone forever, ten gone forever, eleven gone forever, twelve coming on to pass away. After a hard contest with that eccentric action of thought which had last perplexed him, he had got the better of it. He walked up and down, softly repeating their names to himself. The worst of the strife was over. He could walk up and down, free from distracting fancies, praying for himself and for them.

Footsteps in the stone passage, outside the door. He stopped.

The key was put in the lock, and turned. Before the door was opened, or as it opened, a man said in a low voice, in English : "He has never seen me here ; I have kept out of his way. Go you in alone ; I wait near. Lose no time !"

The door was quickly opened and closed, and there stood before him, face to face, quiet, intent upon him, with the light of a smile on his features and a cautionary finger on his lip, Sydney Carton.

"Of all people upon earth, you least expected to see me?" he said.

"I could not believe it to be you. I can scarcely believe it now. You are not" — the apprehension came suddenly into his mind — "a prisoner"?

"No. I am accidentally possessed of a power over one of the keepers here, and in virtue of it, I stand before you. I come from her—your wife, dear Darnay. I bring you a request from her."

"What is it?"

"A most earnest, pressing, and emphatic entreaty, addressed to you in the most pathetic tones of the voice so dear to you, that you well remember.

"You have no time to ask me why I bring it, or what it means; I have no time to tell you. You must comply with it—take off those boots you wear, and draw on these of mine."

There was a chair against the wall of the cell, behind the prisoner. Carton, pressing forward, had already, with the speed of lightning, got him down into it, and stood over him barefoot.

"Draw on these boots of mine. Put your hands to them; put your will to them. Quick!"

"Carton, there is no escaping from this place; it never can be done. You will only die with me. It is madness."

"It would be madness if I asked you to escape; but do I? When I ask you to pass out at that door, tell me it is madness, and remain here. Change that cravat for this of mine, that coat for this of mine. While you do it, let me take this ribbon from your hair, and shake out your hair like this of mine!"

With supernatural strength, he forced all these changes upon him. The prisoner was like a young child in his hands.

"Carton! Dear Carton! It is madness. It cannot be accomplished, it never can be done, it has been attempted, and has always failed. I implore you not to add your death to the bitterness of mine."

"Do I ask you, my dear Darnay, to pass the door? When I ask that, refuse. There are pen and ink on this table. Is your hand steady enough to write?"

"It was, when you came in."

"Steady it again, and write what I shall dictate. Quick, friend, quick!"

Pressing his hand to his bewildered head, Darnay sat down at the table. Carton, with his right hand in his breast, stood close beside him.

"Write exactly as I speak."

"To whom do I address it?"

"To no one." Carton still had his hand in his breast.

"Do I date it?"

"No." Carton, standing over him with his hand in his breast, looked down.

"If you remember," said Carton, dictating, "the words that passed between us long ago, you will readily comprehend this when you see it. You do remember them, I know. It is not in your nature to forget them."

He was drawing his hand from his breast; the prisoner chancing to look up in his hurried wonder as he wrote, the hand stopped, closing upon something.

"Have you written 'forget them'?" Carton asked.

"I have. Is that a weapon in your hand?"

"No; I am not armed."

"What is it in your hand?"

"You shall know directly. Write on; there are but a few words more." He dictated again. "I am thankful that the time has come when I can prove them. That I do so is no subject for regret or grief." As he said these words, with his eyes fixed on the writer, his hand slowly and softly moved close down to the writer's face.

The pen dropped from Darnay's fingers on the table, and he looked about him vacantly.

"What vapor is that?" he asked.

"Vapor?"

"Something that crossed me?"

"I am conscious of nothing ; there can be nothing here. Take up the pen and finish. Hurry, hurry !"

As if his memory were impaired, or his faculties disordered, the prisoner made an effort to rally his attention. As he looked at Carton, with clouded eyes and with an altered manner of breathing, Carton — his hand again in his breast — looked steadily at him.

"Hurry, hurry !"

The prisoner bent over the paper once more.

"If it had been otherwise," — Carton's hand was again watchfully and softly stealing down —

"I never should have used the longer opportunity. If it had been otherwise," — the hand was at the prisoner's face — "I should but have had so much the more to answer for. If it had been otherwise —" Carton looked at the pen, and saw that it was trailing off into unintelligible signs.

Carton's hand moved back to his breast no more. The prisoner sprang up, with a reproachful look, but Carton's hand was close and firm at his nostrils, and Carton's left arm caught him round the waist. For a few seconds he faintly struggled with the man who had come to lay down his life for him ; but, within a minute or so, he was stretched insensible on the ground.

Quickly, but with hands as true to the purpose as his heart was, Carton dressed himself in the clothes the prisoner had laid aside, combed back his hair, and tied it with the ribbon the prisoner had worn. Then he softly called : "Enter there ! Come in !" and the spy presented himself.

"You see?" said Carton, looking up, as he kneeled on one knee beside the insensible figure, putting the paper in the breast. "Is your hazard very great?"

"Mr. Carton," the spy answered, with a timid snap of his fingers, "my hazard is not *that*, in the thick of the business here, if you are true to the whole of your bargain !"

"Don't fear me. I will be true to the death."

"You must be, Mr. Carton, if the tale of fifty-two is to be right. Being made right by you in that dress, I shall have no fear."

"Have no fear! I shall soon be out of the way of harming you, and the rest will soon be far from here, please God! Now, get assistance, and take me to the coach."

"You?" said the spy, nervously.

"Him, man, with whom I have exchanged. You go out at the gate by which you brought me in?"

"Of course."

"I was weak and faint when you brought me in, and I am fainter now you take me out. The parting interview has overpowered me. Such a thing has happened here often, and too often. Your life is in your own hands. Quick! Call assistance!"

"You swear not to betray me?" said the trembling spy, as he paused for a last moment.

"Man, man!" returned Carton, stamping his foot; "have I sworn by no solemn vow already, to go through with this, that you waste the precious moments now? Take him yourself to the courtyard you know of, place him yourself in the carriage, and drive away!"

The spy withdrew, and Carton seated himself at the table, resting his forehead on his hands. The spy returned immediately, with two men.

They raised the unconscious figure, placed it on a litter they had brought to the door, and bent to carry it away.

"The time is short, Evremonde," said the spy in a warning voice.

"I know it well," answered Carton. "Be careful of my friend, I entreat you, and leave me."

The door closed and Carton was left alone. He sat down at the table and listened again until the clocks struck two.

Sounds that he was not afraid of, for he divined their mean-

ing, then began to be audible. Several doors were opened in succession, and finally his own. A jailer, with a list in his hand, looked in, merely saying, "Follow me, Evremonde !" and he followed into the long, dark, dreary room of the Tribunal ; and, as he walked down the corridor, these words were in the echo of his footsteps, — were in the air, — "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord : he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live : and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

TAMING OF THE SHREW

ACT II, SCENE I

The scene is laid in Padua. Kathrina is generally known as a shrew. Petruchio has just acquainted her father with his intention to woo her, although he has never seen her. Her father then says :—

Bap. Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you do ; I will attend her here.

(*Exeunt* BAPTISTA.)

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say that she rail ; why, then, I'll tell her plain,
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale :
Say, that she frown ; I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly washed with dew :
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word ;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say, she uttereth piercing eloquence :
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week :
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.
But here she comes ; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter KATHRINA

Good morrow, Kate, for that's your name, I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing :
They call me Katharine that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith ; for you are called plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst ;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom ;
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all Cates : and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation : —
Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded
(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs),
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Mov'd ! in good time : let him that mov'd you hither
Remove you hence. I knew you at the first you
were a movable.

Pet. Why, what's a movable ?

Kath. A joint-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it : come, sit on me.
Come, come, you wasp ; i' faith you are too angry.

Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is, then, to pluck it out.

Kath. Aye, if the fool could find out where it lies.

Pet. Nay, come again :

Good Kate, I am a gentleman.

Kath. That I'll try.

(*Striking him.*)

Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Nay, hear you, Kate ; in sooth, you 'scape not so, —
(*Holding her.*)

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry : let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit : I find you passing gentle.

'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and sullen.

And now I find report a very liar ;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers.
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will ;
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk ;
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report that Kate does limp?
O, slanderous world ! Kate, like the hazel-twigg,
Is straight and slender ; and as brown in hue
As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
O ! let me see thee walk : thou dost not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O ! be thou Dian, and let her be Kate,
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful.

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Pet. It is extempore from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty mother ! witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kath. Yes ; keep you warm.

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy arms. .
And therefore setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms :—your father, Kathrina, cor
sented

That you should by my wife ; your dowry 'greed on
And will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn ;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty
(Thy beauty doth make me like thee well),
Thou must be married to no man but me :
For I am he, am born to tame you, Kate,

And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable, as other household Kates.
Here comes your father : never make denial ;
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA

Bap. Now, signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter ?

Pet. How but well, sir ? how but well ?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine ! in your dumps ?

Kath. Call you me daughter ? Now I promise you,
You have showed a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic ;
A mad-cap ruffian and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus : — yourself and all the world
That talked of her, have talked amiss of her.
If she be curst, it is for policy,
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove ;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn ;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel,
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity ;
And to conclude, — we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Kath. I'll see thee hanged on Sunday first.

Bap. Hark, Petruchio : she says, she sees thee hanged first.
Is this your speeding ?

Pet. Be patient, sir ; I choose her for myself.
If she and I be pleased, what's that to you ?
'Tis bargained 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you 'tis incredible to believe,
How much she loves me. O, the kindest Kate !

She hung upon my neck, and kiss on kiss
 She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
 That in a twink she won me to her love.
 O ! you are a novice : 'tis a world to see
 How tame, when men and women are alone,
 A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew,—
 Give me thy hand, Kate : I will unto Venice,
 To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding day, —
 Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests,
 I will be sure ! my Katharine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say ; but give me your hands ;
 God send you joy ! Petruchio, 'tis a match.

Pet. Father, and wife, adieu,
 I will to Venice ; Sunday comes apace.
 We will have rings, and things, and fine array,
 And, kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THAT WALTZ OF VON WEBER¹

Gayly and gayly rang the gay music,
 The blithe merry music of harp and of horn,
 The mad, merry music, that set us a-dancing
 Till over the midnight came stealing the morn.

Down the great hall went waving the banners,
 Waving and waving their red, white, and blue,
 As the sweet summer wind came blowing and blowing
 From the city's great gardens asleep in the dew.

Under the flags, as they floated and floated,
 Under the arches and arches of flowers,
 We two and we two floated and floated
 Into the mystical midnight hours.

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And just as the dawn came stealing and stealing,
The last of those wild, Weber waltzes began ;
I can hear the soft notes now appealing and pleading,
And I catch the faint scent of the sandalwood fan

That lay in your hand, your hand on my shoulder,
As down the great hall, away and away,
All under the flags and under the arches,
We danced and we danced till the dawn of the day.

But why should I dream o'er this dreary old ledger,
In this countingroom down in this dingy old street,
Of that night or that morning, just there at the dawning,
When our hearts beat in time to our fast-flying feet?

What is it that brings me that scene of enchantment,
So fragrant and fresh from out the dead years,
That just for a moment I'd swear that the music
Of Weber's wild waltzes was still in my ears?

What is it, indeed, in this dusty old alley,
That brings me that night or that morning in June?
What is it, indeed? — I laugh to confess it —
A hand organ grinding a creaking old tune.

But somewhere or other I caught in the measure
That waltz of Von Weber's, and back it all came,
That night or that morning, just there at the dawning
When I danced the last dance with my first and last flame.

My first and my last! but who would believe me
If, down in this dusty old alley to-day,
'Twixt the talk about cotton, the markets, and money,
I should suddenly turn in some moments and say :

The one memory only had left me a lonely
And gray-bearded bachelor, dreaming of Junes
Where the nights and the mornings, from the dusk to the
dawnings
Seemed set to the music of Weber's wild tunes.

— NORA PERRY.

THE BALLAD OF SWEET P¹

Mistress Penelope Penwick, she
Called by her father "My Sweet P,"
Painted by Peale, she won renown
In a clinging, short-waisted satin gown;
A red rose touched by her finger tips
And a smile held back from her roguish lips.

Thus William Penwick, the jolly wight,
In clouds of smoke, night after night,
Would tell a tale, in delighted pride,
To cronies who came from far and wide;
Always ending (with candle, he),
"And this is the picture of my Sweet P!"

The tale? 'Twas how Sweet P did chance
To give to the British a Christmas dance.
Penwick's house past the outpost stood,
Flanked by the ferry and banked by the wood.
Hessian and British quartered there
Swarmed through chamber and hall and stair.

Fires ablaze and candles alight,
Soldier and officer feasted that night.
The enemy? Safe, with a river between,
Black and deadly and fierce and keen;
A river of ice and a blinding storm! —
So they made them merry and kept them warm.

But while they mirth and roistering made,
Up in her dormer window stayed
Mistress Penelope Penwick apart,
With fearful thought and sorrowful heart.
Night by night had her candle's gleam
Sent through the dark its hopeful beam.

¹ From the "Ladies' Home Journal." By permission of the author and the Curtis Publishing Co.

But the nights they came and they passed again,
With never a sign from her countrymen ;
For where beat the heart so brave, so bold,
Which could baffle that river's bulwark cold?
Penelope's eyes and her candle's light
Were mocked by the storm that Christmas night.

But lo, full sudden a missile stung
And shattered her casement pane, and rung
At her feet! 'Twas a word from the storm outside
She opened her dormer window wide,
A wind-swept figure halted below —
The ferryman, old, and bent, and slow.
Then a murmur rose upward — only one,
Thrilling and powerful — "*Washington!*"

With jest and laughter and candles bright,
'Twas two by the stairway clock that night
When Penelope Penwick tripped her down,
Dressed in a short-waisted satin gown,
With a red rose (cut from her potted bush).
There fell on the rollicking crowd a hush.

She stood in the soldiers' midst, I ween,
The daintiest thing they e'er had seen!
And swept their gaze with her eyes most sweet,
And patted her little slippered feet.
"'Tis Christmas night, sirs," quoth Sweet P,
"I should like to dance! Will you dance with me?"

Oh, but they cheered; ran to and fro,
And each for the honor bowed him low.
With smiling charm and witching grace
She chose him pranked with officer's lace
And shining buttons and dangling sword;
No doubt he strutted him proud as a lord!

Doffed was enmity, donned was glee, —
Oh, she was charming, that Sweet P!
And when it was over, and blood aflame,
Came an eager cry for "A game!" "A game!"

"We'll play at forfeits," Penelope cried.
"If one holdeth aught in his love and pride,

"Let each lay it down at my feet in turn,
And a fine from me shall he straightway learn!"
What held they all in their love and pride?
Straight flew a hand unto every side;
Each man had a sword, and nothing more,
And the swords they clanged in a heap on the floor.

Standing there, in her satin gown,
With candlelight on her yellow crown,
And at her feet a bank of steel
(I'll wager that look was caught by Peale!),
Penelope held her rose on high, —
"I fine each one for a leaf to try!"

She plucked the petals and blew them out.
A rain of red they fluttered about
Over the floor and through the air.
Rushed the officers, here and there,
When lo! a cry! The door burst in!
"*The enemy!*" Tumult, terror, and din!

Flew a hand unto every side, —
Swords? — Penelope, arms thrown wide,
Leapt that heap of steel before;
Swords behind her upon the floor;
Facing her countrymen stanch and bold,
Who dared the river of death and cold,
Who swept them down on a rollicking horde,
And found they never a man with sword!

And so it happened (but not by chance)
In '76 there was given a dance
By a witch with a rose, and a satin gown
(Painted in Philadelphia town),
Mistress Penelope Penwick, she
Called by her father "My Sweet P."

— VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.

THE BOYS¹

Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
If there has, take him out, without making a noise,
Hang the almanac's cheat and the catalogue's spite;
Old time is a liar: we're twenty to-night!

We're twenty, we're twenty: who says we are more?
He's tipsy, — young jackanapes! — show him the door!
"Gray temples at twenty?" — yes, white, if we please;
Where the snowflakes fall thickest there's nothing can freeze.

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake;
Look close, — you will see not a sign of a flake;
We want some new garlands for those we have shed,
And these are white roses in place of the red.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been told,
Of talking (in public) as if we were old:
That boy we call "Doctor," and this we call "Judge";
It's a neat little fiction, — of course it's all fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker," — the one on the right;
"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you to-night?
That's our "Member of Congress," we say when we chaff;
There's the "Reverend" — What's his name? don't make me laugh.

That boy with the grave mathematical look
Made believe he had written a wonderful book,
And the Royal Society thought it was true,
So they chose him right in — a good joke it was, too!

There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker brain,
That could harness a team with a logical chain;
When he spoke of our manhood in syllabled fire,
We called him "The Justice," but now he's "The Squire."

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And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith ;
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith ;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free, —
Just read on his medal, "My country," "of thee."

You hear that boy laughing? You think he's all fun ;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done ;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all !

Yes, we're boys, — always playing with tongue or with pen, —
And I sometimes have asked, — Shall we ever be men ?
Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away ?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray !
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May !
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of thy children, the boys !

— OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

THE COURTIN'¹

God makes sech nights, all white an' still
Fur 'z you can look or listen,
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
An' peeked in thru' the winder,
An' there sot Huldry all alone,
'Ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side
With half a cord o' wood in —
There wan't no stoves (tell comfort died)
To bake ye to a puddin'.

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The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the pootiest, bless her,
An' leetle flames danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted
The ole queen's arm thet Gran'ther Young
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come to look
On sech a blessed cretur,
A dog-rose blushin' to a brook
Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six feet o' man, A 1,
Clear grit an' human natur';
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton
Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked with full twenty gals,
Hed squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells —
All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But 'long o' her his veins 'ould run
All crinkly like curled maple,
The side she breshed felt full o' sun
Ez a south slope in April.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
Ez hisn in the choir;
My ! when he made the Ole Hunderd ring,
She knowed the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
When her new meetin' bunnet
Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked some !
She seemed to 've gut a new soul,
For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,
Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,
A-raspin' on the scraper, —
All ways to once her feelin's flew
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtfle o' the sekle,
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
Ez though she wished him further,
An' on her apples kep' to work,
Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
"Wal — no — I come dasignin'!" —
"To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals acts so or so,
Or don't, 'ould be presumin';
Mebby to mean yes an' say no
Comes nateral ter women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin";
Says she, "Think likely, Mister."
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
An' — wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she wuz jes' the quiet kind
Whose naturs never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snow-hid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
Too tight for all expressin',
Tell mother see how matters stood,
An' gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
An' all I know is, they was cried
In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

— JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE DEATH OF ROBESPIERRE

It is the 27th of August, 1794. The streets of Paris have run red with the best blood of France.

Let us take a look into the Hall of the National Convention to-day. Here are the best, the bravest, aye, and the bloodiest of all France, sitting silent, speechless, awed before that orange-visaged dandy who crouches in the Tribunal yonder. Robespierre has carried the list of death, has made his fiery speech. France, the people, the bloody and the brave, sit crouching before him.

At this awful moment an unknown man, trembling from head to foot, pale as a frozen corpse, rises and speaks a word that

turns all eyes upon him. "Room!" he whispers; "room there, ye dead!" He pauses, with his eyes fixed on vacancy. The Convention holds its breath. Even Robespierre listens. "Room there, ye dead!" again whispers that unknown man; and then, pointing to the white-vested tyrant, his voice rises in a shriek: "Room there, ye dead. Room in hell for the soul of Maximilian Robespierre!"

Like a voice from the grave, that word startles the Convention. Robespierre has risen; coward as he is, that voice has palsied his soul. But the unknown man does not pause. In short, fiery words he heaps up the crimes of Robespierre. He calls the dead from their graves to witness his atrocities.

From that hour Robespierre the tyrant was Robespierre the convicted criminal. Covered with remorse and dreadful guilt, he rushes from the Hall. Hark! the report of a pistol! What does it mean? Let us away to the guillotine and ask her.

Ha! Give way there, Paris, give way! Who is it that comes here, comes through the maddened crowd? Who is it that comes shrinking, crouching, trembling, to the feet of the guillotine?

Ah! That horror-stricken face, that face with that bloody cloth bound around the broken jaw. It is the face of Maximilian Robespierre!

Grasped in the arms of men, whom the joy of this moment has maddened into devils, he is dragged up to the scaffold.

One look over the crowd — in all that surging mass there is no pity for him.

"Water!" shrieks the tyrant, holding his torn jaw. "Water, only a cup of water!"

Look! his cry is answered! A woman rushes up the scaffold — a woman who yesterday was a mother, and now is childless, because Robespierre and Death have grasped her boy.

"Water?" she echoes; "blood, tyrant, blood! you have given France blood to drink. Now drink your own!"

Look ! She drags the bandage from his broken jaw. He is bathed in a bath of his own blood. Down on the block, tyrant ! One gleam of the ax. There is a head on the scaffold — and there, over that headless corpse, stands that mother shrieking the cry she heard in the Convention to-day :
 “Room, ye dead ! Room in hell for the soul of Maximilian Robespierre !”

— GEORGE LIPPARD.

THE ELF-CHILD¹

Little Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay,
 An' wash the cups an' saucers up, and brush the crumbs away,
 An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth, an' sweep,
 An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board an' keep ;
 An' all us other children, when the supper things is done,
 We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun
 A-list'nin' to the witch tales 'at Annie tells about.
 An' the gobble-uns 'at gits you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out !

Onc't they was a little boy wouldn't say his pray'rs —
 An' when he went to bed at night, away upstairs,
 His mammy heerd him holler, an' his daddy heerd him bawl,
 An' when they turned the kivvers down he wasn't there at all !
 An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-hole, an' press,
 An' seeked him up the chimbly-flue, an' everywhere, I guess,
 But all they ever found was this, his pants an' roundabout : —
 An' the gobble-uns'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out !

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An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,
 An' make fun of ever' one an' all her blood-an'-kin.
 An' onc't, when they was "company," an' old folks was there,
 She mocked 'em, an' shocked 'em, an' said she didn't care !
 An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run an' hide,
 They was two great Big Black Things a-standin' by her side,
 An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she knowed what
 she's about !

An' the gobble-uns'll get you
 Ef you
 Don't
 Watch
 Out !

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,
 An' the lampwick sputters, an' the wind goes Woo-oo !
 An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,
 An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched away —
 You better mind yer parents, and yer teachers fond an' dear,
 An' churish them 'at loves you, and dry the orphant's tear,
 An' he'p the po' an' needy ones, 'at clusters all about,
 Er the gobble-uns'll get you

 Ef you
 Don't
 Watch
 Out !

— JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

THE HIGH TIDE

(On the Coast of Lincolnshire, 1571)

I

The old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
 The ringers ran by two, by three ;
 " Pull, if you never pulled before !
 Good ringers, pull your best ! " quoth he.

"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells !
Ply all your changes, all your swells, —
Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby' !"

II

I sat and spun within the doore ;
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes ;
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies ;
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth, —
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

III

"Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha !" calling,
Ere the early dews were falling,
Farre away I heard her song.
"Cusha ! Cusha !" all along
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth ;
From the meads where melick groweth,
Faintly came her milking song.

IV

"Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha !" calling,
"For the dews will soon be falling ;
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow ;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow,
Come uppe, Whitefoot ; come uppe, Lightfoot ;
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow ;
Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow, —
From the clovers lift your head ;
Come uppe, Whitefoot ; come uppe, Lightfoot ;
Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow, —
Jetty, to the milking shed."

V

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadowe mote be seene,
Save where, full fyve good miles away,
The steeple towered from out the greene;
And lo! the great belle farre and wide
Was heard in all the country side,
That Saturday at eventide.

VI

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
Came riding downe with might and main;
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again,—
“Elizabeth! Elizabeth!”
(A sweeter woman ne’er drew breath
Than my sonne’s wife, Elizabeth.)

VII

“The olde sea wall (he cried) is downe;
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing uppe the market place.”
He shook as one that looks on death:
“God save you, mother!” straight he saith;
“Where is my wife, Elizabeth?”

VIII

“Good sonne, where Lindis winds away,
With her two bairns I marked her long;
And ere yon bells beganne to play,
Afar I heard her milking song.”
He looked across the grassy lea,
To right, to left,—“Ho, Enderby!”
They rang, “The Brides of Enderby!”

IX

With that he cried and beat his breast ;
For lo ! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud, —
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

X

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat
Before a shallow, seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at our feet ;
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

XI

Upon the roof we sate that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping by ;
I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church tower, red and high, —
A lurid mark and dread to see ;
And awesome bells they were to me,
That in the dark rang " Enderby."

XII

They rang the sailor lads to guide
From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed ;
And I — my sonne was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed ;
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
" O, come in life, or come in death !
O, lost ! my love, Elizabeth !"

XIII

And didst thou visit him no more ?
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare ;
The waters laid thee at his doore,
Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace:
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

XIV

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea ;
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas !
To many more than myne and me ;
But each will mourn his own (she saith),
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

XV

I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindis shore,
"Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha !" calling,
Ere the early dews be falling, —
I shall never hear her song,
"Cusha ! Cusha !" all along
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
Goeth, floweth ;
From the meads where melick groweth,
Where the water, winding down,
Onward floweth to the town.

XVI

I shall never see her more
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
Shiver, quiver ;
Stand beside the sobbing river,
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling
To the sandy, lonesome shore. — JEAN INGELOW.

THE RACE QUESTION¹

SCENE.—Race track. Enter old colored man, seating himself.

“Oomph, oomph. De work of de devil sho’ do p’ospah. How ‘do, suh? Des tol’able, thankee, suh. How you come on? Oh, I was des a-sayin’ how de wo’k of de ol’ boy do p’ospah. Doesn’t I frequent de race-track? No, suh; no, suh. I’s Baptis’ myse’f, an’ I ‘low hit’s all devil’s doin’s. Wouldn’t a’ be’n hyeah to-day, but I got a boy named Jim dat’s long gone in sin an’ he gwine ride one dem hosses. Oomph, dat boy! I sut’ny has talked to him an’ labohed wid him night an’ day, but it was allers in vain, an’ I’s feahed dat de day of his reckonin’ is at han’.

“Ain’t I nevah been intrusted in racin’? Humph, you don’t s’pose I been dead all my life, does you? What you laffin’ at? Oh, ‘scuse me, ‘scuse me, you don’t unnerstan’ what I means. You don’t give a ol’ man time to splain hisse’f. What I means is, dat dey has been days when I walked in de counsels of de ongawdly an’ set in de seats of sinnahs; and long erbout dem times I did tek most ovahly strong to racin’.

“How long dat been? Oh, dat’s way long back, ‘fo’ I got religion mo’n thuty years ago, dough I got to own I has fell from grace several times sence.

“Yes, suh, I ust to ride. Ki-yi! I nevah furgit de way dat my ol’ Mas’ Jack put me on June Boy, his black geldin’, an’ say to me, ‘Si,’ says he, ‘if you don’ ride de tail offen Cunnel Scott’s mare, No Quit, I’s gwine to larrup you twell you cain’t set in de saddle no mo’.’ Hyah, hyah. My ol’ Mas’ was a mighty han’ fu’ a joke. I knowed he wan’t gwine to do nuffin’ to me.

“Did I win? Why, what you spec’ I’s doin’ hyeah ef I hadn’

¹ By special permission of the author.

winned? W'y, ef I'd 'a' let dat Scott maih beat my June Boy I'd 'a' drowned myse'f in Bull Skin Crick.

"Yes, suh, I winned; w'y, at de finish I come down dat track lak hit was de Jedjment Day an' I was de las' one up! Ef I didn't race dat maih's tail clean off, I 'low I made hit do a lot o' switchin'. An' aftah dat my wife Mandy she ma'ed me. Hyah, hyah, I ain't bin much on hol'in' de reines sence.

"Sh! dey comin' in to wa'm up. Dat Jim, dat Jim, dat my boy; you nasty putrid little rascal. Des a hundred an' eight, suh, des a hundred an' eight. Yas, suh, dat's my Jim; I don't know whaih he gits his dev'ment at.

"What's de mattah wid dat boy? Why, 't he hunch hisse'f up on dat saddle right? Jim, Jim, whyn't you limber up, boy; hunch yo'se'f up on dat hoss lak you belonged to him and knowed you was dah. What I done showed you? De black raskil, goin' out dah tryin' to disgrace his own daddy! Hyeah he come back. Dat's betteh, you scoun'ril.

"Dat a right smaht-lookin' hoss he's a-ridin', but I ain't a-trustin' dat bay wid de white feet—dat is, not altogethah. She's a favorwright too; but dey's sumpin' else in dis worl' sides plain' favorwrights. Jim bettah had win dis race. His hoss ain't a five to one shot, but I spec's to go way fum hyeah wid money ernuff to mek a donation on de pa'sonage.

"Does I bet? Well, I don' des call hit bettin'; but I resks a little w'en I t'inks I kin he'p de cause. 'Tain't gamblin', o' co'se; I wouldn't gamble fu' nothin', dough my ol' Mastah did ust to say dat a honest gamblah was ez good ez a hones' preachah an' mos' nigh ez skace.

"Look out dah, man, dey's off, dat nasty bay maih wid de white feet leadin' right fum de pos'. I knowed it! I knowed it! I had my eye on huh all de time. Oh, Jim, Jim, why didn't you git in bettah, way back dah foug? Dah go de gong! I knowed dat wasn't no staht. Troop back dah, you raskils, hyah, hyah.

"I wush dat boy wouldn't do so much jummying erroun' wid dat hoss. Fust t'ing he know he ain't gwine to know whaih he's at.

"Dah, dah dey go ag'in. Hit's a sho' t'ing dis time. Bettah, Jim, bettah. Dey didn't leave you dis time. Hug dat bay mare, hug her close, boy. Don't press dat hoss yit. He holdin' back a lot o' t'ings.

"He's gainin'! doggone my cats, he's gainin'! an' dat hoss o' his'n gwine des ez stiddy ez a rockin'-chair. Jim allus was a good boy.

"Confound these spec's, I cain't see 'em skacely; huh, you say dey's neck an' neck; now I see 'em! and Jimmy's a-ridin' like — Huh, huh, I laik to said sumpin'.

"De bay maih's done huh bes', she's done 'huh bes'! Dey's turned into the stretch an' still see-sawin'. Let him out, Jimmy, let him out! Dat boy done th'owed de reins away. Come on. Jimmy, come on! He's leadin' by a nose. Come on, I tell you, you black rapscaillon, come on! Give 'em hell, Jimmy! give 'em hell! Under de wire an' a len'th ahead. Doggone my cats! wake me up w'en dat othah hoss comes in!

"No, suh, I ain't gwine stay no longah, I don't app'ove o' racin', I's gwine roun' an' see dis hyeah bookmakah an' den I's gwine dreckly home, suh, dreckly home. I's Baptis' myse'f an' I don't app'ove o' no sich doin's!"

— PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

THE RAGGEDY MAN¹

O the Raggedy Man! He works for Pa,
An' he's the goodest man ever you saw!
He comes to our house every day,
An' waters the horses an' feeds 'em hay;

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An' he opens the shed, — an' we all ist laugh
When he drives out our little old wobble-ly calf,
An' nen, if our hired girl sez he can,
He milks the cow fer 'Lizabuth Ann.

Ain't he a' awful good Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

W'y the Raggedy Man — he's ist so good,
He splits the kindlin' an' chops the wood;
An' nen he spades in our garden, too,
An' does most things 'at *boys* can't do —
He clumed clean up in our big tree
An' shooked a' apple down fer me!
An' 'nother 'n', too, fer 'Lizabuth Ann!
An' 'nother 'n', too, fer the Raggedy Man!
Ain't he a' awful kind Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

An' the Raggedy Man, he knows most rhymes,
An' tells 'em if I be good, sometimes —
Knows 'bout Giunts, an' Griffuns, an' Elves,
An' the Squidgicum-Squees 'at swallers the'rselves!
An' wite by the pump in our pasture lot,
He showed me the hole 'at the Wunks is got,
'At lives 'way deep in the ground an' can
Turn into me er 'Lizabuth Ann!

Ain't he a funny old Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

The Raggedy Man — one time, when he
Was makin' a little bow-'n'-orry fer me,
Says, "When you're big like your Pa is,
Air *you* go' to keep a fine store like his,
An' be a rich merchunt, an' wear fine clothes?
Er what *air* you go' to be, goodness knows?"
An' nen he laughed at 'Lizabuth Ann,
An' I says, "'M go' to be a Raggedy Man!
I'm ist go' to be a nice Raggedy Man!"
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

— JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

THE RIVALS

Mrs. M. There's a little intricate hussy for you !

Sir A. It is not to be wondered at, ma'am ; all that is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read. In my way hither, Mrs. Malaprop, I observed your niece's maid coming forth from a circulating library ; she had a book in each hand—they were half-bound volumes, with marble covers. From that moment, I guessed how full of duty I should see her mistress !

Mrs. M. Those are vile places, indeed !

Sir A. Madam, a circulating library in a town is as an ever-green tree of diabolical knowledge ! It blossoms through the year ! And, depend on it, Mrs. Malaprop, that they who are so fond of handling the leaves, will long for the fruit at last.

Mrs. M. Fie, fie, Sir Anthony, you surely speak laconically.

Sir A. Why, Mrs. Malaprop, in moderation, now, what would you have a woman know ?

Mrs. M. Observe me, Sir Anthony. I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning. I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman. For instance,—I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or Algebra, or Simony, or Fluxions, or Paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning ; nor will it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments ; but, Sir Anthony, I would send her, at nine years old, to a boarding school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice. Then, sir, she would have a supercilious knowledge in accounts ; and, as she grew up, I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries ; above all, she should be a perfect mistress of orthodoxy that she should not mispronounce and misspell words as our young ladies of the present day constantly do. This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know ; and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it.

Sir A. Well, well, Mrs. Malaprop, I will dispute the point no further with you ; though I must confess that you are a truly moderate and polite arguer, for almost every third word you say is on my side of the question. But to the more important point in debate — you say you have no objection to my proposal?

Mrs. M. None, I assure you. I am under no positive engagement with Mr. Acres ; and as Lydia is so obstinate against him, perhaps your son may have better success.

Sir A. Well, madam, I will write for the boy directly. He knows not a syllable of this yet, though I have for some time had the proposal in my head. He is at present with his regiment.

Mrs. M. Well, Sir Anthony, I shall give Mr. Acres his discharge, and prepare Lydia to receive your son's invocations ; and I hope you will represent her to the captain as an object not altogether illegible.

Sir A. Madame, I will handle the subject prudently. I must leave you. Good morning, Mrs. Malaprop. Take my advice. Keep her under lock and key. And if you were just to let the servants forget to bring her dinner for three or four days, you can't conceive how she'd come about. Good morning, Mrs. Malaprop.

—SHERIDAN.

THE ROMANCE OF A ROSE¹

It is nearly a hundred years ago
Since the day the Count de Rochambeau—
Our ally against the British crown—
Met Washington in Newport town.

'Twas the month of March, and the air was chill,
But, bareheaded, over Aquidneck hill,
Guest and host they took their way,
While on either side is grand display.

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A gallant army, French and fine,
Was ranged three deep in a glittering line:
And the French fleet sent a welcome roar
Of a hundred guns from Conanicut shore ;

And the bells rang out from every steeple,
And from street to street the Newport people
Followed and cheered, with a hearty zest
De Rochambeau and his honored guest.

And women out of windows leant,
And out of the windows smiled and sent
Many a coy admiring glance
To the fine young officers of France.

And the story goes that the belle of the town
Kissed a rose and flung it down
Straight at the feet of De Rochambeau ;
And the gallant Marshal, bending low,

Lifted it up with a Frenchman's grace
And kissed it back, with a glance at the face
Of the daring maiden where she stood,
Blushing out of her silken hood.

That night at the ball, still, the story goes,
The Marshal of France wore a faded rose
In his gold-laced coat, but he looked in vain
For the giver's beautiful face again.

Night after night, and day after day,
The Frenchman eagerly sought, they say,
At feast or at church or along the street,
For the girl who flung her rose at his feet.

And she, night after night, day after day,
Was speeding farther and farther away
From the fatal window, the fatal street,
Where her passionate heart had suddenly beat

A throb too much, for the cool control
A Puritan teaches to heart and soul ;
A throb too much for the wrathful eyes
Of one who had watched in dismayed surprise

From the street below ; and taking the gauge
Of a woman's heart in that moment's rage,
He swore, this old colonial squire,
That before the daylight should expire,

This daughter of his, with her wit and grace,
Her dangerous heart, and her beautiful face,
Should be on her way to a sure retreat,
Where no rose of hers could fall at the feet

Of a cursed Frenchman, high or low :
And so while the Count de Rochambeau,
In his gold-laced coat, wore a faded flower,
And awaited the giver hour by hour,

She was sailing away in the wild March night
On the little deck of the sloop *Delight* ;
Guarded even in the darkness there
By the wrathful eyes of a jealous care.

Three weeks after a brig bore down
Into the harbor of Newport town,
Towing a wreck, — 'twas the sloop *Delight* :
Off Hampton rocks, in the very sight

Of the land she sought, she and her crew,
And all on board of her, full in view
Of the storm-bound fisherman over the bay,
Went to their doom on that April day.

When De Rochambeau heard the terrible tale,
He muttered a prayer, for a moment grew pale,
Then, " MON DIEU !" he exclaimed, " so my fine romance,
From beginning to end, is a rose and a glance !"

A rose and a glance, with a kiss thrown in :
That was all, — but enough for a promise of sin,
Thought the stern old squire, when he took the gauge
Of a woman's heart in that moment's rage.

So the sad old story comes to a close ;
'Tis a century since, but the world still goes
On the same base round, still takes the gauge
Of its highest hearts in a moment's rage. — NORA PERRY.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL

ACT II, SCENE I

Enter SIR PETER *and* LADY TEAZLE

Sir Peter T. Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear it !

Lady T. Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as you please ; but I ought to have my own way in everything, and what's more, I will, too. What ! though I was educated in the country, I know very well that women of fashion in London are accountable to nobody after they are married.

Sir Peter T. Very well, ma'am, very well : — so a husband is to have no influence, no authority ?

Lady T. Authority ! No, to be sure : — if you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me, and not married me. I am sure you were old enough.

Sir Peter T. Old enough ! — ay — there it is. Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your extravagance.

Lady T. My extravagance ! I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman of fashion ought to be.

Sir Peter T. No, no, madam, you shall throw away no more sums on such unmeaning luxury. 'Slife ! to spend as much to furnish your dressing room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn the Pantheon into a greenhouse, and give a fête champêtre at Christmas.

Lady T. And am I to blame, Sir Peter, because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the climate, and not with me. For my part, I'm sure, I wish it was spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet!

Sir Peter T. Oons! madam—if you had been born to this, I shouldn't wonder at your talking thus; but you forget what your situation was when I married you.

Lady T. No, no, I don't; 'twas a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you.

Sir Peter T. Yes, yes, madam, you were then in somewhat a humbler style—the daughter of a plain country squire. Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I saw you first sitting at your tambour, in a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys at your side! your hair combed smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung round with fruits in worsted, of your own working.

Lady T. Oh, yes, I remember it very well, and a curious life I led. My daily occupation to inspect the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt book, and comb my Aunt Deborah's lapdog.

Sir Peter T. Yes, yes, ma'am, 'twas so indeed.

Lady T. And then, you know, my evening amusements! To draw patterns for ruffles, which I had no material to make up; to play Pope Joan with the curate; to read a sermon to my Aunt; or to be stuck down to an old spinet to strum my father to sleep after a fox-chase.

Sir Peter T. I am glad you have so good a memory. Yes, madam, these were the recreations I took you from; but now you must have your coach—*vis-à-vis*—and three powdered footmen before your chair; and, in summer, a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington Gardens. No recollection, I suppose, when you were content to ride double, behind the butler, on a dock'd coach horse.

Lady T. No, I swear I never did that. I deny the butler and the coach horse.

Sir Peter T. This, madam, was your situation ; and what have I done for you ? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank ; in short, I have made you my wife.

Lady T. Well, then, — and there is but one thing more you can make me add to the obligation, and that is —

Sir Peter T. My widow, I suppose ?

Lady T. Hem ! hem !

Sir Peter T. I thank you, madam ; — but don't flatter yourself ; for though your ill conduct may disturb my peace, it shall never break my heart, I promise you ; however, I am equally obliged to you for the hint.

Lady T. Then why will you endeavor to make yourself so disagreeable to me, and thwart me in every little elegant expense ?

Sir Peter T. 'Slife, madam, I say, had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me ?

Lady T. Lud, Sir Peter ! would you have me be out of fashion ?

Sir Peter T. The fashion, indeed ! what had you to do with the fashion before you married me ?

Lady T. For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

Sir Peter T. Ay — there again — taste — Zounds ! madam, you had no taste when you married me !

Lady T. That's very true, indeed, Sir Peter ; and after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, if we have finished our daily jangle, I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's.

Sir Peter T. Ay, there's another precious circumstance — a charming set of acquaintance you have made there.

Lady T. Nay, Sir Peter, they are all people of rank and fortune, and remarkably tenacious of reputation.

Sir Peter T. Yes, egad, they are tenacious of reputation with a vengeance; for they don't choose anybody should have a character but themselves! Such a crew! Ah! many a wretch has rid on a hurdle who has done less mischief than those utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation.

Lady T. What! would you restrain the freedom of speech?

Sir Peter T. Ah! they have made you just as bad as any one of the society.

Lady T. Why, I believe I do bear a part with tolerable grace. But I vow I bear no malice against the people I abuse. — When I say an ill-natured thing, 'tis out of pure good humor; and I take it for granted, they deal exactly in the same manner with me. But, Sir Peter, you know you promised to come to Lady Sneerwell's too.

Sir Peter T. Well, well, I'll call just to look after my own character.

Lady T. Then, indeed, you must make haste after me, or you'll be too late. So good-by to ye.

[*Exit* LADY TEAZLE.]

Sir Peter T. So — I have gained much by my intended expostulation; yet, with what a charming air she contradicts everything I say, and how pleasingly she shows her contempt for my authority! Well, though I can't make her love me, there is great satisfaction in quarreling with her; and I think she never appears to such advantage as when she is doing everything in her power to plague me. — SHERIDAN.

THE TELL-TALE HEART

True! — nervous — very, very dreadfully nervous I had been and am; but why will you say that I am mad? Hearken! and observe how healthily — how calmly I can tell you the whole story.

It is impossible to say how first the idea entered my brain ; but once conceived, it haunted me day and night. Object, there was none. Passion, there was none. I loved the old man. He had never wronged me. He had never given me insult. For his gold I had no desire. I think it was his eye ! yes, it was this ! One of his eyes resembled that of a vulture — a pale blue eye, with a film over it. Whenever it fell upon me, my blood ran cold ; and so by degrees — very gradually — I made up my mind to take the life of the old man, and thus rid myself of the eye forever.

Now, this is the point. You fancy me mad. Madmen know nothing. But you should have seen me. You should have seen how wisely I proceeded — with what caution — with what foresight — with what dissimulation I went to work ! I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed him. And every night, about midnight, I turned the latch of his door and opened it — oh, so gently ! and then, when I had made an opening sufficient for my head, I put in a dark lantern, all closed, closed so that no light shone out, and then I thrust in my head. Oh, you would have laughed to see how cunningly I thrust it in ! I moved it slowly — very, very slowly, so that I might not disturb the old man's sleep. It took me an hour to place my whole head within the opening so far that I could see him as he lay upon the bed. Ha ! — would a madman have been so wise as this ? And then, when my head was well in the room, I undid the lantern cautiously — oh, so cautiously — cautiously (for the hinges creaked) I undid it just so much that a single thin ray fell upon the vulture eye. And this I did for seven long nights — every night just at midnight — but I found the eye always closed ; and so it was impossible to do the work ; for it was not the old man who vexed me, but his Evil Eye.

Upon the eighth night I was more than usually cautious in opening the door. To think that there I was, opening the

door, little by little, and he not even to dream of my secret deeds or thoughts. I fairly chuckled at the idea ; and perhaps he heard me ; for he moved on the bed suddenly, as if startled. Now you may think that I drew back — but no. His room was as black as pitch with the thick darkness (for the shutters were close fastened, through fear of robbers), and so I knew that he could not see the opening of the door, and I kept pushing it on steadily, steadily.

I had my head in, and was about to open the lantern, when my thumb slipped upon the tin fastening, and the old man sprang up in the bed crying out — “Who’s there?”

I kept quite still and said nothing. For a whole hour I did not move a muscle, and in the meantime I did not hear him lie down.

Presently I heard a slight groan, and I knew it was the groan of mortal terror. It was not a groan of pain or of grief — oh, no ! — it was the low, stifled sound that arises from the bottom of the soul when overcharged with awe. I knew the sound well. I knew that he had been lying awake ever since the first slight noise, when he had turned in the bed. His fears had been ever since growing upon him. He had been trying to fancy them causeless, but could not.

When I had waited a long time, very patiently, without hearing him lie down, I resolved to open a little — a very, very little crevice in the lantern. So I opened it — you cannot imagine how stealthily, stealthily — until at length a single dim ray, like the thread of the spider, shot from out the crevice and fell upon the vulture eye.

It was open — wide, wide open — and I grew furious as I gazed upon it. I saw it with perfect distinctness — all a dull blue, with a hideous veil over it that chilled the very marrow in my bones ; but I could see nothing else of the old man’s face or person ; for I had directed the ray, as if by instinct, precisely upon the spot.

Now, there came to my ears a low, dull, quick sound, such as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I knew that sound well, too. It was the beating of the old man's heart. It increased my fury, as the beating of a drum stimulates the soldier into courage.

But even yet I refrained and kept still. I scarcely breathed ; I held the lantern motionless. I tried how steadily I could maintain the ray upon the eye. Meantime the hellish tattoo of the heart increased. It grew quicker and quicker, and louder and louder every instant. The old man's terror must have been extreme ! It grew louder, I say, louder every moment ! do you mark me well ? I have told you that I am nervous : so I am. And now at the dead hour of the night, amid the dreadful silence of that old house, so strange a noise as this excited me to uncontrollable terror. Yet for some minutes longer I refrained and stood still. But the beating grew louder, louder ! I thought the heart must burst.

And now a new anxiety seized me — the sound could be heard by a neighbor ! The old man's hour had come ! With a loud yell I threw open the lantern and leaped into the room. He shrieked once — once only. In an instant I dragged him to the floor, and pulled the heavy bed over him. I then smiled gayly to find the deed so far done. But for many minutes the heart beat on with a muffled sound. This, however, did not vex me ; it would not be heard through the wall. At length it ceased. The old man was dead. I removed the bed and examined the corpse. I placed my hand upon the heart and held it there many minutes. There was no pulsation. He was stone dead. His eye would trouble me no more.

If still you think me mad, you will think so no longer when I describe the wise precautions I took for the concealment of the body. The night waned, and I worked hastily, but in silence. First of all I dismembered the corpse.

I then took up three planks from the flooring of the cham-

ber and deposited all between the scantlings. I then replaced the boards so cleverly, so cunningly, that no human eye — not even his — could have detected anything wrong.

When I had made an end of these labors it was four o'clock — still dark as midnight. As the bell sounded the hour, there came a knocking at the street door. I went down to open it with a light heart — for what had I now to fear? Then entered three men who introduced themselves, with perfect suavity, as officers of the police. A shriek had been heard by a neighbor during the night; suspicion of foul play had been aroused; information had been lodged at the police office, and they (the officers) had been deputed to search the premises.

I smiled — for what had I to fear? I bade the gentlemen welcome. The shriek, I said, was my own in a dream. The old man, I mentioned, was absent in the country. I took my visitors all over the house. I bade them search — search well. I led them at length to his chamber. I showed them his treasures, secure, undisturbed. In the enthusiasm of my confidence I brought chairs into the room, and desired them here to rest from their fatigues, while I myself, in the wild audacity of my perfect triumph, placed my own seat upon the very spot beneath which reposed the corpse of the victim.

The officers were satisfied. My manner had convinced them. I was singularly at ease. But ere long I felt myself getting pale and wished them gone. My head ached, and I fancied a ringing in my ears; but still they sat and still chatted. The ringing became more distinct; it continued and gained definitiveness — until at length I found that the noise was not within my ears.

No doubt I now grew very pale; but I talked more fluently and with a heightened voice. Yet the sound increased — and what could I do? It was a low, dull, quick sound — much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I gasped for breath — and yet the officers heard it not. I talked

more quickly—more vehemently; but the noise steadily increased. I arose and argued about trifles, in a high key and with violent gesticulations; but the noise steadily increased. Why would they not be gone? I paced the floor to and fro with heavy strides, as if excited to fury by the observations of the men—but the noise steadily increased. O God! what could I do? I foamed—I raved—I swore! I swung the chair upon which I had been sitting, and grated it upon the boards, but the noise arose over all and continually increased. It grew louder—louder—louder. And still the men chatted pleasantly and smiled. Was it possible they heard not?

They heard!—they suspected!—they knew!—they were making a mockery of my horror! this I thought, and this I think. But anything was better than this agony! Anything was more tolerable than this derision! I can bear those hypocritical smiles no longer! I felt that I must scream or die!—and now—again!—hark! louder! louder! louder! louder!

“Villains!” I shrieked, “dissemble no more! I admit the deed—tear up the planks! here! here! it is the beating of his hideous heart!”

—EDGAR ALLAN POE.

THE TENOR¹

Louise Laura Latimer and Esther Van Guilders were the only children of two families, which, though they were possessed of the three R's which are all and more than are needed to insure admission to New York society—Riches, Respectability, and Religion—yet were not in society; or, at least, in the society that calls itself society. This was not because society was not willing to have them. It was because they thought the world too worldly.

Perhaps this was one reason why Louise and Esther, who

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had been playmates from their nursery days, and had grown up to be two uncommonly sentimental, fanciful, enthusiastically morbid girls, were to be found spending a bright winter afternoon holding a ceremonial service of worship before the photograph of a fashionable French tenor. It happened to be a French tenor whom they were worshipping. It might as well have been anybody or anything else. They were both at that period of girlish growth when the young female bosom is torn by a hysterical craving to worship something — anything.

They had been studying music, and they had selected the tenor who was the sensation of the hour in New York for their idol.

M. Hyppolite Rémy was certainly the musical hero of the hour, and the Rémy concerts were a splendid success.

“Reserved seats, \$5.00. For the series of six, \$25.00.”

On Monday, Esther Van Guilder called on her friend in response to an urgent invitation dispatched by mail.

Esther found her friend in a state of almost feverish excitement. Her eyes shone; the color burned high on her clear cheeks.

“You never would guess what I’ve done, dear!” she began as soon as they were alone in the big room. “I’m going to see him—to speak to him—Esther!” Her voice was solemnly hushed — “To serve him!”

“Oh, Louise! what do you mean?”

“To serve him with my own hands! To—to—help him on with his coat—I don’t know, to do something that a servant does—anything, so that I can say that once, once only, just for an hour, I have been near him, been of use to him, served him in one little thing as loyally as he serves ‘Our Art.’”

Music was Their Art, and no capitals could have told how much it was theirs or how much of an art it was.

“Louise,” demanded Esther, with a frightened look, “are you crazy?”

"No, read this!" She handed the other girl a clipping from the advertising column of a newspaper.

"Chambermaid and waitress—Wanted, a neat and willing girl, for light work. Apply to Mme. Rémy, The Midlothian, Broadway."

"I saw it just by accident Saturday, after I left you. Papa had left his paper in the coupé. I made up my mind right off—it came to me like an inspiration. I put on my wrap, and pulled the hood over my head, and ran off to the Midlothian—it's just around the corner, you know. And I saw his wife."

"What was she like?" queried Esther, eagerly.

"Oh, I don't know. Sort of horrid-actressy. She had a pink silk wrapper on with swan's down all over it—at four o'clock, think!

"I was awfully frightened when I got there; but it wasn't the least trouble. She hardly looked at me, and she engaged me right off. She just asked if I was willing to do a whole lot of things,—I forget what they were,—and where I'd worked before. I said at Mrs. Barcalow's."

"Mrs. Barcalow's!"

"Why, yes—my Aunt Amanda, don't you know—up in Framingham. I always have to wash the teacups when I go there. Aunty says that everybody has got to do something in her house."

"Oh, Louise!" cried her friend, in shocked admiration; "how can you think of such things?"

"Well, I did. And she—his wife, you know—just said: 'Oh, I suppose you will do as well as any—all you girls are alike.'"

"But did she really take you for a—servant?"

"Why, yes, indeed. It was raining. I had that old ulster on, you know. I'm to go at twelve o'clock next Saturday."

"But, Louise!" cried Esther, aghast, "you don't truly mean to go?"

"I do!" cried Louise, beaming triumphantly.

"Oh, Louise!"

"Now listen, dear," said Miss Latimer, with the decision of an enthusiastic young lady with New England blood in her veins. "Don't say a word till I tell you what my plan is. I've thought it all out, and you've got to help me."

Esther shuddered.

"You foolish child!" cried Louise, "you don't think I mean to stay there, do you? I'm just going at twelve o'clock, and at four he comes back from the matinée, and at five o'clock I'm going to slip on my things and run downstairs, and have you waiting for me in the coupé, and off we go. Do you see? And, oh, Esther!" cried the bolder of the conspirators, "I've thought of a trunk—of course I've got to have a trunk or she would ask me where it was, and I couldn't tell her a fib. Don't you remember the French maid who died three days after she came here? Her trunk is up in the storeroom still, and I don't believe anybody will ever come for it. It's been there seven years now. Let's go up and look at it."

The girls romped upstairs to the great unused upper story, and found the little brown-painted tin trunk, corded up with clothesline.

"Louise," said Esther, hastily, "what did you tell her your name was?"

"I just said, Louise."

Esther pointed to the name painted on the trunk, Louise Levy.

"It is the hand of Providence," she said. "Somehow, now, I'm sure you're right to go." And neither of these conscientious young ladies reflected for a moment on the discomfort which might be occasioned to Madame Rémy by the defection of her new servant a half hour before dinner on Saturday night

"Oh, child, it's you, is it?" was Madame Rémy's greeting at twelve o'clock on Saturday. "Well, you're punctual—and you look clean. Now, are you going to break my dishes, or are you going to steal my rings? Well, we'll find out soon enough. Your trunk's up in your room. Go up to the servants' quarters, right at the top of the stairs. Ask for the room which belongs to Apartment 11. You are to room with their girl."

Louise was glad of a moment's respite. She had taken the plunge and was determined to go through to the end. But her heart would beat and her hands would tremble. She climbed up six flights of winding stairs, and found herself weak and dizzy at the top. She found No. 11, threw off desperately her hat and jacket, and sunk down on the little brown tin trunk, all trembling from head to foot.

"Hello!" called a cheery voice. She looked up, and saw a girl in a dirty calico dress. "Just come?" inquired this person with agreeable informality. She was a good-looking, large girl, with red hair and bright cheeks. She leaned against the doorpost and polished her finger nails. "Ain't got on to the stair-climbing racket yet, eh? You'll get used to it, Louise Levy," she said, reading the name on the trunk. "You don't look like a sheeny. Can't tell nothing 'bout names, can you? My name's Slattery. You'd think I was Irish, wouldn't you? Well, I'm straight Ne' York. I'd be dead before I was Irish. Born here, Ninth Ward, an' next to an engine house. How's that? I came here because the work was light. I don't have to work—only to be doin' somethin'—see? Only got five halls and the lamps. You got a family job, I s'pose? I wouldn't have that. I don't mind the Sooperintendent; but I'd be dead before I'd be bossed by a woman, see? Say, what family did you say you was with?"

This stream of talk had acted like a nerve tonic on Louise. She was able to answer, "M.—Mr. Rémy."

"Ramy?—O Lord! Got the job of His Tonsils? Well,

you won't keep it long. They're meaner 'an three balls, see? Rent their room up here, and chip in with eleven. Their girls don't never stay. Well, I've got to step, or the Sooperintendent will be bornin' my ear. Well—so long!"

But Louise had fled down the stairs. "His Tonsils" rang in her ears. What blasphemy! What sacrilege! She could scarcely pretend to listen to Mme. Rémy's first instructions.

The beds had been made, but there was work enough. She helped Mme. Rémy to sponge a heap of faded finery—her dresses. If they had only been his coats! At half-past three Mme. Rémy broke the silence.

"We must get ready for Monsieur," she said. An ecstatic joy filled Louise's being. The hour of her reward was at hand.

"Monsieur has his dinner at half-past four," Madame explained. "I don't take mine till he's laid down and I've got him off to the concert. There, he's coming now. Sometimes he comes home pretty nervous. If he's nervous, don't you go and make a fuss. Do you hear, child?"

The door opened and Monsieur entered, wrapped in a huge, frogged overcoat. There was no doubt that he was nervous. He cast his hat upon the floor as if he were Jove dashing a thunderbolt. Fire flashed from his eyes. He advanced upon his wife and thrust a newspaper in her face—a little pinky sheet, a notorious blackmailing publication. "Zecs," he cried, "is your work."

"What is it now, Hipleet?" demanded Mme. Rémy.

"Vot it ess?" shrieked the tenor. "It is zee history of how zey have heest me at Nice! It ees all zair—how I have been heest—in zis sacre' sheet—in zis hankairchif of infamy! And it ees you zat has told it to that devil of a Rastignac—traitress!"

"Now, Hipleet," pleaded his wife, "if I can't learn enough French to talk with you, how am I going to tell Rastignac about your being hissed?"

This reasoning silenced Mr. Rémy for an instant—an instant only.

“You vood have done it!” he cried, sticking out his chin and thrusting his face forward.

“Well, I didn’t,” said Madame, “and nobody reads that thing, anyway. Now, don’t you mind it, and let me get your things off, or you’ll be catching cold.”

Mr. Rémy yielded at last to the necessity of self-preservation, and permitted his wife to remove his frogged overcoat, and unwind him from a system of silk wraps to which the Gordian knot was a slip-noose. This done, he sat down before the dressingcase, and Mme. Rémy, after tying a bib around his neck, proceeded to dress his hair, and put brilliantine on his moustache. Her husband enlivened the operation by reading from the pinky paper.

“It ees not gen-air-al-lee known zat zees deestin-guished tenor was heest on ze pob-lic stage at Nice—in ze year—”

Louise leaned against the wall, sick, faint, and frightened, with a strange sense of shame and degradation at her heart. At last the tenor’s eye fell on her. “Anozzair eediot?” he inquired.

“She ain’t very bright, Hipleet,” replied his wife; “but I guess she’ll do. Louise, open the door; there’s the caterer.”

Louise placed the dishes upon the table mechanically. The tenor sat himself at the board, and tucked a napkin in his neck.

“And how did the Benediction Song go this afternoon?” inquired his wife.

“Ze Benediction? Ah! One encore. One on-lee! Zese pigs of Americains! I trow my pails biffu’ swine. *Chops once more!* You vant to mordair me? Vot do zis mean, Madame? You ar-r-r-re in lig wiz my enemies—all ze vorlt is against ze ar-r-r-teest!”

The storm that followed made the first seem a zephyr The

tenor exhausted his execratory vocabulary in French and English. At last, by way of the dramatic finale, he seized the plate of chops and flung it from him. He aimed at the wall; but Frenchmen do not pitch well. With a ring and a crash, plate and chops went through the broad windowpane. In the moment of stricken speechlessness that followed, the sound of the final smash came softly up from the sidewalk.

"Ah-a-a-a-a-a-a-ah!" The tenor rose to his feet with the howl of an anguished hyena.

"Oh, good gracious!" cried his wife, "he's going to have one of his creezes — his creezes de-nare!"

He did have a *crise de nerfs*. "Ten dollair!" he yelled, "for ten dollair of glass!" He tore his pomaded hair; he tore off his bib and his necktie, and for three minutes, without cessation, he shrieked wildly and unintelligibly. It was possible to make out, however, that "arteest" and "ten dollair" were the themes of his improvisation. Finally he sank exhausted in the chair, and his white-faced wife rushed to his side.

"Louise!" she cried, "get the foot tub out of the closet, while I spray his throat, or he can't sing a note. Fill it up with warm water — 102 degrees — there's the thermometer — and bathe his feet."

Trembling from head to foot, Louise obeyed her orders, and brought the foot tub full of steaming water. Then she knelt down, and began to serve the maestro for the first time. She took off his shoes. Then she looked at his socks. Could she do it?

"Eediot!" gasped the sufferer, "make haste! I die!"

"Hold your mouth open, dear," said Madame, "I haven't half sprayed you."

"Ah! you!" cried the tenor. "Cat! Devil! It is you zat have killed me!" And, moved by an access of blind rage, he extended his arm, and thrust his wife violently from him.

Louise rose to her feet, with a hard, set, good old New England look on her face. She lifted the tub of water to the level of her breast, and then she inverted it on the tenor's head. For one instant she gazed on the deluge, and at the bath tub balanced on the maestro's skull like a helmet several sizes too large, then she fled like the wind.

Once in the servants' quarters, she snatched her hat and jacket. From below came mad yells of rage. "I kill hare! give me my knife—give me my revolvare! An secours! Assassin!"

Miss Slattery appeared in the doorway, still polishing her nails. "What have you done to His Tonsils?" she inquired. "He's pretty hot this trip."

"How can I get away from here?" cried Louise. Miss Slattery pointed to a small door. Louise rushed down a long stairway—another, and yet another—through a great room where there was a smell of cooking and noise of fires—past white-capped cooks and scullions—through a long stone corridor, and out into the street. She cried aloud as she saw Esther's face at the window of the coupé.

She drove home—cured.

NOTICE ! !

Owing to the sudden indisposition of M. Rémy, there will be no concert this evening. Money refunded at the Box Office.

— H. C. BUNNER.

THE WOOING OF HENRY V

ACT V, SCENE II

K. Hen.

Fair Katharine, and most fair !

Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your Majesty shall mock at me ; I cannot speak your England.

K. Hen. O fair Katharine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. Pardonnez-moi, I cannot tell vat is 'like me.'

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel.

Kath. Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?

Alice. Oui, vraiment, sauf votre Grace, ainsi dit-il.

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine; and I must not blush to affirm it.

Kath. O bon Dieu ! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.

K. Hen. What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alice. Oui, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits, — dat is de Princess.

K. Hen. The Princess is the better Englishwoman.—I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain King, that thou wouldst think that I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say, 'I love you'; then, if you urge me further then to say, 'Do you, in faith?' I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i' faith do; and so clap hands and a bargain: how say you, lady?

Kath. Sauf votre Honneur, me understand vell.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses or to dance for your sake, Kate, why, you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure; and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it

spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or, if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off. But, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation ; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, — whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, — let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier : if thou canst love me for this, take me ; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true ; but for thy love, by the Lord, no ; yet I love thee too. And, while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy ; for he perforce must do thee right, because he has not the gift to woo in other places : for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What ! a speaker is but a prater ; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall ; a straight back will stoop ; a black beard will turn white ; a curl'd pate will grow bald ; a fair face will wither ; a full eye will wax hollow ; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon ; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon ; for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me ; and take me, take a soldier ; take a soldier, take a king ; and what sayst thou, then, to my love ? Speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France ?

K. Hen. No, Kate ; it is not possible that you should love the enemy of France, but in loving me you should love the friend of France, for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it ; I will have it all mine : and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. Quand j'ai le possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moi, — let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed! — donc votre est France et vous etes mienne. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. Sauf votre Honneur, le Francois que vous parlez, il est meilleur que l' Anglois lequel je parle.

K. Hen. No, faith, is't not, Kate; but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly-falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English, canst thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me; and at night, when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle Princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate, — as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt, — I get thee with scrambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder. What say'st thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part; and for my English moiety take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très-chere et divine déesse?

Kath. Your Majesté ave fausse French enough to deceive de most sage demoiselle dat is en France.

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my false French ! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate : by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me ; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now, beshrew my father's ambition ! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me : therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear : my comfort is that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face : thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst ; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better. And therefore, tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me ? Put off your maiden blushes ; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress ; take me by the hand, and say, ' Harry of England, I am thine ' : which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud, ' England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine ' ; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music, for thy voice is music, and thy English broken ; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English : Wilt thou have me ?

Kath. Dat is as it sall please de roi mon père.

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate, — it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it sall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

TOPSY

One morning, while Miss Ophelia was busy in some of her domestic cares, St. Clare's voice was heard, calling her at the foot of the stairs.

"Come down here, cousin ; I've something to show you."

"What is it?" said Miss Ophelia, coming down, with her sewing in her hand.

"I've made a purchase for your department,—see here," said St. Clare ; and, with the word, he pulled along a little negro girl, about eight or nine years of age.

She was one of the blackest of her race ; and her round, shining eyes, glittering as glass beads, moved with quick and restless glances over everything in the room. Her mouth, half open with astonishment at the wonders of the new mas'r's parlor, displayed a white and brilliant set of teeth. Her woolly hair was braided in sundry little tails, which stuck out in every direction. The expression of her face was an odd mixture of shrewdness and cunning, over which was oddly drawn, like a kind of veil, an expression of the most doleful gravity and solemnity. She was dressed in a single, filthy, ragged garment, made of bagging ; and stood with her hands demurely folded before her. All together there was something odd and goblin-like about her appearance,—something, as Miss Ophelia afterward said, "so heathenish," as to inspire that good lady with utter dismay ; and, turning to St. Clare, she said :—

"Augustine, what in the world have you brought this thing here for?"

"For you to educate, to be sure, and train in the way she should go. Here, Topsy," he added, giving a whistle, as a man would to call the attention of a dog, "give us a song, now, and show us some of your dancing."

The black glassy eyes glittered with a kind of wicked drollery, and the thing struck up, in a clear, shrill voice, an old negro melody, to which she kept time with her hands and feet, 'spinning round, clapping her hands and feet, knocking her knees together, in a wild, fantastic sort of time, and producing in her throat all those odd, guttural sounds which distinguish the native music of her race ; and finally, turning a somerset or two, and

giving a prolonged closing note, as odd and unearthly as that of a steam whistle, she came suddenly down on the carpet, and stood with her hands folded, and a most sanctimonious expression of meekness and solemnity over her face, only broken by the cunning glances which she shot askance from the corners of her eyes.

Miss Ophelia stood silent, perfectly paralyzed with amazement.

St. Clare, like a mischievous fellow as he was, appeared to enjoy her astonishment ; and addressing the child again, said : —

“Topsy, this is your new mistress. I’m going to give you up to her ; see, now, that you behave yourself.”

“Yes, Mas’r,” said Topsy, with sanctimonious gravity, her wicked eyes twinkling as she spoke.

“You’re going to be good, Topsy, you understand,” said St. Clare.

“Oh, yes, Mas’r,” said Topsy, with another twinkle, her hands still devoutly folded.

“Well, I’ll do what I can,” said Miss Ophelia ; and she approached her new subject very much as a person might be supposed to approach a black spider, supposing them to have benevolent designs toward it.

“She’s dreadfully dirty, and half naked,” she said.

“Well, take her downstairs, and make some of them clean and clothe her up.”

Miss Ophelia carried her to the kitchen regions.

“Don’t see what Mas’r St. Clare wants of ’nother nigger !” said Dinah, surveying the new arrival with no friendly air. “Won’t have her round under my feet, I know !”

“Pah !” said Rosa and Jane, with supreme disgust ; “let her keep out of our way ! What in the world mas’r wanted another of these low niggers for, I can’t see !”

“You go ’long ! No more nigger dan you be, Miss Rosa,” said Dinah, who felt this last remark a reflection on herself.

"You seem to tink yourselves white folks. You an't nerry one, black nor white. I'd like to be one or t'other."

Miss Ophelia saw that there was nobody in the camp that would undertake to oversee the cleansing and dressing of the new arrival ; and so she was forced to do it herself, with some very ungracious and reluctant assistance from Jane.

Sitting down before her, she began to question her.

"How old are you, Topsy?"

"Dunno, Missis," said the image, with a grin that showed all her teeth.

"Don't you know how old you are? Didn't anybody ever tell you? Who was your mother?"

"Never had none!" said the child, with another grin.

"Never had any mother? What do you mean? Where were you born?"

"Never was born!" persisted Topsy, with another grin, that looked so goblinlike, that, if Miss Ophelia had been at all nervous, she might have fancied that she had got hold of some sooty gnome from the land of Diablerie ; but Miss Ophelia was not nervous, but plain and businesslike, and she said, with some sternness : —

"You mustn't answer me in that way, child ; I'm not playing with you. Tell me where you were born, and who your father and mother were."

"Never was born," reiterated the creature, more emphatically. "Never had no father, nor mother, nor nuthin'. I was raised by a speculator, with lots of others. Old Aunt Sue used to take car on us."

The child was evidently sincere, and Jane, breaking into a short laugh, said : —

"Laws, Missis, there's heaps of 'em. Speculators buys 'em up cheap, when they's little, and gets 'em raised for the market."

"How long have you lived with your master and mistress?"

"Dunno, Missis."

"Is it a year, or more, or less?"

"Dunno, Missis."

"Laws, Missis, those low negroes, — they can't tell. They don't know anything about time," said Jane. "They don't know what a year is; they don't know their own ages."

"Have you ever heard anything about God, Topsy?"

The child looked bewildered, but grinned as usual.

"Do you know who made you?"

"Nobody, as I knows on," said the child, with a short laugh.

The idea appeared to amuse her considerably, for her eyes twinkled, and she added: —

"I 'spect I grow'd. Don't think nobody never made me."

"Do you know how to sew?" said Miss Ophelia, who thought she would turn her inquiries to something more tangible.

"No, Missis."

"What can you do? What did you do for your master and mistress?"

"Fetch water, and wash dishes, and rub knives, and wait on folks."

Miss Ophelia began with Topsy by taking her into the chamber the first morning, and solemnly commencing a course of instruction in the art of bed-making.

Behold, then, Topsy, washed and shorn of all the little braided tails wherein her heart had delighted, arrayed in a clean gown, with well-starched apron, standing reverently before Miss Ophelia, with an expression of solemnity well befitting a funeral.

"Now, Topsy, I'm going to show you just how my bed is to be made. I am very particular about my bed. You must learn exactly how to do it!"

"Yes, ma'am," says Topsy, with a deep sigh, and a face of woeful earnestness.

"Now, Topsy, look here; — this is the hem of the sheet, —

this is the right side of the sheet, and this is the wrong. Will you remember? "

"Yes, ma'am," said Topsy, with another sigh.

"Well, now, the under sheet you must bring over the bolster,—so,—and tuck it clear down under the mattress nice and smooth,—so,—do you see? "

"Yes, ma'am," said Topsy, with profound attention.

"But the upper sheet," said Miss Ophelia, "must be brought down in this way, and tucked under, firm and smooth at the foot,—so,—the narrow hem at the foot."

"Yes, ma'am," said Topsy, as before ; but we will add, what Miss Ophelia did not see, that, during the time when the good lady's back was turned, in the zeal of her manipulations, the young disciple had contrived to snatch a pair of gloves and a ribbon, which she had adroitly slipped into her sleeves, and stood with her hands dutifully folded as before.

"Now, Topsy, let's see you do this," said Miss Ophelia, pulling off the clothes, and seating herself.

Topsy, with great gravity and adroitness, went through the exercise completely, to Miss Ophelia's satisfaction ; smoothing the sheets, patting out every wrinkle, and exhibiting, through the whole process, a gravity and seriousness with which her instructress was greatly edified. By an unlucky slip, however, a fluttering fragment of the ribbon hung out of one of her sleeves, just as she was finishing, and caught Miss Ophelia's attention. Instantly she pounced upon it. "What's this? You naughty, wicked child,—you've been stealing this?"

The ribbon was pulled out of Topsy's own sleeve, yet she was not in the least disconcerted ; she only looked at it with an air of the most surprised and unconscious innocence.

"Laws ! why, that ar's Miss Feely's ribbon, ain't it? How could it 'a' got in my sleeve? "

"Topsy, you naughty girl, don't tell me a lie,—you stole that ribbon ! "

"Missis, I declar for't I didn't—never seed it till dis yer blessed minnit."

"Topsy, don't you know it's wicked to tell lies?"

"I never tells no lies, Miss Feely," said Topsy, with virtuous gravity; "it's jist the truth I've been a-tellin' now, and an't nothin' else."

"Topsy, I shall have to whip you if you tell lies so."

"Laws, Missis, if you's to whip all day, couldn't say no other way," said Topsy, beginning to blubber. "I never seed dat ar,—it must 'a' got caught in my sleeve. Miss Feely must have left it on the bed, and it got caught in the clothes, and so got in my sleeve."

Miss Ophelia was so indignant at the barefaced lie that she caught the child and shook her.

"Don't you tell me that again!"

The shake brought the gloves on the floor from the other sleeve.

"There, you!" said Miss Ophelia, "will you tell me now you didn't steal the ribbon?"

Topsy now confessed to the gloves, but still persisted in denying the ribbon.

"Now, Topsy," said Miss Ophelia, "if you'll confess all about it, I won't whip you this time."

Thus adjured, Topsy confessed to the ribbon and gloves, with woeful protestations of penitence.

"Well, now tell me. I know you must have taken other things since you have been in the house, for I let you run about all day yesterday. Now, tell me if you took anything, and I shan't whip you."

"Laws, Missis! I took Miss Eva's red thing she wars on her neck."

"You did, you naughty child! Well, what else?"

"I took Rosa's yerrings,—them red ones."

"Go bring them to me this minute, both of 'em."

"Laws, Missis! I can't, — they's burnt up!"

"Burnt up! What a story! Go get 'em, or I'll whip you."

Topsy, with loud protestations, and tears, and groans, declared she could not. "They's burnt up, — they was."

"What did you burn 'em up for?" said Miss Ophelia.

"'Cause I's wicked, — I is. I's mighty wicked, anyhow. I can't help it."

Just at this moment Eva came innocently into the room, with the identical coral necklace on her neck.

"Why, Eva, where did you get your necklace?" said Miss Ophelia.

"Get it? Why, I've had it on all day," said Eva.

"Did you have it on yesterday?"

"Yes; and what is funny, aunty, I had it on all night. I forgot to take it off when I went to bed."

Miss Ophelia looked perfectly bewildered; the more so as Rosa, at that instant, came into the room with a basket of newly ironed linen poised on her head, and the coral eardrops shaking in her ears.

"I'm sure I can't tell anything what to do with such a child!" she said in despair. "What in the world did you tell me you took those things for, Topsy?"

"Why, Missis said I must 'fess; and I couldn't think of nothin' else to 'fess," said Topsy, rubbing her eyes.

"But, of course, I didn't want you to confess things you didn't do," said Miss Ophelia; "that's telling a lie just as much as the other."

"Laws, now, is it?" said Topsy, with an air of innocent wonder.

"La, there an't any such thing as truth in that limb," said Rosa, looking indignantly at Topsy. "If I was Mas'r St. Clare, I'd whip her till the blood run. I would, — I'd let her catch it."

"No, no, Rosa," said Eva, with an air of command, which

the child could assume at times ; " you mustn't talk so, Rosa. I can't bear to hear it."

" La sakes ! Miss Eva, you's so good, you don't know nothin' how to get along with niggers. There's no way but to cut 'em well up, I tell ye."

" Rosa !" said Eva, " hush ! Don't you say another word of that sort !" and the eye of the child flashed, and her cheek deepened its color.

But what was to be done with Topsy ? Miss Ophelia found the case a puzzler ; her rules for bringing up didn't seem to apply. She thought she would take time to think of it ; and by way of gaining time, and in hopes of some indefinite moral virtues supposed to be inherent in dark closets, Miss Ophelia shut Topsy up in one till she had arranged her ideas further on the subject.

" I don't see," said Miss Ophelia to St. Clare, " how I'm going to manage that child without whipping her."

" Well, whip her, then, to your heart's content ; I'll give you full power to do what you like."

" Children always have to be whipped," said Miss Ophelia ; " I never heard of bringing them up without."

" Oh, well, certainly," said St. Clare ; " do as you think best. Only I'll make one suggestion : I've seen this child whipped with a poker, knocked down with the shovel or tongs, whichever came handiest ; and, seeing that she is used to that style of operation, I think your whippings will have to be pretty energetic to make much impression."

Topsy was soon a noted character in the establishment. Her talent for every species of drollery, grimace, and mimicry — for dancing, tumbling, climbing, singing, whistling, imitating every sound that hit her fancy — seemed inexhaustible. In her play hours, she invariably had every child in the establishment at her heels, open-mouthed with admiration and wonder, — not excepting Miss Eva, who appeared to be fascinated by her

wild diablerie, as a dove is sometimes charmed by a glittering serpent. Miss Ophelia was uneasy that Eva should fancy Topsy's society so much, and implored St. Clare to forbid it.

"Pooh! let the child alone," said St. Clare. "Topsy will do her good."

"But so depraved a child,—are you not afraid she will teach her some mischief?"

"She can't teach her mischief; she might teach it to some children, but evil rolls off Eva's mind like dew off a cabbage leaf,—not a drop sinks in."

"Don't be too sure," said Miss Ophelia. "I know I'd never let a child of mine play with Topsy."

"Well, your children needn't," said St. Clare, "but mine may; if Eva could have been spoiled, it would have been done years ago."

Topsy was at first despised and condemned by the upper servants. They soon found reason to alter their opinion. It was very soon discovered that whoever cast an indignity on Topsy was sure to meet with some inconvenient accident shortly after; either a pair of earrings or some cherished trinket would be missing, or an article of dress would be suddenly found utterly ruined, or the person would stumble accidentally into a pail of hot water, or a libation of dirty slop would unaccountably deluge them from above when in full gala dress; and on these occasions, when investigation was made, there was nobody found to stand sponsor for the indignity. Topsy was cited and had up before all the domestic judicatories time and again; but always sustained her examination with most edifying innocence and gravity of appearance. Nobody in the world ever doubted who did the things, but not a scrap of any direct evidence could be found to establish the suppositions, and Miss Ophelia was too just to feel at liberty to proceed to any length without it.

The mischiefs done were always so nicely timed, all so as further to shelter the aggressor. Thus, the times for revenge

on Rosa and Jane, the two chambermaids, were always chosen in those seasons when (as not unfrequently happened) they were in disgrace with their mistress, when any complaint from them would of course meet with no sympathy. In short, Topsy soon made the household understand the propriety of letting her alone ; and she was let alone accordingly.

On one occasion, Miss Ophelia found Topsy with her very best scarlet India Canton crape shawl wound around her head for a turban, going on with her rehearsals before the glass in great style, Miss Ophelia having, with carelessness most unheard of in her, left the key for once in her drawer.

"Topsy," she would say, when at the end of all patience, "what does make you act so?"

"Dunno, Missis, — I spects 'cause I's so wicked!"

"I don't know what I shall do with you, Topsy."

"Law, Missis, you must whip me ; my old missis allers whipped me. I an't used to workin' unless I gets whipped."

"Why, Topsy, I don't want to whip you. You can do well if you've a mind to ; what is the reason you won't?"

"Laws, Missis, I's used to whippin' ; I spects it's good for me."

Miss Ophelia tried the recipe, and Topsy invariably made a terrible commotion, screaming, groaning, and imploring, though half an hour afterward, when roosted on some projection of the balcony, and surrounded by a flock of admiring "young uns," she would express the utmost contempt for the whole affair.

"Law, Miss Feely whip ! wouldn't kill a skeeter, her whip-pin's. Oughter see how old mas'r made the flesh fly ; old mas'r know'd how !"

Topsy always made great capital of her own sins and enormities, evidently considering them as something peculiarly distinguishing.

"Law, you niggers," she would say to some of her auditors,

"does you know you's all sinners? Well, you is, — everybody is. White folks is sinners, too, — Miss Feely says so; but I spects niggers is the biggest ones; but lor! ye an't any of ye up to me. I used to keep old missis a-swarin' at me half de time. I spects I's the wickedest crittur in the world;" and Topsy would cut a somerset, and come up brisk and shining on a higher perch, and evidently plume herself on the distinction.

Miss Ophelia busied herself very earnestly on Sundays, teaching Topsy the catechism. Topsy had an uncommon verbal memory, and committed with a fluency that greatly encouraged her instructress.

"What good do you expect it is going to do her?" said St. Clare.

"Why, it always has done children good. It's what children always have to learn, you know," said Miss Ophelia.

"Understand it or not," said St. Clare.

"Oh, children never understand it at the time; but after they are grown up, it'll come to them."

"Mine hasn't come to me yet," said St. Clare, "though I'll bear testimony that you put it into me pretty thoroughly when I was a boy."

"Ah, you were always good at learning, Augustine. I used to have great hopes of you," said Miss Ophelia.

"Well, haven't you now?" said St. Clare.

"I wish you were as good as when you were a boy, Augustine."

"So do I, that's a fact, cousin," said St. Clare. "Well, go ahead and catechise Topsy; maybe you'll make out something yet."

Topsy, who had stood like a black statue during this discussion, with hands decently folded, now, at a signal from Miss Ophelia, went on, —

"Our first parents, being left to the freedom of their own will, fell from the state wherein they were created."

Topsy's eyes twinkled, and she looked inquiringly.

"What is it, Topsy?" said Miss Ophelia.

"Please, Missis, was that ar state Kintuck?"

"What state, Topsy?"

"Dat state dey fell out of. I used to hear mas'r tell how we came out of Kintuck."

St. Clare laughed.

"You'll have to give her a meaning, or she'll make one," said he. "There seems to be a theory of emigration suggested there."

"Oh, Augustine, be still," said Miss Ophelia; "how can I do anything if you will be laughing?"

"Well, I won't disturb the exercises again, on my honor;" and St. Clare took his paper into the parlor, and sat down till Topsy had finished her recitations. They were all very well, only that now and then she would oddly transpose some important words, and persist in the mistake, in spite of every effort to the contrary; and St. Clare, after all his promises of goodness, took a wicked pleasure in these mistakes, calling Topsy to him whenever he had a mind to amuse himself, and getting her to repeat the offending passages, in spite of Miss Ophelia's remonstrances.

"How do you think I can do anything with the child, if you will go on so, Augustine?" she would say.

"Well, it is too bad. I won't again; but I do like to hear the droll little image stumble over those big words!"

"But you confirm her in the wrong way."

"What's the odds? One word is as good as another to her."

"You wanted me to bring her up right; and you ought to remember she is a reasonable creature, and be careful of your influence over her."

"Oh, dismal! so I ought; but, as Topsy herself says, 'I's so wicked!'"

In very much this way Topsy's training proceeded for a year or two, — Miss Ophelia worrying herself, from day to day, with

her, as a kind of chronic plague, to whose inflictions she became, in time, as accustomed as persons sometimes do to the neuralgia or sick-headache.

St. Clare took the same kind of amusement in the child that a man might in the tricks of a parrot or pointer. Topsy, whenever her sins brought her into disgrace in other quarters, always took refuge behind his chair; and St. Clare, in one way or other, would make peace for her. From him she got many a stray picayune, which she laid out in nuts and candies, and distributed, with careless generosity, to all the children in the family; for Topsy, to do her justice, was good-natured and liberal, and only spiteful in self-defense. She is fairly introduced into our "corps de ballet," and will figure, from time to time, in her turn, with other performers.

—HARRIET BEECHER STOWE: *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE

It was 1801. The Frenchmen who lingered on the island described its prosperity and order as almost incredible. You might trust a child with a bag of gold to go from Samana to Port-au-Prince without risk. Peace was in every household; the valleys laughed with fertility; culture climbed the mountains; the commerce of the world was represented in its harbors. At this time Europe concluded the Peace of Amiens, and Napoleon took his seat on the throne of France. He glanced his eyes across the Atlantic, and with a single stroke of his pen, reduced Cayenne and Martinique back into chains. He then said to his council, "What shall I do with St. Domingo?" The slaveholders said, "Give it to us."

Colonel Vincent, who had been private secretary to Toussaint, wrote a letter to Napoleon, in which he said: "Sire, leave it alone; it is the happiest spot in your domains; God raised this man to govern; races melt under his hand. He

has saved you this island ; for I know of my own knowledge that when the republic could not have lifted a finger to prevent it, George III offered him any title and any revenue if he would hold the island under the British crown. He refused, and saved it for France."

Napoleon turned away from his council, and is said to have remarked, "I have sixty thousand republican soldiers : I must find them something to do." He meant to say, "I am about to seize the crown ; I dare not do it in the faces of sixty thousand republican soldiers : I must give them some work at a distance to do." He resolved to crush Toussaint, and sent against him an army, giving to General Leclerc thirty thousand of his best troops, with orders to re-introduce slavery.

* * * * *

Mounting his horse, and riding to the eastern end of the island, Samana, Toussaint looked out on a sight such as no native had ever seen before. Sixty ships of the line, crowded by the best soldiers of Europe, rounded the point. They were soldiers who had never yet met an equal, whose tread, like Cæsar's, had shaken Europe, — soldiers who had scaled the pyramids and planted the French banners on the walls of Rome. He looked a moment, counted the flotilla, let the reins fall on the neck of his horse, and turning to Cristophe, exclaimed, "All France is come to Hayti ; they can only come to make us slaves ; and we are lost !" He then recognized the only mistake of his life, — his confidence in Bonaparte, which had led him to disband his army.

Returning to the hills, he issued the only proclamation which bears his name and breathes vengeance : "My children, France comes to make us slaves. God gave us liberty ; France has no right to take it away. Burn the cities, destroy the harvests, tear up the roads with cannon, poison the wells, show the white man the hell he comes to make ;" and he was obeyed.

When the great William of Orange saw Louis XIV cover

Holland with troops, he said, "Break down the dikes, give Holland back to ocean;" and Europe said, "Sublime!" When Alexander saw the armies of France descend upon Russia, he said, "Burn Moscow, starve back the invaders;" and Europe said, "Sublime!" This Black saw all Europe marshaled to crush him, and gave to his people the same heroic example of defiance.

It is true, the scene grows bloodier as we proceed. But, remember, the white man fitly accompanied his infamous attempt to reduce freemen to slavery with every bloody and cruel device that bitter and shameless hate could invent. Aristocracy is always cruel. The black man met the attempt, as every such attempt should be met, with war to the hilt. In his first struggle to gain his freedom he had been generous and merciful, saved lives and pardoned enemies, as the people in every age and clime have always done when rising against aristocrats. Now, to save his liberty, the negro exhausted every means, seized every weapon, and turned back the hateful invaders with a vengeance as terrible as their own, though even now he refused to be cruel.

Leclerc sent word to Cristophe that he was about to land at Cape City. Cristophe said: "Toussaint is governor of the island. I will send to him for permission. If without it a French soldier sets foot on shore, I will burn the town and fight over its ashes."

Leclerc landed. Cristophe took two thousand white men, women, and children, and carried them to the mountains for safety, then with his own hands set fire to the splendid palace which French architects had just finished for him, and in forty hours the place was in ashes. The battle was fought in its streets, and the French driven back to their boats. Wherever they went they were met with fire and sword. Once, resisting an attack, the Blacks, Frenchmen born, shouted the Marseilles Hymn; and the French stood still; they could not fight the

Marseillaise. And it was not till their officers sabered them on that they advanced, and then they were beaten.

Beaten in the field, the French then took to lies. They issued proclamations, saying, "We do not come to make you slaves; this man Toussaint tells you lies. Join us, and you shall have the rights you claim." They cheated every one of his officers except Cristophe and two others, and finally these also deserted him, and he was left alone. He then sent word to Leclerc, "I will submit. I could continue the struggle for years, — could prevent a single Frenchman from safely quitting your camp. But I hate bloodshed. I have fought only for the liberty of my race. Guarantee that, I will submit and come in." He took the oath to be a faithful citizen; and on the same crucifix Leclerc swore that he should be faithfully protected, and that the island should be free.

As the French general glanced along the line of his splendidly equipped troops, and saw opposite Toussaint's ragged, ill-armed followers, he said to him, "L'Ouverture, had you continued the war, where could you have got arms?"—"I would have taken yours," was the Spartan reply.

He went down to his house in peace; it was summer. Leclerc remembered that the fever months were coming, when his army would be in hospitals, and when one motion of that royal hand would sweep his troops into the sea. He was too dangerous to be left at large. So they summoned him to attend a council; he went, and the moment he entered the room the officers drew their swords and told him he was prisoner.

They put him on shipboard, and weighed anchor for France. As the island faded from his sight he turned to the captain and said, "You think you have rooted up the tree of liberty, but I am only a branch; I have planted the tree so deep that all France can never root it up."

He was sent to the Castle of St. Joux, to a dungeon twelve

feet by twenty, built wholly of stone, with a narrow window high up on one side, looking out on the snows of Switzerland. In this living tomb the child of the sunny tropic was left to die.

From the moment he was betrayed the negroes began to doubt the French and rushed to arms. Then flashed forth that defying courage and sublime endurance which show how alike all races are when tried in the same furnace. The war went on. Napoleon sent over thirty thousand more soldiers. But disaster still followed their efforts. What the sword did not devour the fever ate up. They were chased from battle field to battle field, from fort to fort, and finally the French commander begged the British admiral to cover the remnant of his troops with the English flag, and the generous negroes suffered the invaders to embark undisturbed.

Hayti is become a civilized state, the seventh nation in the catalogue of commerce with this country, inferior in morals and education to none of the West Indian isles. Foreign merchants trust her courts as willingly as they do our own. Toussaint made her what she is.

In this work there was grouped around him a score of men, mostly of pure negro blood, who ably seconded his efforts. Toussaint was indisputably their chief. Courage, purpose, endurance,—these are the tests. He did plant a state so deep that all the world has not been able to root it up.

—WENDELL PHILLIPS.

URSUS AND THE BULL¹

Introduction. Evening exhibitions, rare up to that period, and given only exceptionally, became common in Nero's time both in the circus and amphitheater. The Augustians liked

¹ Translated from the Polish original by Jeremiah Curtin. Copyright by Jeremiah Curtin.

them frequently because they were followed by feast and drinking bouts which lasted till daylight. Though the people were sated already with blood-spilling, still, when the news went forth that the end of the games was approaching, and that the last of the Christians were to die at an evening spectacle, a countless audience assembled in the amphitheater. They knew that Cæsar had determined to make for himself a tragedy out of the suffering of Vinicius, and curiosity had mastered all spectators. Cæsar arrived earlier than usual, and immediately at his coming people whispered that something uncommon would happen, for besides Tigellinus and Vatinius, Cæsar had with him Cassius, a centurion of enormous size and gigantic strength, whom he summoned only when he wished to have a defender at his side.

At that very instant, almost, the prefect of the city waved a red handkerchief, the hinges opposite Cæsar's podium creaked, and out of the dark gully came Ursus into the brightly lighted arena.

The giant blinked, dazed evidently by the glitter of the arena; then he pushed into the center, gazing around as if to see what he had to meet. It was known to all the Augustians and to most of the spectators that he was the man who had stifled Croton; hence, at sight of him, a murmur passed along every bench. In Rome there was no lack of gladiators larger by far than the common measure of man, but Roman eyes had never seen the like of Ursus. Cassius, standing in Cæsar's podium, seemed puny compared with that Lygian. Senators, vestals, Cæsar, the Augustians, and the people gazed with the delight of experts at his mighty limbs as large as tree trunks, at his breast as large as two shields joined together, and his arms of a Hercules. The murmur rose every instant. For those multitudes there could be no higher pleasure than to look at those muscles in play in the exertion of a struggle. The *murmur* rose to shouts, and eager questions were put: "Where

do the people live who can produce such a giant?" He stood there, in the middle of the amphitheater, naked, more like a stone colossus than a man, with a collected expression, and at the same time the sad look of a barbarian; and while surveying the empty arena, he gazed wonderingly with his blue, childlike eyes, now at the spectators, now at Cæsar, now at the grating of the cunicula, whence, as he thought, his executioners would come.

At the moment when he stepped into the arena his simple heart was beating for the last time with the hope that perhaps a cross was waiting for him; but when he saw neither the cross nor the hole in which it might be put, he thought that he was unworthy of such favor—that he would find death in another way, and surely from wild beasts. He was unarmed, and had determined to die as became a confessor of the "Lamb," peacefully and patiently. Meanwhile he wished to pray once more to the Savior; so he knelt on the arena, joined his hands, and raised his eyes toward the stars which were glittering in the lofty opening of the amphitheater.

That act displeased the crowds. They had had enough of those Christians who died like sheep. They understood that if the giant would not defend himself, the spectacle would be a failure. Here and there hisses were heard. Some began to cry for scourgers, whose office it was to lash combatants unwilling to fight. But soon all had grown silent, for no one knew what was waiting for the giant, nor whether he would not be ready to struggle when he met death eye to eye.

In fact, they had not long to wait. Suddenly the shrill sound of brazen trumpets was heard, and at that signal a grating opposite Cæsar's podium was opened, and into the arena rushed, amid shouts of beast-keepers, an enormous German aurochs, bearing on his head the naked body of a woman.

"Lygia! Lygia!" cried Vinicius.

Then he seized his hair near the temples, squirmed like a

man who feels a sharp dart in his body, and began to repeat in hoarse accents : —

“ I believe ! I believe ! O Christ, a miracle ! ”

And he did not even feel that Petronius covered his head that moment with the toga. It seemed to him that death or pain had closed his eyes. He did not look, he did not see. The feeling of some awful emptiness possessed him. In his head there remained not a thought ; his lips merely repeated, as if in madness : —

“ I believe ! I believe ! I believe ! ”

This time the amphitheater was silent. The Augustians rose in their places, as one man, for in the arena something uncommon had happened. That Lygian, obedient and ready to die, when he saw his queen on the horns of the wild beast, sprang up, as if touched by living fire, and bending forward he ran at the raging animal.

From all breasts a sudden cry of amazement was heard, after which came deep silence.

The Lygian fell on the raging bull in a twinkling, and seized him by the horns.

“ Look ! ” cried Petronius, snatching the toga from the head of Vinicius.

The latter rose and bent back his head ; his face was as pale as linen, and he looked into the arena with a glassy, vacant stare.

All breasts ceased to breathe. In the amphitheater a fly might be heard on the wing. People could not believe their own eyes. Since Rome was Rome, no one had seen such a spectacle.

The Lygian held the wild beast by the horns. The man's feet sank in the sand to his ankles, his back was bent like a drawn bow, his head was hidden between his shoulders, on his arms the muscles came out so that the skin almost burst from *their* pressure ; but he had stopped the bull in his tracks, and

the man and the beast remained so still that the spectators thought themselves looking at a picture showing a deed of Hercules or Theseus, or a group hewn from stone. But in that apparent repose there was a tremendous exertion of two struggling forces. The bull sank his feet, as well as did the man, in the sand, and his dark, shaggy body was curved so that it seemed a gigantic ball. Which of the two would fail first, which would fall first — that was the question for those spectators enamored of such struggles; a question which at that moment meant more for them than their own fate, than all Rome and its lordship over the world. That Lygian was in their eyes then a demigod worthy of honor and statues. Cæsar himself stood up as well as others. He and Tigellinus, hearing of the man's strength, had arranged this spectacle purposely, and said to each other with a jeer, "Let that slayer of Croton kill the bull which we choose for him;" so they looked now with amazement at the picture, as if not believing that it could be real.

In the amphitheater were men who raised their arms and remained in that posture. Sweat covered the faces of others, as if they themselves were struggling with the beast. In the Circus nothing was heard save the sound of flame in the lamps, and the crackle of bits of coal as they dropped from the torches. Their voices died on the lips of the spectators; but their hearts were beating in their breasts as if to split them. It seemed to all that the struggle was lasting for ages. But the man and the beast continued on in their monstrous exertion; one might have said that they were planted in the earth.

Meanwhile a dull roar resembling a groan was heard from the arena, after which a brief shout was wrested from every breast, and again there was silence. People thought themselves dreaming till the enormous head of the bull began to turn in the iron hands of the barbarian. The face, neck, and arms of the Lygian grew purple; his back bent still more. It was

clear that he was rallying the remnant of his superhuman strength, but that he could not last long.

Duller and duller, hoarser and hoarser, more and more painful grew the groan of the bull as it mingled with the whistling breath from the breast of the giant. The head of the beast turned more and more, and from his jaws crept forth a long, foaming tongue.

A moment more, and to the ears of the spectator sitting nearer came as it were the crack of breaking bones ; then the beast rolled on the earth with his neck twisted in death.

The giant removed in a twinkling the ropes from the horns of the bull, and, raising the maiden, began to breathe hurriedly. His face became pale, his hair stuck together from sweat, his shoulders and arms seemed flooded with water. For a moment he stood as if only half conscious ; then he raised his eyes and looked at the spectators.

The amphitheater had gone wild.

The walls of the building were trembling from the roar of tens of thousands of people. Since the beginning of spectacles there was no memory of such excitement. Those who were sitting on the highest rows came down, crowding in the passages between benches to look more nearly at the strong man. Everywhere were heard cries for mercy, passionate and persistent, which soon turned into one unbroken thunder. The giant had become dear to those people enamored of physical strength ; he was the first personage in Rome.

He understood that the multitude were striving to grant him his life and restore him his freedom, but clearly his thought was not on himself alone. He looked around awhile, then approached Cæsar's podium, and, holding the body of the maiden on his outstretched arms, raised his eyes with entreaty, as if to say : —

“Have mercy on her ! Save the maiden. I did that for her sake !”

The spectators understood perfectly what he wanted. At sight of the unconscious maiden, who near the enormous Lygian seemed a child, emotion seized the multitude of knights and senators. Her slender form, as white as if chiselled from alabaster, her fainting, the dreadful danger from which the giant had freed her, and finally her beauty and attachment had moved every heart. Some thought the man a father begging mercy for his child. Pity burst forth suddenly, like a flame. They had had blood, death, and torture in sufficiency. Voices choked with tears began to entreat mercy for both.

Meanwhile Ursus, holding the girl in his arms, moved around the arena, and with his eyes and with motions begged her life for her. Now Vinicius started up from his seat, sprang over the barrier which separated the front places from the arena, and, running to Lygia, covered her naked body with his toga.

Then he tore apart the tunic on his breast, laid bare the scars left by wounds received in the Armenian war, and stretched out his hands to the audience.

At this the enthusiasm of the multitude passed everything seen in a circus before. The crowd stamped and howled. Voices calling for mercy grew simply terrible. People not only took the part of the athlete, but rose in defense of the soldier, the maiden, their love. Thousands of spectators turned to Cæsar with flashes of anger in their eyes and with clinched fists.

But Cæsar halted and hesitated. Against Vinicius he had no hatred indeed, and the death of Lygia did not concern him; but he preferred to see the body of the maiden rent by the horns of the bull, or torn by the claws of beasts. His cruelty, his deformed imagination, and deformed desires found a kind of delight in such spectacles. And now the people wanted to rob him. Hence anger appeared on his bloated face. Self-love also would not let him yield to the wish of the

multitude, and still he did not dare to oppose it, through his inborn cowardice.

So he gazed around to see if, among the Augustians at least, he could not find fingers turned down in sign of death. But Petronius held up his hand, and looked into Nero's face almost challengingly. Vestinius, superstitious but inclined to enthusiasm, a man who feared ghosts but not the living, gave a sign for mercy also. So did Scevinus, the Senator ; so did Nerva, so did Tullius Senecio, so did the famous leader, Ostorius Scapula, and Antistius, and Piso, and Vetus, and Crispinus, and Minucius Thermus, and Pontius Telesinus, and the most important of all, one honored by the people, Thrasea ; and seeing everywhere frowning brows, excited faces, and eyes fixed on him, he gave the sign for mercy.

—HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ: *Quo Vadis*.

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